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RECOLLECTIONS
OF A HIGHLAND SUBALTERN

LIEUT: COLONEL W. GORDON ALEXANDER.

(From a portrait taken in 1879)

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A HIGHLAND SUBALTERN

During the Campaigns of the 93rd Highlanders in India, under Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, in 1857, 1858 and 1859

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BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. GORDON-ALEXANDER
LATE 93RD HIGHLANDERS

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND PLANS

EDWARD ARNOLD
37, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON
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1898

I WOULD HUMBLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE THESE PAGES

TO THE MEMORY OF

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL

THE HONOURABLE ADRIAN HOPE,

LATE 93RD (SUTHERLAND) HIGHLANDERS,

'THE NOBLE, THE CHIVALROUS, THE HIGH-MINDED SOLDIER,

SENT TO HIS LAST HOME

IN THE PRIDE OF HIS SPLENDID MANHOOD,

IN THE ENJOYMENT OF THE DEVOTION OF HIS MEN

OF THE LOVE OF HIS FRIENDS,

AND OF THE ADMIRATION AND WELL-PLACED CONFIDENCE

OF THE ARMY SERVING IN INDIA.'

'A GENTLER, BRAVER SPIRIT NEVER BREATHED;

A TRUE SOLDIER,

A KIND, COURTEOUS, NOBLE GENTLEMAN IN WORD AND DEED.'

PREFACE.

THE idea of publishing my recollections of the operations for the suppression of the great Indian Mutiny and Rebellion of 1857—in which my regiment played such an important part, under the immediate command of the late Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde—was suggested to me under the following circumstances.

In the issue of the *Standard* of January 22, 1897, a letter appeared, signed 'Inquirer,' expressing an opinion that, even at this late date, someone must surely be alive who could settle the vexed question as to who was *the first of all* to enter the breach of the Sikandarbagh on November 16, 1857, at the Relief of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell.

A letter of mine, signed with my initials and retired military title for the purpose of identifying myself to old friends and comrades, appeared in the *Standard* of the following 28th January, of which the first paragraph ran thus: 'Having kept a diary during the whole of the Indian Mutiny campaigns of my regiment, and having been one of the four leading officers to enter the breach at the Sikandarbagh on November the 16th, 1857, I think I am in a position to give a full and satisfactory answer to your correspondent "Inquirer," whose letter appeared in the *Standard* of the 22nd instant.'

Within a few days of the publication of my reply to 'Inquirer'—no vital point in my version of the events I described being called in question by any future correspondent

of the *Standard*—I received several letters suggesting that my diary should be prepared for publication. It was not till after the receipt of these suggestions that I read Kaye and Malleson's most interesting 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' and was astonished to find how my old friend Malleson's accounts of the storming of the Sikandarbagh and Shah Najaf on November 16, 1857, of the storming of the Begam Kothi on March 11, 1858, and of the miserable business of the repulse of General Walpole at Ruiya on April 15, 1858, bristled with inaccuracies.

Thereafter I read Lord Roberts' delightful book; that literary treat, 'Lord Clyde's Campaign in India,' in the October number of *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1858; 'The Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde,' by Lieutenant-General Shadwell, C.B.; 'Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde,' by Archibald Forbes, in the 'English Men of Action' series; 'My Diary in India,' by Wm. Howard Russell, LL.D., special correspondent of the *Times;* and various magazine articles of recent date, and have found inaccuracies, some serious, some unimportant, in the records of the doings of my regiment in all of these publications.

After perusing Malleson's History, I began to believe that my own records, written down at the time, and more than once on the very spots where the events occurred, might really have some future historical value, and thus I became more and more interested in the task I then set before me.

With the single exception of the article in the October number of *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1858, and 'My Diary in India,' none of the accounts I have referred to claim to have been written for many years after the events they describe had taken place.

I claim superior accuracy on the grounds of having *recorded* all the events I witnessed or heard of, *at the time,* within a day or two at latest, of their having taken place; and in the case of the Sikandarbagh and Shah Najaf, having made notes

on the spot the morning after the capture of the latter, and in the case of the former, making my notes whilst spending more than four days and nights there on guard over the Commander-in-Chief.

I have to thank General Sir John Alexander Ewart, K.C.B., Colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Lieutenant-General F. W. Traill-Burroughs, C.B., Colonel of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, for their most kind assistance in elucidating such minor points in my own personal recollections of the distinguished parts they both played at the Relief, and Lieutenant-General Burroughs played at the Siege of Lucknow, as I have deemed it necessary to trouble them about. I am also indebted to, and have to thank, Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., K.C.B., not only for kindly editing that portion of my MS. which refers to him personally and the doings of the crew of the *Shannon* at the Shah Najaf, but for furnishing me with the excellent portrait of the late Captain Sir William Peel, R.N., K.C.B., an engraving from which appears opposite p. 238 of this volume. I have also to thank another old comrade-in-arms, Captain E. S. Wood, late 93rd Highlanders, for editing my description of the storming of the Right Breach at the capture of the Begam Kothi, Lucknow, and of Lieutenant and Adjutant William McBean's exploit there, which were, of course, recorded in my diary at the time on hearsay evidence only, as I myself accompanied the left storming party, whilst Captain E. S. Wood was with the right attack.

My thanks are also due to Mr. Archibald Forbes, who has given me useful assistance by kindly lending me copies of plans of Lucknow, the originals of which were officially prepared for the use of the chief Engineer for both the Relief of the Residency and siege and capture of the city; plans which I have myself rendered more intelligible, I think, to the general reader, by omitting the names of all buildings, etc., not mentioned in my narrative.

The Earl of Hopetoun, to whom, as head of the house of Hope, I submitted the dedication of my book to the memory of his great uncle, has been good enough to approve of the wording of that dedication, in which a few eloquent sentences, quoted from Colonel Malleson and Sir William Russell, so fully describe the character of his lordship's noble relative.

W. Gordon-Alexander, Lieut.-Colonel,
Late 93rd Highlanders.

January, 1898.

Since my book with its preface was written, I have learnt—with the deepest regret—of the death of my old friend Colonel Malleson.

W. G. A.

July, 1898.

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* *By permission of Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta.*

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DEFENDERS OR SPENDERS?

'WHEN our men are at the front, and the army bears the brunt
Of the conflict, as our enemies in War's embrace they meet,
Mid the weird-inspiring skirl of the pibroch, and the whirl,
And the sound of flying squadrons, and the tramp of charging feet,
Then we seem to hear the rush of the battle, and the hush
That comes before the battle, like the calm before a storm,
And we bless "the thin red line," and we toast them o'er our wine,
And we call them our DEFENDERS, and we love their uniform.

'But when "Peace with Honour" comes, and the rattle of the drums
Is silent, and the Stock Exchange no longer holds its breath,
And the pibrochs skirl no more, for of those they led before
There are men by hundreds lying in the cruel arms of Death,
Then we ponder over pence, and the question of expense
Regains its old importance, now they've won our little fight;
And we hasten to forget that we owe them any debt,
And we think of them as SPENDERS, and their uniform we slight.'

From the 'St. James's Gazette,' May 5, 1892.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HIGHLAND SUBALTERN.

CHAPTER I.

RETURN FROM THE CRIMEA—CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

THE 93rd Highlanders landed at Portsmouth, from the Crimea, on July 15, 1856, and at once proceeded to Aldershot. On the following day the regiment was inspected by Her Majesty, who slowly walked down the line, asking many questions. The Queen was accompanied by Prince Albert and a numerous staff. On the 18th the Queen visited the men's huts, tasting the rations prepared for their dinners, the Princess Royal being one of the Royal party on that occasion. The 93rd reached Dover from Aldershot on July 23, and were placed under canvas on the western heights above the town, where we remained until September 30. My tent, which I had lined with green glazed calico to turn the rain, blown through during heavy showers in the form of a fine spray, was one of the very few, if not the only one in camp, which was never blown down during our sojourn on that exposed spot; all the other tents, of both officers and men, being repeatedly levelled with the earth—towards the end of September, usually in torrents of rain.

On September 30 the 79th Highlanders marched to Canterbury, and the headquarters of the 93rd occupied their quarters at the Castle with four companies in the barracks on the western heights. We all attributed our removal into barracks to the effect a strongly-worded letter to the *Times* had had upon the War Office; the writer pointing out the injustice of keeping officers and men, so recently returned from an arduous campaign, under canvas, especially as the 93rd had been amongst the first of the British regiments to go into camp nearly a month previous to the declaration of war with Russia, namely, on March 8, 1854, at Malta. When the regiment landed in England from the Crimea, we were nearly at the top of the list for early Indian service, where, curiously enough, the regiment had never been, although raised in March, 1799. Yet orders were received in November, 1856, reducing the establishment to that of a home battalion; consequently, when, within three months of the date of that order, the 93rd were warned for a tour of duty in the East on January 31, 1857, the reduction had hastily to be made good again by obtaining over 200 volunteers from the 42nd, the 72nd, the 79th, and the 92nd Highlanders. On March 6 following fresh orders were received, changing the destination of the 93rd from India to China, to take part in the then impending war with China. Previous to the reduction in November, 1856, the regiment had numbered, after the depots from Malta and Scotland had joined us at Dover, 60 officers, 69 sergeants, 33 drummers and pipers, and 1,131 rank and file; and when we took part in brigade parades with the 42nd and 79th Highlanders, then also at Dover, we manœuvred as two battalions.

The old colours of the 93rd, which had been presented by the great Duke of Wellington at Canterbury in the year 1834, and had been carried throughout the campaign in the Crimea, were replaced on May 22, 1857, by new colours received at the hands of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who

had then but recently been appointed Commander-in-Chief. These new colours received from His Royal Highness were destined, within a very few months, to be borne through quite as hard fighting as those received from His Grace the Duke of Wellington in 1834, the tattered remnants of which were most appropriately hung over the handsome regimental monument erected by the officers of the 93rd in Glasgow Cathedral to all those serving under them who had been killed in action, or had died of wounds or disease in the field, during the war with Russia. It is devoutly to be hoped that the colours presented to us at Dover by the Duke of Cambridge may some day also be hung over another handsome marble monument erected by the officers in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, to the memory of all those who fell during the Indian Mutiny campaigns of the regiment in 1857-58 and 1858-59; for although not out of place in the Duke of Sutherland's hall at Dunrobin Castle, there can be no question that they would find a more appropriate resting-place over the monument in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, to those who died in their defence.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Adrian Hope,* who, with other officers, had been placed on half-pay when the regiment was reduced in November, 1856, was brought back from half-pay on March 13, 1857, and on May 23 proceeded to Portsmouth in command of a detachment consisting of 3 Captains, 12 Subalterns, 2 Staff Officers, 19 sergeants, 18 drummers and pipers, and 282 rank and file, whither the headquarters followed on May 25. One Captain, 2 Subalterns, 7 sergeants, 1 drummer, and 70 rank and file were left at Dover Castle to form a depot there, and shortly afterwards joined the depot-battalion at Chatham.

* The youngest son of General Sir John Hope, fourth Earl of Hopetoun, who distinguished himself under Moore and Wellington in the Peninsular War; he gave promise of being himself one of our most distinguished soldiers.

On June 1 Colonel Hope's party embarked at Plymouth on board H.M.S. *Belleisle*, an old 84-gun sailing two-decker, converted into a transport for the China Expedition, and sailed for China on June 3. The headquarters, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Leith Hay,* and consisting of 3 Field-Officers, 6 Captains, 20 Subalterns, 5 Staff-Officers, 40 sergeants, 10 drummers and pipers, and 650 rank and file, sailed for the same destination at four a.m. on June 17 from Portsmouth, on board a well-fitted-up, 'well-found,' and most comfortable hired steam transport called the *Mauritius*, commanded by a splendid seaman and right good fellow, 'Captain' Cruikshank. Through some mismanagement on the part of the Quartermaster-General's department, it was found, on the arrival of the *Mauritius* at Portsmouth, that 1 Captain, 1 Subaltern, 2 sergeants, 1 piper, and 47 rank and file had to be left behind, owing to want of space, to follow us in some other transport, although there had been plenty of room for them all, and to spare, on board the *Belleisle*, which had sailed on June 3. The result of this muddle was that their much-needed presence was lost to the army under Sir Colin Campbell, both at the relief of Lucknow in November, and at the defeat of the Gwalior contingent at Cawnpore on December 6 following, as they did not eventually succeed in rejoining regimental headquarters until December 16, after the affair of the Sarai Ghát, to be hereafter recorded.

As an illustration of the nonsense since talked in Parliament, at the time of the abolition of corporal punishment in the army in 1881, I may here relate what occurred at a punishment parade at Portsmouth a short time before we embarked for China. A man in my company had been tried by regimental court-martial, and very properly sentenced to receive fifty lashes for assaulting a non-commissioned officer.

* Now Colonel A. S. Leith Hay, C.B., of Leith Hall and Rannes, Aberdeenshire.

He was a particularly smart, clean and brave soldier, but was of an insubordinate disposition, and when he took too much to drink developed a murderously violent temper. He had been arrested, by the orders of the sergeant of the guard, when coming into the barrack gate, for being drunk; but before he could be overpowered he succeeded in crowning the sergeant with a large tub of slops, and was very violent. After receiving his fifty lashes, which were most effectively administered by the drummers, he not uttering a sound, and whilst putting his shirt on, previous to being marched to the hospital as usual after a flogging, to be detained there under the doctor's care till his back was healed, he turned round to Colonel Leith Hay, who was in command of the parade, and defiantly shouted to him, so that all the men might hear, 'Dae ye ca' *that* a flogging? Hoots! I've got mony a warse licking frae ma mither!' It was bravado, of course, and he had to be punished for it; but there was not the slightest trace of that feeling of 'degradation' which according to the sentimentalists, led by the late Sir George Osborne Morgan, overwhelms not only the man who is flogged but all his comrades, as being liable to the same punishment. His was one of the not infrequent cases that came under my own notice, up to the date of the abolition of corporal punishment in the army, where *the liability to that punishment* made men of a violent or insubordinate temper put a restraint upon themselves even in their cups. Moreover, both the man whose case I have cited and two other men in my own company alone, were eventually all flogged into becoming exemplary characters, all three men having died more than ten years after the period I am referring to in possession of several good-conduct badges —one of them obtained four, I think—reformed, steady characters, as well as the clean, smart soldiers they had always been. If corporal punishment had been abolished at that time, all of these men would, during the earlier years of their service, have been shot for gross insubordination in the field,

where the only substitute for flogging in every army in Europe is death.

The abolition of corporal punishment was a lamentable mistake, which will have to be seriously reconsidered at no distant date. That it was right to reduce the savage punishment of one hundred lashes and over to fifty lashes, I willingly admit, with discretion allowed to courts-martial to decree twenty-five only; but that was wise reform, not abolition. To have reduced the maximum below fifty would also have been a mistake. I never knew an instance of any man suffering any subsequent ill effects from receiving fifty lashes, and even that number was only inflicted for disgraceful conduct and such glaring instances of insubordination as the man was guilty of at Portsmouth in the case I have quoted, or in the case of hardened offenders; a man being seldom sentenced to receive more than twenty-five lashes for a first offence. To sentence a man to less than twenty-five lashes, as is done for civil crimes, such as robbery with violence nowadays, is a farce. In the army the punishment should at least have been retained for times of war, even if restricted to armies in the field; for the only substitute now left to a commander on active service is the punishment of death, which would certainly have to be resorted to in any future great European war in which a British army might have to take part. This substitute for flogging is carried out at this day, even in times of peace, in all the armies of the Continent for military crimes, for which our men got off with fifty lashes. But until the sentimentalists in the House of Commons and the country receive from some determined commander in the field object-lessons in the disadvantages of shooting disorderly soldiers instead of flogging them—for there is no other alternative—maudlin people will adhere to their belief in their 'degradation' theories. So recently as October, 1897, a French private soldier was sentenced to death, and in due course shot, in Tunis, for the technical assault of throwing a

button at his superior officer; and a month or two before that another private soldier in the French army had been shot at Toulon for striking a corporal.

As to flogging having deterred good men from entering the ranks, in the name of common-sense how could it deter any except those who thought themselves capable of committing the *serious military crimes* for which *alone* they could be sentenced to be flogged? Surely such recruits were not desirable! The present Colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (the old 93rd linked to the 91st), General Sir John Alexander Ewart, K.C.B., who has had considerable experience of regimental command with distinguished regiments, and who, both as a company and field officer, was always most justly popular with the non-commissioned officers and men of every regiment he served with, records, in his autobiographical 'Story of a Soldier's Life,' his conviction of the necessity of retaining the power to inflict corporal punishment in the army, if merely as a valuable deterrent from crime.

CHAPTER II.

PRIVATE INSPECTION OF 93RD BY THE QUEEN—SAIL FOR CHINA.

ON June 4, 1857, in compliance with special orders from the Queen, the headquarters of the 93rd Highlanders, under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, with the Grenadiers, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, and Light Companies of the regiment, marched from the Clarence Barracks at Portsmouth to the Clarence Victualling Yard, Gosport, for private inspection by Her Majesty. We received the Queen, on her landing from the Isle of Wight, in line, and after a Royal salute from us, Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Princess Royal, and other members of the Royal Family, walked down the front rank and back again *between the ranks*, Her Majesty thus inspecting every man on parade, a most unusual, if not unprecedented, act of kindly condescension on the part of the Queen. Although the space in the yard was very circumscribed, we were commanded to march past Her Majesty, first in the slow time of those days, to the tune of 'The Garb of Old Gaul,' and then in quick time to that of 'Highland Laddie.' Her Majesty was graciously pleased to express to Colonel Leith Hay the gratification it had afforded her to thus review the 93rd before their departure for China, and how pleased she had been with the appearance of the regiment. There being no telegraph wire to India in those days, not a whisper of the terrible events which had happened at Mirath on May 10 and at Delhi on May 11 had then

reached England. We remained in attendance as a guard of honour, facing, in column of companies, the line of rails where the Royal train presently moved up; the Queen, having entered her saloon-carriage, came and stood with Prince Albert at one of the windows overlooking us, till the train passed out of the dock-yard gates, the regiment again giving a Royal salute, and Prince Albert the Good passed out of sight of most of us for ever. But as soon as discipline permitted us to talk the event over, both officers and men expressed their great regret that the Colonel had not thought of obtaining leave for us to give the Queen a British cheer as the train moved off, as being a more spontaneous expression of our devotion, and the hearty appreciation of all ranks of this highly complimentary farewell from our much-loved Queen, than the formal ceremony of a military Royal salute. Many times afterwards, in the course of our Indian campaigns, I heard the men allude to this gracious and kindly leave-taking of us by Her Majesty, and remark one to another, when we were settling down for the night, whether in a ditch or on captured eider-down quilts, after some exciting bit of history making, 'I'm thinking the Queen 'll be prood o' this day's wark.' As my narrative will in due course show, our Sovereign was not only proud of us, *but let us know it in her own handwriting.*

The *Mauritius* sailed, as I have previously recorded, on June 17, our destination being China, and dropped anchor in the harbour of St. Vincent, one of the Cape Verde Islands, where we had a British coaling-station, about nine a.m. on June 30, to coal. She had but a small coal-carrying capacity, and in consequence of this our skipper, Mr. Cruikshank, had to get along under canvas as much as possible, so that the *Cleopatra*, another transport, which left Portsmouth some days after us with the headquarters and four companies of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers on board, passed us in the Bay of Biscay and reached the Cape six days before us.

However, in the end, steaming all the way, she was only one day ahead of us at Calcutta.

I landed, with others, for a run on shore at 'Porto Grande,' the grandiloquent name given by the Portuguese to the wretched little village at the coaling-station on this desolate-looking island. There we found, as British Consul, a Robinson Crusoe kind of Englishman, called Mitchell, who had married a Portuguese, and had actually managed to live in the awful place for twenty years, during thirteen of which he had never visited England! He most hospitably offered us the only liquid refreshments he possessed, to wit—brandy or gin and water, the water being distilled sea-water. In explanation of the absence of any green thing, even a blade of grass, as far as we could see, Mr. Mitchell told us that no rain had fallen during the last four years, but that on the top of the highest hill on the island there was a verdant table-land, watered by the dews, where goats fed. We found that the old flint muskets with which the native troops—such troops!—in the Portuguese fort were armed had the Tower mark on them, and had undoubtedly been amongst those presented by the British Government to Portugal during the Peninsular War. The Consul dined with us on board our ship on July 3, when we were able to give him something better than brandy and distilled water, poor chap, and we completed our coaling and steamed away from Porto Grande at 5.20 p.m. next day, on our run to the Cape of Good Hope, not having yet heard a word from any passing vessel of the terrible state of things in India.

We crossed the line on July 13, and then entered into what proved to be a continuous state of mutiny of the merchant sailor crew all the way to Calcutta. Our skipper, who was a strict disciplinarian when dealing with that very unruly customer, the British merchant seaman, who is, I understand, still more unruly nowadays, had forbidden any 'tomfoolery,' as he called it, on crossing the line, telling us

that it was only an excuse to obtain drink from the passengers. Yet, in direct disobedience of that order, a number of the crew with blackened faces, but with no other attempt at make-up, invaded the saloon in the characters of Neptune and his attendants—where most of the officers were assembled after dinner, playing whist, chess, and other games, Mr. Cruikshank being one of the whist party in which I held a hand—and cajoled two or three of the younger officers of the 93rd to give them drinks. The ringleader of these seamen got drunk, and was put in irons by Cruikshank, when the men of the watch then came aft and *demanded* his release. This being mutiny, Mr. Cruikshank called upon Colonel Leith Hay to assist him, and I was directed as officer of the military watch that night—for troops at sea always tell off military watches, both by day and night, and detail a captain and subaltern of the day and mount a guard—to drive the crew 'for'ard' again, with the aid of the men of the 93rd watch, which we quietly accomplished. In the course of the evening, however, three or four prisoners of the 93rd, some of the most insubordinate men in the regiment, including the man who had been flogged at Portsmouth just before we embarked, who were in charge of the 93rd regimental guard stationed for'ard, consisting of a sergeant, corporal, and twelve men, began loudly to express their sympathy with the sailor in irons, so I obtained Colonel Hay's consent to bring them with our guard to the quarterdeck for the night, this measure of precaution being thereafter carried out for the rest of the voyage from ten p.m. till after sunrise.

One of the 93rd prisoners, a violent-tempered man of bad character, began, however, about five o'clock next morning, July 14, to create a disturbance, and to drum with his heels on the deck where he was lying. The place was immediately over the Colonel's cabin, as he knew, and as he refused to desist when I ordered him to do so, I had to take measures to put a stop to the noise, which raised the wrath of two other 93rd

prisoners who were under restraint for having sided with the mutinous seamen, and they also broke into bad language and threatened to be 'even with me' the first time we were under fire together. As I knew they really did not mean what they said, and that it was only a little ebullition of temper, which I could afterwards make them feel very much ashamed of having given way to, I did not report them, merely taking measures to stop their further talking. Soon after the regiment took the field, I had an opportunity of recalling to both men their foolish threat of that morning, as I shall hereafter relate.

The other 93rd man, however, who had commenced the disturbance, it was necessary to make an example of, and he was accordingly tried by court-martial the following day, and sentenced to receive fifty lashes, which were duly administered in the presence of the mutinous crew and the men of the 93rd off duty. The punishment not only kept the culprit himself very quiet, as well as the other troublesome characters amongst our men, for the rest of the voyage, but cowed the mutinous crew of the ship until we reached Simon's Bay, four weeks afterwards. Will the sentimentalists be good enough to inform us what other punishment could have had the same good effects under similar circumstances? Mr. Cruikshank, the master, took the opportunity, immediately after this punishment-parade on July 16, to warn his crew that if they gave any more trouble during the voyage, he would place the ship under martial law by handing over the command to the senior military officer on board. This is a step which the master of a merchantman, having troops on board, can always take on the high seas, and then every civilian on board is liable to trial by court-martial, and to undergo any punishment such court is competent to award to soldiers, including at that time fifty lashes.

Notwithstanding that two or three of the mutineers amongst the crew were handed over at the Cape, on our arrival there,

to the civil power, with the certainty of being sentenced to the really dreadful punishment of several years' penal servitude on the roads there in chains, this mutinous spirit accompanied us to Calcutta; for shortly after sailing from the Cape, *en route* to Calcutta, after we had received the news of the Indian Mutiny, the majority of the crew refused to work the ship, at a time, too, when the vital importance of the speedy arrival at Calcutta of such a powerful reinforcement as we constituted was clear to everyone. After the men of the 93rd heard the news from India, and how our destination was changed from China to Calcutta, not a man, even amongst our most turbulent characters, gave any further trouble. Any hopes the mutinous crew may have entertained of compelling Cruikshank to put back to the Cape, by refusing to work the ship, were doomed to disappointment, for owing to our having so many men in the 93rd recruited from amongst the fishermen of both the east and west coasts of Scotland, we were able to supply eighty-eight men qualified to go aloft in all weathers, with ease and safety. The capabilities of each volunteer were thoroughly tested before he was allowed to undertake a sailor's duties, and he received a sailor's wages for the rest of the voyage, in addition to his military pay, and 'slop suits' of nautical clothing provided by the skipper. Besides this important assistance in working the ship, nearly half our men were on deck day and night as the military watch, and all of them always ready and more than willing to haul the ropes about when required to do so, Lieutenant-Colonels Leith Hay and Ewart, as well as land-lubbers like myself among the officers, often lending a hand; for it must be remembered that, owing to the limited coal-carrying capacity of the *Mauritius*, we had to *sail* more than we *steamed*, throughout the voyage. We can say, therefore, with perfect truth, that the 93rd Highlanders worked the good ship *Mauritius* from the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta.

CHAPTER III.

DESTINATION CHANGED AT THE CAPE FOR CALCUTTA.

We dropped anchor in Simon's Bay about seven p.m. on August 11, just after dark, fifty-five days out from Spithead, and as it was believed that the *Belleisle* might possibly be in harbour, the regimental call was sounded, which was immediately answered by Lieutenant-Colonel Hope's bugles on board that ship at no great distance from us. Colonel Hope with most of the officers soon came on board and brought us the first intelligence of the Sepoy Mutiny in India, and of the orders to proceed direct to Calcutta. I find it here recorded in my diary: 'Those in the *Belleisle* are very badly fed and envy us our good living on the *Mauritius* very much, but neither officers nor men are so crowded as we are; indeed, they have ample room for more. Colonel Hope, as usual, had a kind word for everyone when he came on board, and they were all heartily cheered by officers and men when they were rowing back to their old two-decker, a voice from our men for'ard calling for "three cheers more for Hope."'

The *Belleisle* sailed early next morning, August 12. A large party of us from the *Mauritius*, with Colonel Leith Hay; 'Paddy' Blake, the paymaster, since dead; Captain Middleton, who afterwards died of cholera at Peshawur when in command of the regiment as a major in 1862; Ensign Deanes Campbell, since dead; my Captain, Burroughs, now Lieutenant-General W. F. Traill-Burroughs, C.B.; Surgeon Wm. Munro, our

most skilled and popular doctor, since dead, and many others, rode and drove from Simon's Bay to Cape Town, putting up till next morning at Park's Hotel. His Excellency the Governor told Colonel Leith Hay to let us know that, had it not been for the receipt of the terrible news from India, which had placed many families at the Cape in mourning for murdered relatives, he would have given the officers a dinner and a ball, as the 93rd had been one of the three regiments—the 71st and 72nd Highlanders being the other two forming a Highland Brigade—that had borne the brunt of the fighting, and decided the day, when the Cape was captured from the Dutch on January 8, 1806.

Only a very few days before we reached Simon's Bay, the steamship *Madras*, of the P. and O. line, which had been chartered by Lord Elphinstone, the Governor of Bombay, on receipt of the news of the outbreak at Mirath, to carry despatches to the Governor of the Cape, had arrived. Lord Elphinstone had also chartered another P. and O. steamer on his own responsibility, the *Pottinger*, to carry the news to the Island of Mauritius, dwelling in his despatches to the Governors of both Colonies upon the gravity of the crisis, and begging them to send on at once to India every soldier they could spare. The Governor of the Island of Mauritius, Sir James Higginson, had sent off as quickly as possible the 33rd Foot and a battery of artillery, but the Governor of the Cape, Sir George Grey, was in a position to render even more valuable service, for an unusually large force happened to be quartered in Cape Town in this month of August, 1857. Fortunately for the Empire, the Governor of this important post was in every sense of the word a great man; *he* had no dread of responsibility, a dread which had been the cause of so many disasters in India during the course which the rebellion had even then run. Within three days of the receipt of Lord Elphinstone's despatch, Sir George Grey had sent away a man-of-war and three transports to Calcutta,

where he forwarded altogether the 6th Foot, the 1st Battalion 13th Foot, the 2nd Battalion 60th Rifles, and the 73rd, 80th, and 31st Foot. The 89th and 95th he sent to Bombay. He also forwarded to Calcutta every horse he could procure.

In addition, however, to this magnificent service, Sir George Grey shouldered even greater responsibilities; for although as High Commissioner of South Africa he had absolutely no authority over the British troops who might touch at the Cape of Good Hope on their way to China, he did not hesitate at this time of deadly peril to the Empire to give the officer commanding each detachment of the expedition, as they successively arrived, *written* orders to call at Calcutta instead of going on to Singapore. These reinforcements, in addition to the main portion of the garrisons of Cape Town and the Island of Mauritius, undoubtedly saved India; for although Delhi was captured without their assistance, yet Sir Colin Campbell could not have relieved Lucknow without his 1,019 93rd Highlanders—our strength on parade the day we commenced operations; the Residency would have fallen, with attendant horrors; the large rebel Sepoy army in Oudh would then have been released to form a junction with the formidable Gwalior contingent, which afterwards took such a deal of beating at our hands; and these combined forces of anarchy and disorder would have swept away all the remnants of British authority in the north-west. This would certainly have been followed by a general rising in the Panjab and in Central India, with a mutiny on the part of the Madras and Bombay native armies, both of which—as Malleson demonstrates in his history—were *more* than shaky at this period.

Colonel Malleson, in the fourth volume of his 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' makes the following statement at page 89 (second edition, 1891): 'The efforts initiated by Sir Colin Campbell to produce resources and to ensure the safety of the road* were beginning to bear good fruit when most of the

* The Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta to Cawnpore.

troops *diverted by Lord Elgin** from the China Expedition arrived. *These consisted of the* 93*rd Highlanders, the* 23*rd Fusiliers . . .*' Now, as Lord Elgin was at Singapore, to which there was no submarine telegraph cable in those days, and the whole of the 93rd and the headquarters, with four companies of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, were diverted from the China Expedition, as above related, by Sir George Grey, on his own and sole responsibility, clearly Lord Elgin is not entitled, and could have no claim, to the credit of it. Again, in his fifth volume of the same edition Colonel Malleson, at page 5, states that Sir George Grey 'did not hesitate to direct the commanders of the transports conveying the China Expeditionary Army so far to divert from their course as to *call at Singapore** for orders.' As Singapore was in the direct course of every man-of-war and transport with troops or stores on board bound for China, any such 'order' would have been superfluous. What Sir George Grey actually did do I have already narrated.

To return to our party at Cape Town. We found that the only regular troops left of the garrison were two companies of the 80th Foot, and that they were only waiting for a transport to sail for India also. All the military duties of the garrison were being performed by hastily-assembled and imperfectly-drilled infantry and mounted volunteers, Sir George Grey informing us that the Attorney-General of the Colony was that day taking his turn of 'sentry-go' on Government House.

When we returned on board the *Mauritius*, on the morning of the 14th, we found that, owing to the mutinous spirit of the crew, very few of them would work at the coaling and watering of the ship, their places being supplied by men of the 93rd, who, moreover, willingly and cheerily worked all night for the five nights they were in harbour, so as to complete the coaling with the least possible delay, and we thus

* The italics are mine.

managed to get away at eleven o'clock on the morning of August 16. By the evening of the 17th, when well out at sea, we had altogether nine of the crew in irons. Another serious misfortune, however, befell us, for a blade of the screw got out of order on the 22nd, and threatened to knock a hole in the ship's bottom, which obliged us to shut off steam altogether; but on the afternoon of the next day it was discovered that the loose blade had dropped off, and steam was again got up, and thereafter we steamed as much as possible all the rest of the journey to Calcutta, meeting with some heavy weather before we reached Port Louis, in the island of Mauritius, on the morning of August 29. Here Captain Sir William Wiseman, Bart., commanding H.M.S. *Penelope*, arrived on the 30th, with some artillery *en route* also to Calcutta, and coming on board our ship next morning informed the mutinous crew that unless those who had struck work returned immediately to their duty he would put the *Mauritius* under martial law. All those not in irons obeyed.

We steamed out of the harbour of Port Louis on the morning of September 1. On September 17 a passing vessel homeward bound signalled to us at the mouth of the river Hooghly, 'You are anxiously expected,' and the next day we took the pilot on board to navigate the ship up to Calcutta, having been ninety-three days since we dropped our pilot at Spithead. A total eclipse of the sun took place this day, when we found the best means of watching it was in tubs of water rather than through smoked glass. Many birds roosted in the rigging during the darkest phases of the eclipse. The pilot had informed us that Delhi was not yet captured.

We reached the port of Calcutta, opposite Fort William, on the afternoon of Sunday, September 20,* the third anniversary of the Battle of the Alma, and were enthusiastically cheered by the occupants of the numerous European bungalows on the banks of the river as we steamed up. As soon as the

* The day that Delhi fell.

ship was reported, Fred Alison, of the 72nd Highlanders, one of Sir Colin's aides-de-camp, came on board, and told us that we should probably be at once sent on to Chinsurah, higher up the river. We learnt also from him of the massacre at Cawnpore, and the death from cholera of Major-General Sir Henry Barnard, commanding before Delhi, who had been Chief of the Staff in the Crimea under Generals Simpson and Coddrington; General Barnard was well known and much liked by the officers of the 93rd, having been our General of Division at Dover for some time before he went out to India.

CHAPTER IV.

RECEPTION OF THE 93RD AT CALCUTTA—STATE OF AFFAIRS THERE.

ON the afternoon of the 20th Sir Colin Campbell paid us a visit, attended by some of his staff, and was rapturously received by all ranks, the cheering, indeed, being so frequently renewed that it was a considerable time before Sir Colin, who was deeply moved, was allowed to speak. Sir Colin had arrived in Calcutta on August 13, nearly six weeks before us, 'at a moment when affairs were at their worst. The North-West Provinces, Delhi, Rohilkhand, and Oudh were lost. The Punjab was fermenting. Central India was in a state of veiled rebellion. The very existence of the English in India was depending upon the early capture of Delhi, and Delhi still held out. . . . Every day made the loyalty of the Sikhs more questionable. Every day increased the difficulty of Sindhia to restrain his troops from a movement against Agra, or, more to be dreaded still, upon Cawnpore. Every day relaxed our hold upon the Princes of Rajputana and Bandelkhand, whilst from the Western Presidency there came unmistakable symptoms that order in the southern Maratha country could be maintained only by a strong and vigorous hand.'* When Sir Colin landed, Lord Canning and his Government had made no preparations to meet the requirements of the troops from China and England, which might daily be looked for. 'No means of transport had been prepared; no horses,

* Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. iv., pp. 84, 85.

either for cavalry or artillery, had been provided; Enfield rifle ammunition was deficient, and no effort had been made to supply the deficiency; flour was even running out, and nothing had been done to procure a fresh supply; guns, gun-carriages, and harness of field batteries were either unfit for service or did not exist; and, although the gun foundry at Kasipur was at their door, no fresh orders were given to the superintendent.'*

Sir Colin's energy stirred up the 'lethargy and roused to some show of efficiency all the East India Company's departments' concerned, and quintupled their activity. Further, he put pressure on the Government of Lord Canning to establish the bullock-train. Again to quote from Malleson: 'This train was composed of a number of covered waggons, in each of which a fixed number of European soldiers could sit at ease. To draw these, a proportionate number of bullocks were posted at stages all along the road. The starting-point of the bullock-train was the railway terminus at Raniganj, 120 miles from Calcutta. The soldiers, leaving the train, were supposed to enter the bullock-carriages, and to travel in them all night and in the early hours of the morning and evening, resting for food during the heat of the day. This scheme was soon brought to perfection, and was made to work so as to land daily in Allahabad 200 men fresh and fit for work, conveyed in the space of a fortnight from Calcutta.' Sir Colin had been the guest of Lord Canning at Government House since the date of his arrival at Calcutta, and, I suppose, suggested that the officers of the 93rd should be asked to dinner there; anyhow, an invitation was received by the Colonel on the day of our arrival in the river, and it was intimated to us that all officers off duty might go to dine with His Excellency next evening, September 21.

Principally, I believe, owing to the fact that all those

* 'Lord Clyde's Campaign in India, August, 1857, to February, 1858.' *Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1858.

accepting the Governor-General's invitation had to appear in levée dress—which, in the case of a company officer like myself, meant the kilt and a very warm buttoned-up scarlet cloth tunic, instead of the cooler open mess-jacket, white waistcoat, and light tartan trews worn at mess—the only representatives of the regiment who appeared at Government House were Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Ewart* and myself. As the *Mauritius* was moored at no great distance, Colonel Ewart and I walked to Government House. I particularly noticed, as we passed H.M.S. *Shannon*, which was close hauled in to the quay, that her broadside, with ports all open, completely commanded, and could have swept with the fire of her guns, the maidân, or parade-ground, in front of Government House, as well as the roadway and steps leading up to the grand entrance. As this flight of steps was very imposing, I agreed with Colonel Ewart that it probably was reserved as a State entrance, not intended for humble folks like us, and as there were no European sentries to be seen, but only two or three dismounted troopers of the Governor-General's native cavalry body-guard at the top of the steps, with whom we could not communicate, as we did not speak the language then, we proceeded to hunt about till we found an entrance in the basement which was on a level with the road.

Wondering at the ease with which we had thus entered, unchallenged, in such dangerous times, the very heart of the dwelling occupied by the head of the Government—when, too, it was deemed necessary to have the approaches to the building under the guns of one of Her Majesty's ships, apparently cleared for action—we here came suddenly upon a sentry of the 53rd Foot, posted over the piled arms of fully 100 men. Colonel Ewart asked for the officer in command, and a captain of the 53rd came forward, who, in answer to Colonel Ewart's inquiries, informed us that a strong picket of

* Now General Sir John Alexander Ewart, K.C.B., Colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

European infantry was quietly marched into these cellars, so to speak, after dusk every evening, keeping their sentries out of sight, and remaining there all night with their rifles (the Enfield muzzle-loader, then in use) loaded, and sixty rounds of ball cartridge in their pouches, and marched back to their quarters at daylight the following morning. He also informed us that we should have entered by the main door at the top of the steps; but to save us going round to it he politely showed us the way to the great entrance hall, up a stone staircase leading from this basement, at the top of which we had our first view at close quarters of a specimen of the native soldier, one of the Governor-General's body-guard. This sentry was dressed in white breeches and jackboots, a scarlet, tight-fitting European coatee with quantities of gold lace on it, and white gauntlets, the whole surmounted, above his very black face, with one of the ugliest turbans I ever saw, one of those tightly twisted things (also with much gold lace on it, of course) exactly like the old early Victorian-age bell-ropes. There seemed to be two of these men at every door leading into this hall, and one on every landing of the grand staircase leading up to the first floor, to which the Captain of the hidden 53rd picket directed us to ascend. At every door on the top landing there were more of these black sentries, and we particularly noticed at the time that they were doing duty with infantry ramrods in their hands, instead of their own cavalry swords or carbines. Both Colonel Ewart and myself thought them a very truculent-looking set of men, and most certainly one and all scowled at us as they stood at attention when we passed, and seemed puzzled with our costume, including the feather- bonnets we carried in our hands, the Highland uniform having seldom or never been worn in Calcutta before. Their very truculency and evident interest in our appearance made the Colonel and myself observe every man closely; but their *tout-ensemble* was, in our eyes, so intensely ludicrous, with six-feet-two, clad as I have described, their tight-fitting European breeches and

coatee emphasizing the angles of their spare frames and huge bony knees and elbows, and making up one of the most comical caricatures of our own Life Guards one could imagine, that, pretending to have some joke between ourselves, Colonel Ewart and I laughed on one of the landings, with our backs to one of those scarecrows, till the tears streamed from our eyes.

One of the first results of the mutiny of the old Bengal Sepoy army was, fortunately for the future comfort and improved appearance of the native soldier, to abolish every article of European dress, except boots and shoes, from their uniforms, and even to go further, by introducing the use of the comfortable and becoming native costumes for the European officers when on active service. Everyone who saw the becomingly-dressed, fine-looking Imperial Service officers, and the native officers, and our own British native forces, who at the time of the Queen's Commemoration came to England to take part in the procession, can picture to themselves how absurd these same men would have looked dressed in European uniforms. Some ten or twelve years afterwards, before the 93rd left India, I saw a discussion in the English newspapers published in the Bengal Presidency as to whether the Governor-General's body-guard had ever been disarmed at all. I wrote to one of these newspapers, quoting my own experiences as I have given them above, and noticed no reply disputing the accuracy of my statements.

Colonel Ewart and I were ushered into the reception-room by native servants, and shortly afterwards taken under the wing of the aide-de-camp in waiting, Captain Lord Dunkellin, of the Coldstream Guards. I remember being particularly impressed with the great height and palatial dimensions of this room, the first interior I had seen in India. A few minutes before dinner was announced two lofty doors facing each other were simultaneously thrown open, and Lord and Lady Canning advanced from these opposite entrances into

the centre of the room, each attended by members of their respective households. Colonel Ewart and myself, with one or two other strangers, were presented to each. Sir Colin Campbell joining the circle, and greeting Colonel Ewart and myself most kindly, Lord and Lady Canning shortly afterwards led the way to the banqueting-hall. I do not think that, including the Governor-General and Lady Canning, there were more than twenty-four persons at table, and our small party seemed lost, I remember, in the centre of that great hall. Our host and hostess occupied places on a daïs on each side of the table opposite to each other, and I was struck with the effect produced by the native attendants standing two on each daïs on either side, but a little behind both Lord and Lady Canning, waving the great silver-mounted *chaurís* with regular rhythmical motions throughout the dinner. These *chaurís*, used by native potentates in India to keep the flies off, are horses' tails mounted in silver, or even in gold studded with precious stones, and are not, of course, required in a room where punkahs are in motion, under which neither flies nor mosquitos will settle; but they seem to be retained as ceremonial emblems of authority by British Governors, and are certainly very striking to a Western eye. An invisible string band discoursed most excellent and very soft music throughout the meal. There was a native servant to wait on each guest; but most of them, Lord Dunkellin informed me, would have cut each and all of our throats at that time with the greatest pleasure. It was, therefore, particularly comforting to me, as I told Lord Dunkellin on this announcement, to reflect on what I had seen in the basement below about a quarter of an hour before, and also somewhat reconciled me to the inconvenience of having to sit out the dinner with my claymore on one side of me, and my dirk at the other.

Captain Lord Dunkellin had been taken prisoner by the Russians when at trench duty before Sebastopol in October, 1854. He was a charming fellow and amusing companion,

taking no end of trouble during dinner, not only to look after my inner man, but to give me all sorts of interesting information about the situation in India at the time; the very tough work that was before us; his reasons for confidently believing that the Mutiny had then reached its height; and his belief that the arrival of the 93rd Highlanders, as the vanguard of an avenging Queen's army (in contradistinction to the East India Company's forces), was the beginning of the end of the whole rebellion. Lord Dunkellin had his own opinions on the wisdom of retaining as a body-guard the men I have described—a body-guard whom it had been thought necessary to deprive of their arms! If history had not since recorded the absolutely fatuous policy pursued by the Supreme Government of India in many different ways, from the date of the outbreak at Mirath until after the time of which I am writing, it would hardly be credited to-day that, having accepted, *most reluctantly, however*, on June 12 preceding, the services of the European and Eurasian civilian inhabitants of Calcutta as volunteers, of whom in less than three weeks, as Malleson records, 'a brigade was formed sufficiently strong to guard Calcutta, and to enable the Government, had they deemed it necessary, to send all the regular troops into the field,' where their presence was sorely required in half a dozen places, a brigade of volunteers, be it understood, composed of horse, foot, and artillery—having, as I say, reluctantly accepted the services of these thoroughly reliable men, the farce was kept up of *pretending to believe* in the untrustworthy natives who constituted the Governor-General's body-guard, who required the concealed surveillance, from sunset to sunrise, of 100 British-European soldiers with loaded rifles! The men of the 53rd Foot, whom Colonel Ewart and I found in the basement of Government House that evening, should long before that date have been on the road to Cawnpore, and a regular guard openly mounted by day and night, composed of the reliable and patriotic citizens, who, after so much

importunity had in June been *un*graciously permitted to take up military duties, should have been substituted for the dangerous scarecrows who swarmed throughout Government House.

After dinner we adjourned with the ladies to the drawing-room, where Sir Colin soon drew Lord Canning aside, and, sitting down in a corner of the room on a chair in front of him, commenced a long and earnest conversation, which lasted all the evening until we left. I found myself shortly afterwards at a whist-table with Sir William Mansfield, the chief of Sir Colin's Staff, as my partner—who was very cross with me whenever we lost—Lord Dunkellin, and, I think, Sir David Baird, Bart., one of Sir Colin's aides-de-camp, being the other two players.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARCH UP-COUNTRY TO CAWNPORE.

ALL the heavy baggage of the regiment was landed and stored at Calcutta on the 21st, and the officers started with the smallest kit they could arrange for a campaign of unknown duration; my own baggage, for instance, consisted of two small bullock-trunks and feather-bonnet case. On embarking for China, the men had been provided with very ugly loose brown coats of some stout cotton material, with red collars and cuffs, originally meant for the boat work that was expected in the China War; but they were worn by them throughout the operations for both the relief and capture of Lucknow and the subsequent campaign in Rohilkhand, and lasted very well. The officers, however, had been advised to furnish themselves with similar coats, made of alpaca, which were by no means so serviceable, as I shall hereafter have to relate. We wore, therefore, throughout the whole of the subsequent fighting the regimental Highland dress, including that most useful feature of it, the feather-bonnet, and these brown coats, with red facings, officers and sergeants wearing in addition their Highland sashes, to distinguish them from the men. A Highland officer's silk sash, which was always worn across his left shoulder and never round his waist, as in English regiments at the time of the Crimean War, was about four or even five times the width of the English one, and could always be utilized to carry its wearer, if wounded, off the field.

Three hundred and fifty men, more than half the head-quarters detachment from the *Mauritius*, embarked about nine a.m. on September 22 on a transport flat lashed alongside of a steam-tug of the same build, and started, under the command of Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart, for Chinsurah, a military station, with good barracks, some forty miles higher up the river, where we arrived about four p.m. Colonel Ewart appointed me to act as Adjutant of his detachment. I find an entry in my diary, under date September 23, of how some of our men had, in their just wrath, pitched a perfectly stark naked fakir, whom they found walking about the station, into the Ganges, whence he swam to shore again like a duck. This particular fakir was even permitted to stroll down the Mall, when the few English ladies in the station were riding or driving in the cool of the evening, perfectly naked, with strings of *cauri* shells, tigers' teeth, and several *empty soda-water bottles*, hung about his body, or even attached by wires passed through holes bored in his skin. Before the Mutiny, I believe, these repulsive-looking objects were everywhere allowed to invade the civil and military stations throughout India—go anywhere, in fact, and pretty well do as they liked. No doubt this brute was one of those who purposely paraded themselves about European stations in this guise to shock English women; but as the Mutiny proved that such forgetfulness of the respect due to, let us say, *even the prejudices* of the conquering race had no mollifying effects on the conquered, no naked fakirs were ever permitted to disport themselves in any cantonment I was afterwards quartered in during the following twelve years of my tour of duty in India. The cantonment magistrate of Chinsurah privately expressed to several of the officers his entire approval of our men's summary method of putting a stop to such 'customs of the country,' and I myself certainly never saw or heard of that 'holy man' strolling about the cantonment again dressed in soda-water bottles and shells up

to the date of the departure of the last detachment of the 93rd from Chinsurah.

Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, with the headquarters and remainder of the 93rd from on board the *Mauritius*, arrived on the 24th at Chinsurah; and Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Adrian Hope, with the whole of his detachment from H.M.S. *Belleisle*, on the 26th. At mess that night we heard of the fall of Delhi on the 20th of the month, the anniversary of the battle of the Alma. We, of course, received the news with great cheering, drinking the health of the victors and gallant survivors of that terrible siege with Highland honours. Owing to all sorts of bad luck, those heroes were never adequately rewarded.

As bearing upon Lord Roberts' remarks on the want of *esprit de corps* and slackness of discipline amongst the European officers of the old East India Company's army,* the following entry in my diary, under date September 29, 1857, shows the impression made upon myself at the time: 'Judging from the conversation of the British officers of all ranks of the disbanded Sepoy regiments whom we have met during the short time since we landed in India, it seems to me that their very slack ideas of discipline must have had something to do with the mutiny of their men. Yesterday, for instance, when returning by rail here' (Chinsurah) 'from Calcutta, several officers of the H.E.I.C.S., whose regiments had either mutinied or been disbanded, were in the carriage in which I was travelling, amongst them several elderly Captains and Majors, who were all boasting of how a dozen of them had been ordered to patrol the streets of Calcutta at night (or the neighbourhood of their quarters, I am not sure which), and that only two went! Now, such gross neglect of duty could not happen in the Queen's service, even in time of peace in a quiet country town in Scotland or England. *Figurez vous*

* 'Forty-one Years in India,' by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, vol. i., pp. 436, 437 and 449.

such total want of discipline and military self-respect in *these times*, and *here*, with the whole country in open or veiled rebellion all round us!'*

On September 28 the first detachment of the regiment started for Allahabad, proceeding the first 125 miles by rail to Raniganj, then the terminus of the railway from Calcutta, and onwards from Raniganj by the bullock-train which Sir Colin Campbell had organized to Allahabad. Each detachment numbered about ninety noncommissioned officers and men and four officers, the officers travelling two and the men four in a cart. What with the sand-flies and the jolting of these springless vehicles, which never could do more than two and a half miles an hour with bullocks and two miles an hour with buffaloes, not to mention the occasional bolting of the bullocks, and more frequently of the buffaloes, off the road, and a wheel coming off now and then, it was very difficult to sleep, even when off duty, for one officer at least was always on duty, and walked, with a man from each cart carrying his loaded rifle, for two hours at a time throughout the night. The bullocks and buffaloes, with their coolie drivers, were changed every eight or nine miles, but these drivers persisted in going to sleep, and, falling off their seats, were frequently killed by the waggons going over their heads. From Raniganj to Allahabad by bullock-train took each detachment fifteen nights, halting by day to avoid the heat of the sun and rest and feed the men. No rations were provided for the

* Apropos of these comments of mine on the loose manner in which the European officers of native regiments of the East India Company's service did their duty in 1857, I find at page 147 of vol. i. of Lieut.-General Shadwell's 'Life of Lord Clyde' the following extract from the diary of Sir Colin (then Colonel) Campbell, commanding 98th Foot, under date February 15, 1847, just ten years previously, referring to an interview he had that day with Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General. Colin Campbell records: 'His lordship said something about the native troops; of the loose way the European officers did their duty; of his having found one of them when on guard in bed, and the guards without any written orders.'

officers, and we had to forage for ourselves as best we could. At one of the dâk bungalows, called Fitcuri, I found that one of the previous tenants for the day had tried to relieve his feelings on the discomforts of these halting-places in these lines:

> 'With the flies and the heat, dogs, beggars, bad meat,
> One suffers the torments of —— down below,
> For these honours excessive, and heat most oppressive,
> Are found here at Fitcooree Bungalow.'

These different halting-places were placed under the charge of officers of the Company's service whose regiments had mutinied or been disbanded, and were tolerable, *or otherwise*, to both men and officers, according to the temperaments of the seldom too energetic gentlemen put in charge. The men of my detachment chalked up names on each of their bullock-carts, such as 'The Rattler,' 'The Busy Bee,' 'Kill the Darkie,' 'The Avenger,' etc.

One of the serious inconveniences of the muzzle-loading rifle was that, owing to the difficulty of drawing the charge, the loaded rifles of the men who in turn acted as armed escort to each detachment had to be handed from the men going off to those going on duty, and always kept loaded, whence several accidents happened during the journey of the regiment up to Allahabad. We had always to be on the alert, as the country on both sides of the road swarmed with rebels, and our different detachments were several times warned, by such civil authorities as had been able to be re-established along the Grand Trunk Road, that regiments of Sepoys, who had mutinied and murdered their officers, were marching parallel to us on their way to Oudh. From the second stage north of Raniganj to the seventh stage—that is to say, for a distance of 167 miles—game of all sorts abounded, and at night leopards were several times seen by the men and officers of different detachments close to the road; but our Western eyes were more particularly struck with the myriads of fire-

flies in this part of the country, bespangling with their tiny lights the darkness of the night.

The regiment only lost two men between Chinsurah and Allahabad—one man drowned when bathing, and a piper who died of cholera. The detachment to which the latter belonged turned out in kilts and feather-bonnets for his funeral—for we travelled in trews and forage-caps in the bullock-waggons—and the costume so impressed a Sikh regiment which witnessed the funeral that the men petitioned their commanding officer to be supplied with the same uniform, 'bonnets an' plaids an' a'.' At Allahabad each detachment on arrival went into a standing camp, and we found Captain Peel, of H.M.S. *Shannon*, with some 500 sailors and marines, quartered in the fort there. The next stage of the journey, some forty-eight miles, was accomplished by rail to a place called Lohanga. The detachment with which I myself went up country, under the command of Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, had left Chinsurah on October 9, and reached Allahabad on the 25th. On the 26th I was sent on to Lohanga by rail in command of a detachment of one Subaltern and eighty-nine noncommissioned officers and men. I there made the acquaintance of that most gallant sailor, Captain Peel, of the *Shannon*, of whom I saw a great deal afterwards before his melancholy, because preventable, death. He arrived from Allahabad shortly after my detachment had pitched tents, and handed over to my charge for the night ten waggons loaded with shot and shell, some rocket-tubes, and other siege equipment. From Lohanga the detachments then proceeded by bullock-train to Fathpur, in the Allahabad district; thence we abandoned the train, and marched into Cawnpore, a distance of forty-six miles, by three stages, starting every morning at 1 a.m. On and after our arrival at Lohanga, officers were allowed to draw rations from the Commissariat Department of bread, meat, rum, tea, and sugar, like the men, but on payment, of course.

On November 2 I visited the ruins of Wheeler's entrenchment, which even then, more than four months after his surrender, was, to quote from my diary, 'strewn with fragments of music-books and Bibles, of ladies' dresses and ladies' and children's shoes, and even women's hair clotted with blood.' On the 3rd I find I was on a Guard of Honour, carrying the regimental colour, to receive Sir Colin in the camp, as Commander-in-Chief; instead of our 'China coats,' as we called them, we wore our scarlet cloth tunics for this occasion. His Excellency inspected the guard and told us we were all looking very well. He confirmed the report, that had only just reached the regiment, of the action at Kajwa, where 100 men of the 93rd Highlanders were engaged, and Ensign Dick-Cunyngham* of the 93rd was severely wounded.

This fight at Kajwa, near Fathpur, was from all accounts a private soldiers' and regimental officers' battle; for, after the death of Colonel Powell of the 53rd Foot, commanding the small force engaged (who was killed as he most gallantly led a charge and captured two guns from the enemy, which had greatly annoyed the advance), no one seemed to know who was in command, and soldiers, sailors and Royal Engineers all fought for their own right hands. The next senior military officer on the death of Colonel Powell, apparently considering himself incompetent to assume the command,† begged Captain Peel to do so, a responsibility which, fortunately for all concerned, Peel did not hesitate to assume, although, according to the rules of the services, the junior military officer on land takes precedence of a senior naval officer in the command of the land forces, just as a junior Lieutenant at sea can order about a Field Marshal. The 93rd lost in this affair, our first encounter with the mutineers, 3 men killed, and 1 officer,

* The late Sir Robert Keith Alexander Dick-Cunyngham, Bart., of Prestonfield, Midlothian.

† I knew the man. He was distinctly right in his estimate of his capacity for command.

1 sergeant, and 14 rank and file wounded. It was estimated that 300 of the enemy were killed, and 3 guns were captured, out of a total rebel force of some 3,000 men with 3 guns. Sir Colin Campbell related to Captain Burroughs, who commanded the Guard of Honour, as we 'stood at ease' after he had inspected us, in a clear voice which we all heard, how narrowly he had escaped capture by a body of the enemy a short way north of Allahabad. A record in my diary under this date, November 3, 1857, runs thus: 'On Guard of Honour for the Chief, carrying regimental colour. Sir Colin arrived about 11 a.m. with perhaps the smallest retinue ever seen with a Commander-in-Chief in India. He and his whole staff were packed into five dâk gharries, his only escort consisting of three men of the newly-raised low-caste mounted police sent out from this station a few miles to meet him.'

That same afternoon I was able to visit the house where the women and children had been slaughtered, about 200 altogether, by order of the Nana on July 15; and the well into which the dead *and dying* were thrown next day, with many living children who had escaped the swords of the butchers (for the murderers were butchers by trade), when they were killing the mothers the day before, and were on the 16th, poor little things, 'running about, scared and wonder-struck, beside the well.'* Leave had been granted, to all the officers and men applying for it, to visit the 'Slaughter-House,' as we called it; and when I entered the tiny court-yard, through a low and narrow rough native doorway, I found several sailors of the *Shannon*, who had been arrested by the sight that met the eyes of all those who stepped across that threshold. The moment they entered they had uncovered their heads, as I did when I glanced round the little yard with its dead tree standing in the centre, as if it had been blasted by the horrors it had witnessed. The yard was still strewn,

* Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. ii., p. 281.

as Wheeler's entrenchment was, with fragments of women's and children's dresses and shoes, and instead of leaves, this blighted tree was literally covered with tiny rags of women's and children's garments, which fluttered with a weird effect, even under a bright sun, in the breeze. Inside the small house, although by the justly retributive decree of Brigadier-General Neill a good deal had been done to clean it, there were still great splashes of blood up the walls for some feet above the floors all round the rooms; and round the pillars of the veranda there were marks of their having been clasped by arms covered with blood. Out through the little house at the other side there was a small 'compound,' as such enclosures are called in India, which had been under cultivation, and where the well was situated which had been reverently covered in by order of Brigadier-General Neill; but as the mouth of this well was almost surrounded by cactus and other prickly plants and bushes, great quantities of human hair were still clinging to these—hair which had evidently been torn or cut from the heads of the murdered women and children of all ages. I collected a mixed lock of this hair, a relic I still preserve. General Sir John Ewart, in his book entitled 'The Story of a Soldier's Life,' relates at p. 53, vol. ii., how he found, near these bushes, 'the *head* of one of our poor countrywomen; it had beautiful teeth, and may have belonged to some fair girl of eighteen.'

After collecting some of the hair, I turned back to the building itself and re-entered its yard to note the demeanour of the men as they entered it. Over the wall which enclosed this yard on the side opposite the little house—a wall of about eight or nine feet high, perhaps—one could hear the men of both services laughing and talking as they approached the small entrance to this yard which I have already described; but as each little knot of soldiers or sailors entered, a sudden silence would fall on the group, and they all immediately uncovered; the instant silence and the look which came over

their faces, first of bewilderment, which quickly turned to anger as they began to realize the situation, was most striking. When they had gone round the rooms and visited the well, groups of both our men and the sailors, before leaving the little courtyard, would pause, and with uplifted hands solemnly swear to have vengeance on the murderers and all their race, a proceeding which they would, after the manner of the phlegmatic and undemonstrative Briton, have most likely stigmatized as 'theatrical' had they read of others doing so. Quietly looking back at this day upon that experience, I feel quite sure that each and all of us who were thus moved by the sight of that shambles, from drummer-boy to general officer, did their individual best to fulfil that vow. Colonel Malleson asserts, at p. 281 of the second volume of his History, that 'none were mutilated.' The finding of a lady's head near the well by General Ewart sufficiently disproves that theory, and in addition to that we were shown a tree near the well—a dead tree, too, like that in the courtyard —with marks of nails on the bark, and of gashes as of hatchets or large knives, the trunk of the tree being also heavily stained with blood, where we were told that children had been crucified head downwards, and done to death by the natives throwing *talwárs*—the native curved sword—at them.

During the time I was then at Cawnpore, from November 1 to 4, 1857, rebel Sepoys and other natives convicted in a summary civil court, which sat all day and every day, of being concerned in the massacres at Cawnpore in any way, were being hung on a gallows accommodating five or six at a time, from sunrise to sunset, sometimes until still later; the stern orders for the manner of their execution being rigidly carried out as issued by that magnificent soldier, kind-hearted gentleman, and, according to Malleson,* 'God-fearing Scotchman, with something in him of the old Covenanter

* Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. ii., p. 97.

type,' Brigadier-General James Neill of the East India Company's Service, when left by Havelock in command at Cawnpore during the previous month of July. With reference to this order, Colonel Neill said in a letter written home in July, 1857:

'I issued the following order, which, however objectionable in the estimation of some of our Brahmanized infatuated elderly gentlemen, I think suited to the occasion, or rather to the present crisis, July 25, 1857. The well in which are the remains of the poor women and children so brutally murdered by this miscreant, the Nana, will be filled up, and neatly and decently covered over to form their grave: a party of European soldiers will do so this evening, under the superintendence of an officer. The house in which they were butchered, and which is stained with their blood, will not be washed or cleaned by their countrymen; but Brigadier-General Neill has determined that every stain of that innocent blood shall be cleared up and wiped out, previous to their execution, by such of the miscreants as may be hereafter apprehended, who took an active part in the Mutiny, to be selected according to their rank, caste, and degree of guilt. Each miscreant, after sentence of death is pronounced upon him, will be taken down to the house in question, under a guard, and will be forced into cleaning up a small portion of the blood-stains; the task will be made as revolting to his feelings as possible, and the Provost-Marshal will use the lash in forcing anyone objecting to complete his task. After properly cleaning up his portion, the culprit is to be immediately hanged, and for this purpose a gallows will be erected close at hand. The first culprit was a subhadar of the 6th Native Infantry, a fat brute, a very high Brahman. The sweeper's brush was put into his hands by a sweeper, and he was ordered to set to work. He had about half a square foot to clean; he made some objection, when down came the lash, and he yelled again; he wiped it all up clean, and was then

hung, and his remains buried in the public road.* Some days after, others were brought in—one a Muhammadan officer of our civil court, a great rascal, and one of the leading men: he rather objected, was flogged and made to lick part of the blood with his tongue. No doubt this is a strange law, but it suits the occasion well, and I hope I shall not be interfered with until the room is thoroughly cleansed in this way. . . . I will hold my own with the blessing and help of God. I cannot help seeing that His finger is in all this—we have been false to ourselves so often.'

Going back to camp that evening past the headquarter tents, I encountered Sir Colin walking about near his own tent by himself, evidently in deep thought, and with the anxious look on his face I had noticed at Government House, Calcutta: whether he was as affable to everyone as he was to most of the officers of the 93rd, especially to the juniors like myself, I do not know; but as I saluted and was passing on he stopped, and in his abrupt, quick manner, asked me where I had been sight-seeing. I told him how I had just returned from the 'Slaughter-House' and well, and ventured to add that I thought the sight of it to the troops and sailors was worth 10,000 men to Sir Colin himself, and that it was a pity that every officer and man in the force could not be marched there to see it. I understood him to say that he himself had not yet then made the pilgrimage. Those, however, who had not an opportunity of visiting the 'Slaughter-House' before we marched out of Cawnpore, had no chance of seeing it on our return from the relief of Lucknow, for we were informed when we returned to Cawnpore that the Gwalior contingent (after defeating Windham's force and driving them into the fort close to the banks of the Ganges), somewhat scared, no doubt, by the steady way in which the British had continued to prosecute their just vengeance against all connected with the murders there, by the large numbers of daily executions

* Instead of being cremated, in accordance with the Hindu religion.

which had been going on within the 'compound' of the 'Slaughter-House' from the date of the British re-occupation of the place, and hoping that our vengeance might be stayed, perhaps, by the obliteration of the site of the murders of the women and children, had razed the house to the ground, cut down all the trees and bushes in the neighbourhood, and had even endeavoured to obliterate all traces of the site itself and that of the well, by ploughing up and levelling the ground all about it; at any rate, thus effectively putting a stop to part of the punishment decreed for the murderers by General Neill. As to the gallows, I do not know if it was re-erected near the site of the 'Slaughter-House,' or nearer to the town itself, after our return.

Some years after the entire suppression of the rebellion, the whole neighbourhood of the well was converted into a beautifully laid-out public garden, which I visited in January, 1870, when the 93rd was on its way from Central India to Scotland. Admission to the garden was then, however, most properly prohibited to all natives of India, except the necessary native gardeners, whatever their rank or race, and even the native gardeners were not permitted to enter the inner enclosure surrounding the well, which was itself surmounted by a handsome colossal statue of an angel in white marble, by Marochetti. It was Lord Lawrence, I believe, who afterwards cancelled these regulations.

Photo by] [*Bourne and Shepherd.*

STATUE OVER THE WELL AT CAWNPORE.

To face page 40.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE ADVANCE FROM CAWNPORE FOR THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

On the morning of October 30, a force under the command of Brigadier-General Hope Grant, Colonel commanding the 9th Lancers, had crossed the Ganges at Cawnpore into Oudh; it consisted of the 9th Lancers, some Panjab cavalry, twenty guns, the remnants of Her Majesty's 8th and 75th Foot from Delhi (not more than 300 strong each), 380 men of the 93rd Highlanders under Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart, 150 men of Her Majesty's 53rd Foot, 70 men of Her Majesty's 5th Fusiliers, and two battalions of Panjab Infantry of about 400 men each; the infantry being divided into two brigades commanded respectively by Brigadiers Greathed and Adrian Hope. This force had a skirmish with the enemy on November 2 at Banthra, a fortified village a little way off the main road, about ten miles from Lucknow, which was stormed and captured by two companies of the 93rd under Colonel Ewart, and detachments of the 5th Fusiliers and 53rd Foot; two other companies of the 93rd, under Adrian Hope, having been engaged about the same time in another skirmish nearer Banni and the Alambagh, in which they captured a gun. The operations this day cost the various corps engaged seventeen men killed and wounded (of whom one killed and three wounded belonged to the 93rd), and Captain Mackenzie, 78th Highlanders, shot through the leg.

The force under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, 93rd, of

which my company formed a part, did not cross the Ganges into Oudh until the morning of November 4, before daylight, and covering from twelve to sixteen miles every day, marching at two a.m. to avoid the heat of the sun, we reached Camp Banthra, escorting four 24-pounders and other siege equipment, on the morning of the 7th. We found Brigadier-General Hope Grant encamped there with his force, with orders to await there the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief before continuing our advance on Lucknow. On the afternoon of the 6th, Colonel Leith Hay's force had been turned out at three p.m. by our pickets mistaking some Panjab cavalry, on their way back to Cawnpore, escorting a train of 1,000 camels, for the enemy's cavalry. The whole force turned out, dressed anyhow, within a very few minutes, and it would have fared badly with the enemy had it proved to be an attack on our camp, for smart as we were in falling in with our arms in hand, the sailors under Peel himself had 'tumbled out' even quicker, on the cry of 'stand to your arms,' and had manned and loaded their 24-pounders, and trained the guns on the advancing party, before we had completed the 'telling off' of our companies.

On the 9th, Sir Colin Campbell with the headquarter staff joined us at Banthra; on the 10th, Major and Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, 93rd, joined us with two more companies; and on the 13th, the company which had been in the fight with Captain Peel at Kajwa also joined. The whole regiment was therefore now together again, except the two officers and fifty men for whom the Quartermaster-General's department in England had failed to provide accommodation when we embarked for China at Portsmouth and Plymouth as previously related. On the 11th, Sir Colin had inspected his small 'army,' which never exceeded in numbers 4,200.

Sir Colin made a very short speech to each regiment, battalion, and detachment, which was received in perfect

silence by all but the 93rd Highlanders; but directing us to 'stand at ease,' he made one of his stirring little Napoleonic addresses, earnestly delivered, which seemed always to reach the men's hearts. Pointing in the direction of Lucknow, he told us we were about to advance for the relief of our countrymen and countrywomen, hemmed in there by overwhelmingly superior numbers; that it would be a duty of difficulty and danger, *but that he relied on us.* Where Sir Colin was always markedly Napoleonic, was in addressing troops always as 'soldiers!' which he pronounced 'sol-jers'; and further in the pithy brevity of such speeches. The long harangues I have seen attributed to him in reminiscences written years afterwards are purely imaginary. As the Chief rode back to his tent after the inspection, along the front of the other corps and detachments who had previously received him in silence, inspired apparently by our example, and our testimony to the confidence we entertained in him as our leader, as demonstrated by the mighty cheer he received from a thousand Scottish throats, the other European troops, to whom he was a stranger, gave him cheer upon cheer along the whole line.

Next morning, November 12, the army set out for the Alambagh. It was an enclosure of 500 yards square, laid out originally as a garden, with a building in the centre containing many rooms on the first floor, built by the last King of Oudh as an occasional residence for a favourite wife. The mutineers had been driven out of it on September 23 by Havelock's force, and it had been gallantly retained, in the teeth of strenuous attempts frequently renewed by the enemy to recapture it, as a most important fortified post, being within a couple of miles of Lucknow and commanding the road to Cawnpore. We encamped at a little distance from the fort on the Cawnpore side about three p.m. on the 12th. During the march that day our advance guard had a smart skirmish with a body of the enemy, consisting of cavalry, infantry, and

artillery. In this affair the gallant Hugh Gough* won his V.C., being then a Lieutenant in Hodson's Horse, capturing two of the enemy's guns when leading a squadron of his regiment.

It was during the afternoon of this day that a curious incident occurred, which is referred to by Lord Roberts at p. 300 of his first volume. Those of us off duty in the camp, which had not been pitched till three p.m. after a harassing morning's march from Banthra, had, after partaking of some sort of meal, and having indulged in a good wash, lain down in our tents, both officers and men, for a few hours' sleep. I myself was sound asleep on my 'little truckle bed,' when the 'alarm,' quickly followed by the 'assembly,' sounded all over the camp. I turned out at once, in my sleeping suit, a feather bonnet and a pair of stout shoes, my drawn claymore in one hand and a loaded revolver in the other, with my rolled great-coat, which officers as well as men carried on the march, over my shoulder. As my greatcoat always contained a shirt, a pair of socks, a towel, a tooth-brush and a piece of soap, I felt equipped for every contingency. On our parade-ground in front of the camp facing Lucknow, the regiment was rapidly falling in, almost everyone in equally ridiculous costumes, the men of course with their rifles and sixty rounds of ammunition in their pouches. The officers were so engaged in telling off their companies and looking to their men, that there was no time to look about one or ask questions. We were assembled in open column of companies in less than ten minutes, I should say, and were wheeled into line in less than twelve from the sounding of the first bugle. Then we had time to look about us, and, mutually ignoring our individually comic appearance, we strained our eyes towards

* Now General Sir Hugh Gough, G.C.B., V.C., of the Indian Staff Corps, Keeper of the Crown Jewels. For the details of this brilliant little affair, see the article in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, of November, 1896, written by Sir Hugh himself.

the Alambagh and Lucknow in our front, to see what could be the cause of the alarm, as there was no firing.

A little to the west and our left of the Alambagh Fort, a strong picket, consisting of two Horse Artillery guns, a troop of the 9th Lancers, and 100 men of the 93rd Highlanders, had been posted in a grove of trees covering our front, at fully a mile off. By the time we had been wheeled into line, the whole of this picket was seen to be in full flight over the plain towards us; the guns galloping independently of each other; the cavalry troopers and infantrymen rushing towards the camp individually! Although I believe the artillery in camp loaded with grape when they turned out, I know there was a pause whilst Colonel Leith Hay endeavoured to see if it was necessary to order the men of the 93rd to load; for, in those days of muzzle-loaders, there was quite a serious waste of cartridges if they were eventually not required. Then I, for one, began to notice that little swarms of insects were following almost every one, especially the horses, darting down every now and then on the heads of the men and all about the horses. I fancy each and all of us realized at the same moment what had happened; anyway, some sensible staff officer ordered the bugles to sound the 'disperse,' but did *not* deem it necessary to follow it up with the 'double,' for every one of us on parade raced back to our tents, to get inside and shut them up before the picket *and the hornets* arrived! The two guns and all the cavalry galloped through the camp, and did not shake off the hornets for some miles beyond it, our own men being cautiously admitted, *without the hornets*, to their respective company tents.

With reference to the camp story, which Lord Roberts repeats, of our men's remarks on the unsuitability of the kilt for resisting an attack of hornets ('bees' he calls them), I am afraid that the facts will not bear out the probabilities of any such remarks having really been made at all, but that, like the 'Up, Guards, and at them!' of Waterloo, and the 'Gentle-

men of the English Guard, fire first!' of Fontenoy, must be relegated to the list of historical anecdotes which, 'if not true, ought to have been.' The facts were, that none of our men, as far as I could learn from inquiry at our hospital that evening, had been treated for stings on their bare legs; but a good many for severe stings on their head, face and hands; they had all, however, insisted—after being treated by our surgeons—upon returning to their duty forthwith, whatever their punishment by the hornets had been. The men of the Horse Artillery and cavalry were in the same case, but their horses suffered much more severely than the men themselves, a large percentage of the horses having to be replaced for picket duty that night. When the picket had re-assembled and the men composing it, with swollen faces, heads and hands, were marched back to the grove of trees towards sunset, a different point in the wood had to be selected for them. The hornets had been roused by a trooper of the 9th Lancers of a too inquisitive turn of mind, who, seeing the swarm on the branch of a tree in the grove where the picket was bivouacked, and within easy reach of his lance, unfortunately poked at it with that weapon, with the disastrous results I have attempted to describe. That the swarm were hornets, and *East Indian hornets*, there was abundant evidence; besides, I do not think there are any bees in the plains of India, though they are quite common in the Himalayas; and as any hornet I ever saw in India was about four times the size of our wasp, with proportionate stinging power, one can understand why the picket made that 'strategic movement to its rear,' and why the mounted branches of the service continued that movement far past our camp, where our bare-legged infantry found shelter.

In the campaign of the 93rd, in the cold weather of 1858-59, under Brigadier Colin Troup, for the final pacification of Oudh, we had two similar experiences; once, when the 93rd, whilst pitching their tents in a large grove of trees, were dispersed

all over the country in consequence of some idiot having thrown a stone at a similar swarm of hornets, when several officers and many men were placed on the sick-list owing to serious stings about the head and face (again the bare knees went scatheless); and on another occasion, during the same campaign, when another idiot in the ranks thrust his rifle into a swarm which he saw clinging to a branch of a bush past which we were marching, on a country track which could not be called a road. On that occasion, being mounted bare-legged on my pony at the time, I think I must have ridden some two miles at a gallop, straight away from the column into the enemy's country, without looking over my shoulder, before I drew bridle. Having *once* been stung by *one* hornet, I preferred to risk the chance of single combat with a militant Rohilla, or even with half a dozen of them, rather than face a swarm of Hindustani hornets!

On November 13 our little army halted at the camp near the Alambagh, where, in the course of the day, our tents and the heavier part of our then very light baggage were stored. A force of the three arms, under Brigadier the Honourable Adrian Hope, 93rd, which I accompanied, was sent by Sir Colin to drive the enemy out of the fort of Jalalabad, about three miles off. We found it evacuated, however, and were engaged the greater part of the day in rendering it useless to the enemy, by destroying one of its faces. When we returned to the camping-ground in the afternoon, we found the force preparing to bivouac for the night, and, as it turned out, we lived in the open, and did not get under canvas again until the 25th—thirteen days afterwards—when we withdrew our tents from store and repitched camp close to the Alambagh once more. In vol. vi. of Theodore Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort,' a letter is given from Her Majesty the Queen to Viscount Canning, of November 9, 1857, in which, towards the end, the Queen wrote: 'We are delighted to hear such good accounts of Sir Colin Campbell, to whom we ask Lord

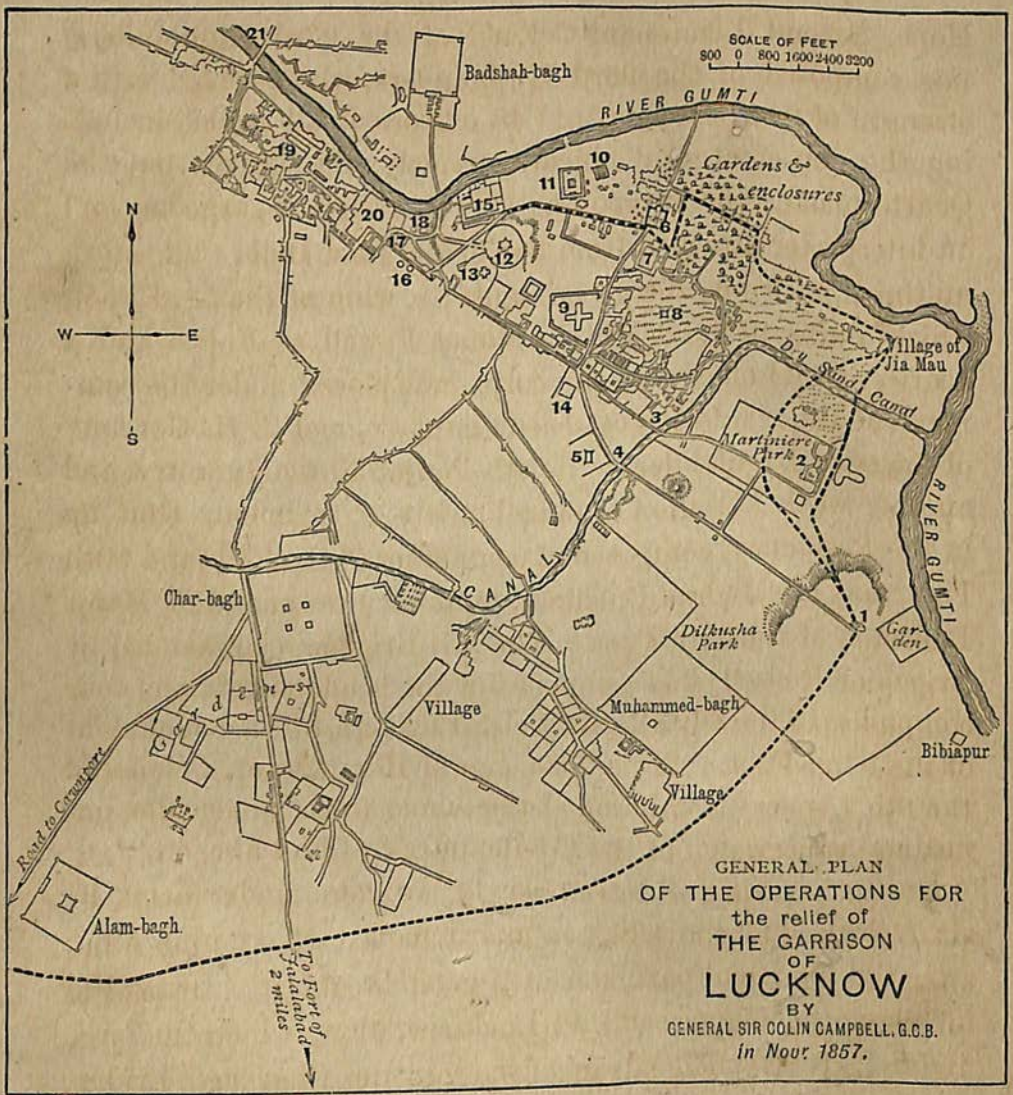
Canning to remember us most kindly. We can well imagine his delight at seeing his gallant and splendid 93rd, whom we saw at Gosport in June just before they left.' From which it appears that the Queen had not forgotten her inspection of us, which I have previously described.

On the afternoon of the 13th, the Commander-in-Chief headed a reconnaissance towards the Charbagh Bridge, on the direct road to Lucknow, across which Havelock's advance had been made, to induce the enemy to believe that our force would pursue the same line of advance. Leaving the 75th Foot —reduced by its arduous labours during the siege and capture of Delhi to about 300 war-worn men—to garrison the Alambagh, with 50 Sikhs of the Regiment of Firuzpur and some artillerymen, the whole under the command of Captain Moir, Bengal Artillery, Sir Colin issued orders for us to commence our march on Lucknow next morning; each officer and man to carry in his haversack provisions for three days, and the Commissariat Department to carry further supplies for the whole force for fourteen days more. He trusted to the last reinforcements he expected from Cawnpore being able to join him during the march next day, the 14th,* which they did, numbering altogether about 700 men, composed of Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery, two guns of the Madras Horse Artillery, the headquarters of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, a detachment of the 82nd Foot, and 200 men of the Military Train who had been taken from their waggons and turned into cavalry for the nonce. Owing to their short stature and breadth of beam, our men dubbed them 'the Dumpies,' and as they were all quite young soldiers, they looked exactly like a very rural corps of Yeomanry Cavalry on the first day of assembly for the annual training; but their hearts were all in the right place, and they manfully did their best to stick to their horses and do cavalry duty.

* Malleson, in his 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. iv., p. 121, makes this reinforcement join on the 13th.

The composition of Sir Colin Campbell's force which he led to the relief of Lucknow (for it is a misnomer to designate Havelock's *reinforcement* of the garrison of the Residency as a 'relief' of that post, seeing that his men were permanently shut up in it from the day they reached it until actually relieved by Sir Colin), after all reinforcements had joined, was as follows: The Naval Brigade, commanded by Captain Wm. Peel, consisting of 250 seamen and marines of H.M.S. *Shannon* from Calcutta, having with them six 24-pounders and two howitzers, all drawn by bullocks, and two rocket-tubes mounted on light carts. The Artillery Brigade, commanded by Brigadier Crawford, Royal Artillery, composed of two companies of Garrison Royal Artillery, under Travers and Longden, equipped with 18-pounder guns and mortars; Remmington and Blunt's troops of the magnificent Bengal Horse Artillery; two guns of Madras Horse Artillery, under Captain Bridge; Middleton's Royal Artillery, and Bourchier's Bengal Field Batteries. The Cavalry Brigade, commanded by Brigadier Little, was composed of two squadrons 9th Lancers, one squadron each of the 1st, 2nd, and 5th Panjab Native Cavalry, and one of Hodson's Horse. The Engineers, under Lieutenant Lennox, Royal Engineers, was composed of a company of the Royal Engineers, a company of Madras Sappers, a few Bengal Sappers from Delhi, and two companies of Panjab Pioneers, who had only recently been raised and were untried men.

The infantry was divided into three brigades, composed as follows: 3rd Brigade, commanded by Brigadier Greathed, consisting of the 8th Foot; a battalion of detachments of three of the regiments shut up in the Residency, namely, the 5th Fusiliers and 64th Foot and the 78th Highlanders, the latter dressed like the English regiments, this battalion of detachments being commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, 78th; and lastly, the 2nd Panjab Native Infantry. The 4th Brigade, commanded by Brigadier the Honourable Adrian



REFERENCES.

1. Dilkusha, occupied on November 14.
2. Martinière, with T-shaped lake in front and monumental column in centre of the water.
3. Bridge across canal, partially destroyed and used to dam the waters of canal by enemy.
4. Dilkusha Bridge.
5. Major Banks' house.
6. Sikandarbagh.
7. Sarai.
8. Karabola Minaret, surrounded by rushes and trees.
9. The Barracks.
10. Kadam Rasul Mosque.
11. Shah Najaf.
12. The Mess-house.
13. Tara Kothi Observatory.
14. Hospital.
15. Moti Mahall.
16. Kaiserbagh, King's Palace.
17. Haram Khand.
18. Engine-house.
19. The Residency.
20. Chattar Manzil Palace.
21. The Iron Bridge.

Sir Colin Campbell's advance shown thus : .....

Hope, Second Lieutenant-Colonel of the 93rd Highlanders, was composed of the 93rd Highlanders, who paraded with a strength of 934 bayonets, and 48 officers of all ranks, including the non-combatant officers, namely, the Paymaster, the Quartermaster, the Surgeon and three Assistant-surgeons, and an interpreter attached from one of the East India Company's mutinied native infantry regiments; a wing of the 53rd Foot, which, owing to the death of Colonel Powell at Kajwa and a dearth of field officers in the corps, was placed under the command of Major and Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Gordon* of the 93rd Highlanders; the 4th Panjab Native Infantry, and another weak battalion of detachments of regiments shut up in the Residency, composed of companies of the 84th and 90th Foot and 1st Madras Fusiliers, under the command of Major Barnston of the 90th Foot. The 5th Brigade, commanded by Brigadier Russell, was composed of the headquarters and four companies of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and a detachment of the 82nd Foot. Brigadier-General Hope Grant, Colonel of the 9th Lancers, commanded the whole force, under the immediate supervision of the Commander-in-Chief himself.

On the morning of November 14 we were under arms by six o'clock, and the advance guard moved off at nine a.m., after the men had partaken of a good breakfast. Instead of following the main road into Lucknow, along which the force under Havelock had advanced, across the Charbagh Bridge, and between which and the Residency even stronger obstacles had been thrown up than Havelock had encountered, our force kept to the south of the Alambagh Fort and struck across the open fields—for there are few, if any, fences in India—meeting with no opposition from the enemy until within musketry-range of the wall of the Dilkusha deer park, a summer residence of the Oudh Royal Family, where, at this time, deer still abounded, although many breaches had been made in the park walls in every direction by the rebels.

* The late Lieutenant-General C. H. Gordon, C.B.

On this occasion, as again in the month of March following, when we advanced to the capture of the city, and in many other instances throughout India during the rebellion, the natives gave us striking proof of their absolute incapacity for original thinking. They are faithful copyists, but cannot think out a new idea. As Havelock had advanced by the Charbagh, we, according to their reasoning, would do the same, and they were evidently taken completely by surprise and proportionately disconcerted when our force turned off to the east of the city and headed for the Martinière viâ the Dilkusha Park; the Sepoys being observed hastily throwing up earthworks across the different roads we crossed at right angles leading into the city from the east, and look-out men watching our column from the tops of trees all along our route. In addition to the musketry-fire which was opened on the head of the column when approaching the Dilkusha, some light guns now opened on us; and the advance guard being then reinforced with artillery from our main body, the 1st battalion of detachments, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, composed of companies of the 5th Fusiliers, 64th Foot, and 78th Highlanders, with the 8th Foot in support, the enemy was driven through the grounds of the Dilkusha Park over the crest of the hill overlooking the Martinière College and down into that large building itself. A heavy fire was then opened from the Martinière of both musketry and artillery, which Remmington's Horse Artillery, Bouchier's Field Battery, and a heavy howitzer brought up by Captain Hardy, Royal Artillery, proceeded to reply to; during which the 93rd was formed up in quarter-distance column, under cover of some mud walls, to the rear of the Dilkusha, the regiment having lost, so far, 1 man killed and 7 wounded from the fire of the rebel artillery, which appeared to make fairly good practice, as we marched across their front in open column, before they found themselves tackled by our own batteries. During this advance in open column, with the round shot from the enemy's

batteries bowling from our left flank between all the companies, our men joked amongst themselves about there seeming to be 'a guid wheen footba's kicking aboot Lucknow.'

The 93rd piled arms and were allowed to fall out and rest whilst our artillery were silencing the enemy's guns. But a short period, however, elapsed, before Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton's battalion of detachments and the 8th Foot charged down the slope and carried the Martinière;* the enemy, not waiting to receive them, but bolting singly beyond the canal, pursued by some of our Panjab Cavalry, were pretty well cut up. Lieutenant John Watson,† commanding a squadron of Panjab Cavalry, actually charged a body of the enemy's horse by himself, and was engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with the rebel leader, who was supported by six of his followers, when Lieutenant Probyn‡ caught sight of him contending against such unequal odds, and galloped with some of his own men to his assistance. Probyn rescued his comrade Watson, who slew his man: he turned out to be a native officer of the 15th Irregular Cavalry, which had mutinied at Sultanpur in Oudh on June 9, murdering one of the officers. Watson was justly awarded the Victoria Cross for this exploit. By noon Sir Colin found himself in possession of both the Dilkusha Palace and the Martinière College, with all the ground between these two buildings and the canal from Major Banks' house to its junction with a branch of the River Gumti; our advanced posts holding the right bank of the canal, and the enemy in great force, close up to us, on the opposite bank; his whole attention being now

* The Martinière College was built and endowed by General Claude Martin, a Frenchman in the service of the King of Oudh, who transferred his services to the East India Company when Oudh was annexed by the British.

† Now General Sir John Watson, V.C., K.C.B., Bombay Staff Corps.

‡ Now General Sir Dighton Macnaghten Probyn, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.S.I., G.V.O., Bengal Cavalry, Controller and Treasurer of the Household of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

directed to the roads leading straight from the Dilkusha across a bridge over the canal at Banks' house (see plan on p. 50), and another road from the Martinière leading straight into the city.

The officers and men of the 93rd Highlanders were dressed throughout these operations in kilts and feather-bonnets, our brown China Expedition loose coats with red facings, with our rolled great-coats slung across the right shoulders and under the left arms of the men, and the left shoulders of the officers. The men had sixty rounds of ball-cartridge to carry in their pouches, their Enfield muzzle-loading rifle, a haversack and water-bottle. All officers and sergeants wore their sashes, the officers, of course, carrying their claymores, and some their dirks also, and most of the officers a loaded revolver with at least five extra rounds of ammunition for it.

The officers' great-coats weighed quite twice as much as those of the men, and in mine I always carried a flannel-shirt, pair of socks, a tooth-brush, soap and a towel, as I have before mentioned. The rolled great-coat saved many lives amongst officers, non-commissioned officers and men, not only at the relief, but afterwards in the month of March, 1858, at the final capture of Lucknow and at other engagements during these campaigns, by intercepting the enemy's bullets, which in many instances were found embedded in the folds of the great-coat, which was itself, of course, riddled with holes when opened out.

On the morning of the 14th we all had three days' provisions in our haversacks, and water or rum and water in our water-bottles. The virtues of tea as a beverage to fight upon had not then been discovered in the British Army, and I am sure it would have been exceedingly difficult to have persuaded Sir Colin to have adopted it, for on the eventful November 16, by the morning of which everyone had eaten up their three days' provisions, what with extra issues specially ordered for the 93rd by Sir Colin himself, we must

have had some four or five rations of rum altogether that day. I have an idea that with the hard physical exercise and the mental strain we all underwent on that occasion, it not only did us no harm, but that we worked better on that rum than we should have done on tea; anyway, the results were highly satisfactory.*

About two p.m. the company of the 93rd to which I belonged, under Captain F. W. Burroughs, was advanced on outpost duty to a corner of the Dilkusha Park, in the direction of the canal, with high walls bounding the park on our left and front. After the arms were piled, Burroughs and I mounted a sort of bastion, which jutted out beyond the wall in our front, at the point where the other high wall on our left joined it at right angles. To our front the view was closed in by a wood and thick undergrowth, but there was a broad clearing running along both to our right and left outside this wall. To our right, in which direction we first happened to look, we saw another similar bastion to that on which we were standing, jutting out from the wall of the park we were in: then turning to our left, we were amazed to see another such bastion jutting out from the wall of what looked like another park on our left, from which we were separated by the wall running at right angles to the wall in our front, of which I have already spoken. This bastion was crowded by men whom we concluded to be the enemy, and they were not more than fifty yards away. They were dressed in scarlet cloth coatees such as the English infantry wore at the beginning of the Crimean War, huge old-fashioned shakos, white cross belts with portmanteau-like ammunition pouches attached, but instead of trousers, the loose white or rather pinkish-coloured flowing native loin-cloth arranged on the limbs to look like what are called in England Turkish

* I fully appreciate the advantages of making 'Tosh' and 'Tommy Atkins' teetotalers in time of peace, but advocate a 'dispensation' for them in time of war, with the rum-barrel under proper control.

trousers; instead of the military regulation boot they wore native shoes, what would again be called in this country Turkish slippers. The parapets of the bastions were so low that we could see each other from top to toe, and they had evidently observed us, and could be under no mistake as to who we were, before we saw them, for after those we were looking at had had a good look at us, they would descend and make room for another contingent. They had no muskets in their hands, as their arms, like our men's, were probably piled in the park below; but I cannot understand why they did not open fire on us. We did not do so, because neither Burroughs nor I were quite sure they were enemies, for we had all been warned that there were a few loyal Pandies* in the Residency, and as our *vis-à-vis* did not fire we were puzzled. Burroughs allowed our men to come up in little groups to have a look at them as they were doing with us; but it was noticeable from their grave looks that these Pandies did not treat our—to them—equally strange appearance in kilts and feather-bonnets as our men treated their half-European, half-native costume; our men laughed at them uproariously, whilst Pandy did not seem to see anything to laugh at.

When Burroughs and I came down, leaving a sentry on the bastion, I volunteered to follow down the wall on our left, which separated us from them, and try and find an opening, if he would let me take two men with me, and ascertain somehow whether they were friends or foes. Burroughs at once consented, and as all the men of the company offered to accompany me, I selected two privates and we started down the wall to our left rear. The two men I selected were the two privates who, when prisoners on board the *Mauritius* on

* The rebel Sepoys received the name of 'Pandies' from Maughal Pandy, of the 34th Native Infantry, the name of the first Sepoy of the Bengal Native Army who openly mutinied and fired at his officers, on March 29, 1857, six weeks before the general outbreak at Mirath, on May 10 following.

the morning of July 14, had threatened to 'do for' me on the first opportunity. Needless to say they had forgotten all about it, for, as I have said, although they were both violent-tempered men, only to be kept in order by fear of the lash, they were smart, good soldiers; so, when some hundred yards or more down the dividing wall we found a breach admitting us into the other park, and had begun to stalk cautiously back up the other side, and I stopped and reminded them of their threats, they both looked exceedingly foolish, and had they been Frenchmen would certainly have made a scene. My reconnoitring party had not proceeded far up the enemy's side of the wall, before we began to hear bullets humming away over our heads *from our own rear*, and halting to listen, soon heard the voices and presently saw the men of a Panjab infantry regiment skirmishing through the wood towards us; we then stood up and slowly advanced to meet them, and I now felt sure the men we had seen in red coats were a party of the enemy. On rejoining our company, Burroughs told me the red-coated men had quietly withdrawn without firing a shot shortly after I had started to reconnoitre; and a few minutes after my return, we saw the Panjabis standing on the bastion they had vacated.

It must have been about three o'clock in the afternoon when an attack was made with artillery and infantry on the British centre; but the enemy retired after Brigadier Little, with some guns, supported by a squadron of the 9th Lancers, had given them a few rounds. About half-past four, after the artillery and cavalry had been sent back to the Martinière, a serious attempt was made to turn the British left, and get at the long strings of camels and carts still streaming in under the care of Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart's rear-guard, which did not all reach the Dilkusha until the afternoon of the next day, November 15. The rebels advanced in great strength, with several guns in support, towards the bridge over the canal on the road from the

Dilkusha into the city. They were opposed by three companies with headquarters of the 93rd, under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, commanding the regiment. Half of them extended in skirmishing order behind a mud bank facing the bridge, supported by the fire of some of Peel's 24-pounders, Bourchier's Field Battery, and Remmington's troop of Horse Artillery, a fire which pressed the enemy back; whilst, by an advance of the 53rd Foot and 4th Panjabis, ordered by Brigadier Hope, a lodgment was effected in a suburb of the city on the other side of the canal. About seven p.m., when it was getting dark, and the flashes from the guns and the musketry fire and the bursting of the shells from both sides began to have a pyrotechnic effect, the Chief, with a number of his staff, rode up close opposite to Banks' bungalow, in full view and within short range of the enemy, and ordered a company and a half from Colonel Leith Hay's party to try and rush that building. After the discharge of a final salvo from our heavy guns, the party led by Leith Hay rushed up to the edge of the canal, only to find, however, that the water was too deep there to allow the men to ford it, so the Light Company was ordered to lie down behind the canal bank, and Colonel Leith Hay directed to retire with the rest of the party that had been defending the bridge to the Martinière compound, for night was now closing in.

During the operations that evening the force lost two promising young officers, Lieutenant A. O. Mayne, Bengal Artillery, a Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, and Captain G. Wheatcroft, of the 6th Dragoon Guards—the Carabineers—who was doing duty with the Military Train. In the marchings and counter-marchings of the various companies of the 93rd that evening, my company, under Burroughs, was moving to our left flank, a little behind a halted troop of the Military Train, under Wheatcroft's command, exposed to a fairly brisk fire of round shot and an occasional shell. As a rule, the Sepoys' shells exploded

badly, either too high up in the air or on the ground; but we noticed, owing to the glare of its explosion in the dark, that one seemed to explode quite close over the heads of 'the Dumpies,' and we all feared it must have done great execution amongst the troop. We learnt next day, however, that neither a man nor a horse was touched except poor Wheatcroft, whose chest was torn open by the carcass of the shell. He had messed with some of us for some days before his death, and always seemed to be in a very melancholy mood. He was much liked.

The 93rd was broken up during the night of November 14, and throughout the 15th, into numerous detached parties holding various advanced posts. My own company went on outpost duty late in the evening, after all the enemy's attacks had been repulsed, occupying some high ground on the left of the British position within the Dilkusha Park, with two guns of Remmington's troop, Bengal Horse Artillery, under Lieutenant G. B. Traill, a relative of Burroughs, and a particularly nice young fellow, and a troop of the Military Train, the whole under the command of Captain Burroughs. We lay down to sleep in the open, with our arms by our side, feeling very secure against surprise behind our double line of vedettes and sentries. As the nights were now decidedly cold, we were assured by our Bengal Artillery friends—we were altogether a party of six officers—that there was no chance of the natives attacking us before sunrise, as they were all exactly like so many flies in the cold weather, and hated to move after dark, an assertion the truth of which we ourselves soon realized after a few weeks' campaigning against them.

I must here record how particularly fortunate the relieving force under Sir Colin was in the matter of weather. From the night of the 13th, when we bivouacked, after storing our tents in the Alambagh, before our first flank march, until the 25th, when we again pitched tents there, not a drop of rain fell; and although the sun was hot by day, there was always a pleasant,

cool breeze, and we had bright starlight nights, with no moon, but very cold. My company spent the whole of November 15 on this outpost duty, and we greatly benefited by and enjoyed the rest after the fatigues of the previous day. The officers likewise much appreciated what to us infantry—condemned to the by no means delicately-cooked commissariat rations we were now allowed to purchase — were considered great delicacies, spiced beef, white bread, and hard-boiled eggs, which our artillery friends were able to produce from their tumbrils, and insisted in the most hospitable manner upon our sharing with them.

During the day the only excitement our picket had was a single combat between one of the Bengal Artillery gunners and a Ghazi, or Muhammadan fanatic. The gunner wandered down about half-past six or seven in the morning, fortunately with his sword on, towards the edge of the wood above which we were posted, outside our sentries, but inside the line of vedettes of the Military Train. The grass was very high, and he did not observe a native, armed only with a talwar, very scantily attired, and with a loose cloth or sort of blanket thrown over one shoulder, approach him stealthily from the wood. Several of the officers, including myself, observed the man emerge from the wood, and shouted to the gunner to 'Look out.' The gunner, a big Irishman, drew his sword, and waited for the Ghazi to advance, which he did, flourishing his talwar over his head with one hand, and swinging his blanket round and round with the other. Mr. Traill said that the gunner would be quite a match for the Ghazi, so it was agreed that they should be allowed to fight it out. The wary old gunner never attempted at first to strike or thrust, but contented himself with parrying the blows aimed at him by the Ghazi, at the same time dodging the blanket. After fully ten minutes of this kind of fencing, the gunner found his opportunity, and, with a sharp turn of the wrist, drove his sword up to the hilt through his opponent's

body. The audience now consisted of all the men of our picket, who applauded this *coup*, and cheered the artilleryman. The native, however, to our surprise, showed no signs of dropping, but still continued to dance round our man; then one of the vedettes of the 'Dumpies' rode up, and endeavoured to get his untrained horse alongside of the Ghazi, although we shouted to him to leave them to fight it out. I don't think he could have heard us, for although a bad rider, as all the 'Dumpies' were, he persevered in his efforts to make his horse face the Ghazi's blanket, and managed at last to get one blow at the Ghazi's head, which knocked the already mortally wounded man down, all of us on the hill shouting 'Fair play!' The gunner, finding his adversary could not rise again, owing to the fearful wound he had himself dealt him—a wound in the abdomen which had, in fact, disembowelled the man—possessed himself of the talwar as a trophy, and, leaving him lying there, rejoined us on the knoll. That evening about five o'clock another gunner had gone down to look at the body of the Ghazi, and to our astonishment came back and reported that the man was alive and quite sensible. Traill, Burroughs, and I went down to see him, and, although he had lain there in a hot sun in that awful condition all day, he answered—in a whisper, to be sure—a number of questions Traill put to him in Hindustani, telling us, among other things, that he had come out to kill a Feringi, and so win Paradise. When we returned to the picket, Traill ordered the gunner with whom he had fought to go down and put a bullet through his head, and so put him out of pain. I do not think any European could possibly have lived thus for nearly ten hours actually disembowelled, certainly he could not have retained his senses; but the natives of Hindustan, of all races and creeds, will recover from broken bones and frightful wounds where the European would die; they, again, succumbing to cholera and fevers where the white man recovers.

During the 15th Sir Colin made his final arrangements for a second flank march, which was to take us into Lucknow. Owing to the frequent attacks made upon Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart's rear guard during the whole of the 14th—attacks which were always repulsed by the steady fire of Blunt's Bengal and Crawford's Royal Artillery, aided by the infantry in support—the whole of the baggage, etc., did not reach the Dilkusha until the afternoon of the 15th. Our regimental Quartermaster, John Joiner, a grim, gaunt, obstinate 'Free-Kirk' Scotchman of exemplary conduct, who had risen from the ranks, did very fair execution, we afterwards heard, with his band of Pioneers, and the officers' servants in charge of their masters' baggage-camels, amongst the militant villagers and stray Sepoys who hung on the flanks of the baggage column, or were found in the villages through which it had to pass, not leaving a living male rebel behind them, it was said; and as he continued to pursue the same tactics throughout the Mutiny campaigns, whenever we were in the midst of an armed and hostile population, we dubbed him 'Jy Jy, the Avenger,' from his Lowland Scotch pronunciation of the initials of his own name.

The Dilkusha had been occupied as a hospital for our sick and wounded on the evening of the 14th, and during the 15th a rough shelter trench was thrown up all round it, of sufficient extent to enclose the ground necessary to contain the ordnance park and stores, all the baggage and the commissariat stores, and a garrison to defend it when we continued our advance on the Residency. That garrison consisted of five field-guns, a squadron of the 9th Lancers, the Military Train, a squadron of Panjab cavalry, and the 8th Foot, together with all the officers' soldier-servants in charge of their baggage, and men of the regimental Quartermaster's department, such as the Pioneers, etc., of the different regiments, under their respective Quartermasters, the whole being under the command of Brigadier Little, of the 9th Lancers.

The enemy were by no means idle during the 15th, for about noon a strong force of infantry, with some Horse Artillery guns, crossed the canal on the British right, and attacked the pickets there; they also pounded away with a 12-pounder howitzer from the other side of the Gumti, in the direction of the Martinière; but those who crossed the canal were soon driven back by the fire of the Madras Native Horse Artillery, and no further demonstrations were made by them that day.

The point from which this noonday attack had been delivered being on the line of Sir Colin's intended advance next morning, he proceeded to draw the enemy's attention to the extreme left of our line, by heading a strong reconnaissance himself in that direction, and I think that he himself and the staff who accompanied him donned their cocked-hats for the occasion, more particularly to attract the enemy's attention; at least, we were told so afterwards. Late in the afternoon Sir Colin massed nearly all the guns not on picket at that point, and ordered a fire from the mortars to be kept up from the same spot all night. Further to delude the rebels, still later in the afternoon the pickets on the right were all drawn in, and strict silence enjoined to be maintained all along the British right. Before it was dark, Sir Colin signalled to Sir James Outram at the Residency, from the semaphore he had erected on the highest point of the central tower of the Martinière College, where he had fixed his headquarters, that he would advance early the next morning.

Soon after dark Burroughs' picket was relieved by some of Greathed's brigade, and we rejoined the 93rd regimental headquarters under the trees close to the Martinière, where we found the whole regiment reassembled and bivouacked for the night. On joining headquarters, we were warned that any necessary conversation was to be carried on in a whisper, and that we were all to take every precaution against the arms of officers and men making any jingle or clatter. As the company officers of Highland regiments had not then been deprived of

the leather steel-mounted scabbards for their claymores, very slight precautions sufficed me to prevent my scabbard clattering; but since a steel scabbard was substituted—on the *plea* of superior durability, but *really* as an inroad upon that bugbear of the War Office, distinctive dress or equipment in the army—nothing short of wrapping an infantry officer's scabbard up in bandages will prevent its clattering now!

CHAPTER VII.

THE FLANK MARCH TO THE SIKANDARBAGH.

THE whole force was under arms before daylight on the morning of the 16th, and after the companies were inspected and the ammunition pouches filled up to their complete sixty rounds, the men breakfasted on boiled beef, commissariat biscuit and tea, without, of course, either sugar or milk. The beef, which had been boiled in salt to make it keep, had been cooked during the night at the Dilkusha by the men's native cooks, and each non-commissioned officer and man was served out three pounds of it and a dozen commissariat biscuits. The native cooks also brought some fuel and their great copper boilers to cook the tea for the men where we had bivouacked. I use the word 'cook' advisedly, for the men's tea was always either boiled or stewed in these coppers, processes not entirely unknown to that sometimes necessary evil, 'the good plain cook' of these climes. For myself, and the majority of the officers of the force, I fancy, no provision had been made, as our own native servants, with our baggage, were *supposed* to bring us something to eat from the Dilkusha too; but even a fighting man amongst the natives hates to come out of his coverings before sunrise, and as it was nobody's business to kick our non-combatant native servants up, naturally they did not put in an appearance. I therefore felt much indebted to the regimental sergeant-major, Donald Murray—a magnificent specimen of a Highlander—for a tin cup—'tots' we called

them—of that warm but weird beverage which the men called tea, with some commissariat biscuit which he insisted on my taking, when he found out I had no breakfast provided for me. Poor fellow! he was killed just inside the main gateway of the Sikandarbagh a few hours afterwards.

After we had made the best meal we could, Sir Colin himself went round the whole of the infantry force, and called all the officers of each corps to the front. In low and earnest tones he directed us to see that the men used their rifles as little as possible after we had obtained a foothold on any position, owing to the danger of shooting friends as well as foes in confined situations, but to impress upon the men that they must trust to, and make good use of, the bayonet; further, that with the foe then confronting us, there could be no question of giving quarter. Sir Colin's exact words, almost, were then repeated by us to the men of our respective companies.

The advance-guard moved off, I should say, about eight a.m., every precaution having been taken to prevent the steel scabbards of the European artillery and cavalry, and the harness of the artillery, from making more noise than was unavoidable.

The staff wore forage-caps and blue coats; the European artillery and cavalry their forage-caps, with white muslin turbans wound over them, and their cloth clothing; all the English infantry pith helmets and dust-coloured cotton clothing, I think. The 93rd wore the regimental Highland dress and feather bonnets, with the brown China Expedition coat, and both officers and men their rolled great-coats, haversacks, and water-bottles.

After deducting, therefore, the garrisons left at the Alambagh and the Dilkusha, we advanced for the relief of the Residency with not more than 3,000 bayonets, composed of the 93rd Highlanders, some 900 strong, a wing of the 53rd Foot, two weak Panjabi regiments, some 250 to 300 each of

the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers and 82nd Foot, and the two battalions made up of detachments of the different regiments shut up in the Residency.

Early on the morning of the 16th the heavy guns and all the advanced pickets on the canal were quietly withdrawn, and Greathed's weak brigade, with the exception of the 8th Foot left at the Dilkusha, with Bourchier's battery, were directed to guard our left flank until noon, and then to follow our column as a rear-guard.

The advance-guard, conducted by Lieutenant Roberts* of the Bengal Artillery, as a Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, who had to rely on a volunteer native guide, consisted of Blunt's troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, Lieutenant Hugh Gough's squadron of Hodson's Horse, and a company of the 53rd Foot.† The Commander-in-Chief, with his staff, and the gallant Kavanagh beside him—who had on November 10, disguised as a native swashbuckler, made his way from the Residency through the enemy's lines to the Alambagh, bearing important information from Sir James Outram in a letter to Sir Colin Campbell—rode immediately behind the advance-guard, and was closely followed by Brigadier Adrian Hope's brigade, the 93rd Highlanders leading; then Russell's brigade; then the ammunition and engineers' park; the rear being brought up at noon by what was left of Greathed's brigade.

Our force crossed the dry bed of the canal, running south-east, very shortly after leaving the grounds of the Martinière, whence we had moved off from our right; then, bearing north-east, and keeping to the east of the village of Jia Mau, we struck the banks of the Gumti about a mile before turning sharp to our left after various turnings and twistings through narrow roads, and then found ourselves in the narrow lane,

* Now Field Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, K.P., etc., etc.

† Lord Roberts in a footnote at p. 320, vol. i., of his book, states 'that the wing of the 53rd Foot' were on the advance-guard; this is a mistake.

with high banks on both sides, running parallel with the Sikandarbagh.

Although, as previously described at p. 58, the canal opposite Banks' house had so much water in it on the evening of November 14 as to prevent some of the 93rd, under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, from crossing it at that point, yet neither at the relief, nor afterwards at the capture of Lucknow in March, 1858, was there any water in its bed further to the north-east of Banks' house than the bridge across it on the road leading from the Martinière—that is to say, it was dry for more than a mile above the junction of its bed with the river Gumti.

After reaching the river and turning to our left, we had the stream on our right for about 650 yards; thence we had to wind our way by a narrow road through thickly-wooded enclosures till, at a point about a mile after passing the village of Jia Mau, on the right bank of the Gumti, the advance-guard had to make a sharp turn to its left on to a narrow road. This road, after about a quarter of a mile, turned again sharp to the left, running between high banks, with the low-roofed, thatched mud-houses of a small native hamlet on either hand, parallel with the Sikandarbagh, and distant from the turn into the lane about another quarter of a mile. The lane for the last 130 yards was not more than 150 yards from the Sikandarbagh (*see plan*). The rebels had been so thoroughly deceived by Sir Colin's various *ruses-de-guerre* of the previous day that no suspicion of our undertaking this second flank march had occurred to them, and no opposition was encountered until the second sharp turn to the left into the narrow road leading through this village, within easy range of the musketry of the Sikandarbagh. Then a tremendous fire was opened on the head of the column, consisting of Blunt's troop of Horse Artillery, Gough's squadron of Hodson's Horse, and the company of the 53rd Foot. The 53rd men gallantly struggled to drive the enemy

out of the enclosures in the village, but were being overwhelmed with the fire. Gough's squadron became wedged in by the infantry hurrying on to reinforce the company of the 53rd, and, according to Sir Hugh Gough's account of the incident in the November number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* for 1896, the squadron found they 'could neither advance nor retire; for, in the first place, any further progress was impossible by abattis and barricades in front; and, in the second, the narrow lane was speedily blocked by infantry and artillery hurrying up to the scene of action. . . . Exit there was none, and we had to dispose of ourselves as best we could.' For a short time there was great confusion amongst the advance-guard, and the roadway in the village was completely blocked. Gradually the 53rd men, however, commenced to get the better of the rebel infantry firing from the mud huts and enclosures on our right, and to drive them to take shelter within the walls of the Sikandarbagh. This allowed those infantry of the advance still jammed in the lane to get out of the way of Blunt's troop, which he then led with splendid determination up the steep bank on the right, to get clear of the lane and bring his guns into action. Of this I am certain, that no commander of any troop of Horse Artillery of any other country in the world would, under any circumstances, have even attempted to negotiate such a bank as Blunt surmounted that forenoon, landing them on to an open space between the Sikandarbagh and another great building loopholed for musketry, a caravansary opposite the Sikandarbagh, whence he coolly opened fire to his right, left, and front, in reply to a terrific fire which the appearance of his troop had brought down on him from these three directions.

As soon as the guns of the advance-guard were out of the way, Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay was enabled to comply with the order he had received to move to the front as quickly as possible with the right wing of the 93rd. The five companies composing it, the Grenadiers, and Nos. 1, 2, 3,

and 4, now moved on under Leith Hay's command. When clear of the lane, they emerged into the open space between the Sikandarbagh and the loopholed Sarai above alluded to, and deployed into line under a biting musketry fire. To obtain some shelter from this, the right wing was ordered to move under cover of a low mud wall some seventy or eighty yards from the southern face of the Sikandarbagh. By all accounts, the right wing does not seem to have remained very long under shelter, but to have stormed the Sarai, which was not very seriously defended, and occupied it.

Some companies of the 53rd, and Nos. 2 and 3 Companies of the 93rd, under Captains Cornwall and Stewart,* supported by two of Blunt's guns, pushed forward across the plain, after the occupation of the Sarai, towards a large fortified building to their left, built in the form of a cross, called 'The Barracks,' at about half a mile almost due south from the Sikandarbagh. The only approach to this building was defended by two well-served guns, as well as by a steady and close fire of musketry, from which the two companies suffered considerably, several of the officers being wounded, and many men killed and wounded during the advance; but Stewart led straight on the guns, and captured them with a rush, the enemy bolting and leaving the two companies in possession of this very important post. Stewart was most justly awarded the Victoria Cross for this exploit, but in a manner which the framers of the Royal Warrant instituting that decoration never contemplated, of which more anon. The two companies of the 93rd who thus effected a lodgment in the barracks were on the left of the line of the 53rd and 93rd, which had advanced across the plain with two of Blunt's guns, and the 53rd men were now extended in skirmishing order on their right, thus joining this attack to that upon the Sikandarbagh, which all this time was being fiercely pressed.

To return now to the Sikandarbagh. When Lieutenant-

* Captain W. G. Drummond Stewart, younger, of Murthly, Perthshire.

Colonel Leith Hay was ordered forward with the right wing of the 93rd, Major and Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Ewart was left in command of the left wing, to which my company, No. 6, under Captain F. W. Burroughs,* belonged. No. 5 Company, or, rather, half of it, was therefore in front of us in the column in the lane, and as the Captain who commanded No. 5 had been left behind with a Subaltern and fifty men at Portsmouth when the regiment sailed thence on June 16 preceding, the half-company was under Lieutenant Richard Cooper. As each company of the left wing emerged from the village in fours, and got clear of the mud huts, we were wheeled at the double into column of sections—a little parade manœuvre which served to distract everyone's attention, I think, from the fact that, as we did thus emerge from the friendly shelter of those mud walls, we stepped into a fire of musketry which, to look at the hail of bullets as they splashed up the dust in the road, made me, I remember, wonder for a second how it was possible that even a rabbit could live in it. As we were immediately again wheeled at the double to our right, which brought us into line facing the east side of the Sikandarbagh (*see plan*, p. 84), we saw whence the fire was proceeding, and my company were ordered to lie down on our faces on a sloping bank, which afforded fair cover from the *feu d'enfer* directed on us at, perhaps, 150 yards, from the loopholed walls and parapets of that building. Cooper, with No. 5, had been wheeled into line to his right in front of No. 6, but Nos. 7, 8, and the Light Company were marched straight on, after being successively wheeled from fours into column of sections as each company cleared the village, but were not wheeled into line to their right facing the Sikandarbagh, until the rear section of the Light Company had cleared the left of No. 5, then lying down along a bank in line, as we of No. 6 Company were. The 4th Panjabis, however, who

* Now Lieutenant-General Frederick William Traill Burroughs, C.B., of Rousay, Orkney, Colonel of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

were immediately in rear of the 93rd, wheeled round in fours as they disentangled themselves from the village, and marching behind No. 6 Company of the 93rd, prolonged the British line opposite the east face of the Sikandarbagh to the right (*see plan*). Thus, before any further advance was made, we were lying down in line with the 4th Panjabis on the right, then Nos. 6, 5, Light Company, 8 and 7 (to enumerate the order from right to left), and before we were ordered to storm, this line was prolonged *to the left* by No. 1 and the Grenadier Company (*see plan*, p. 84). The 4th Panjabis and No. 6 Company alone occupied the bank facing the east face of the Sikandarbagh, the ground occupied by No. 5 trending back from this position, and all the other companies of the 93rd, as will be seen from my plan, being even further back from the building. Each company of the 93rd, as it took up its position, opened fire, and in the case of No. 6, I can answer for it that only the best shots were directed to do so, as there was nothing to fire at except the puffs of smoke from the loopholes and the tops of the bastions.

In response to an appeal for help from the Commander-in-Chief, the men of the Light Company 93rd, with the personal example and encouragement of their officers, Captain J. Dalzell* and Lieutenants E. H. D. Macpherson,† of Cluny, and A. C. Nightingale,‡ assisted to drag up two of Travers' 18-pounder guns to the top of the bank on the right, where the native sappers had cut down a part of it to allow of these guns being placed in position for breaching the wall, against which it was found that Blunt's light guns were useless. Travers' two guns§ were thus placed in position on the left of

* Killed inside the Sikandarbagh shortly afterwards.

† Now Colonel Ewen H. D. Macpherson, of Cluny Castle, Chief of his clan.

‡ Now Colonel Arthur C. Nightingale.

§ Lord Roberts, at p. 324, vol. i., of his work, speaks of one 18-pounder and a howitzer; but as the howitzers were with Captain Peel in a different part of the field, Lord Roberts must be mistaken

No. 5 Company and the right of the Light Company 93rd Highlanders. Up to this moment of the fight, Blunt's troop had suffered a loss of 14 Europeans and 6 gun lascars, killed and wounded, and Blunt's charger and 20 troop-horses; Travers' battery had lost Captain Hardy, Royal Artillery, killed, and Lieutenant W. G. Milman wounded.

Nos. 2 and 3 Companies of the 93rd having captured the Barracks as above described, remained there to garrison that post, and of the remaining three companies of the right wing, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hay's immediate command, the Grenadiers and No. 1 had come, in a manner, under Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart's command, for one company having been found sufficient to hold the Sarai, these two companies had been sent to prolong the 93rd line to the left of No. 8, leaving No. 4 Company only with Colonel Hay and the regimental headquarters, with whom were the colours, the Adjutant, the sergeant-major, and Captain Lumsden, the interpreter, some inside and some outside the gate of the Sarai, exactly opposite the main and only gateway into the Sikandarbagh, on the south side of that enclosure and not near the breach which was made by Travers' guns.

As some narratives assert that Captain Lumsden entered at '*the* breach,' others at '*a* breach,' and some accounts assert that the sergeant-major also entered at '*the* breach,' it is important to notice on my plan the positions which they respectively *should have occupied*, and as I always understood; and it was generally agreed at the time, that *they did occupy*, just before the assault was delivered, namely, at the elbow of the officer commanding the regiment, their recognised official position, which neither the serjeant-major nor the interpreter was likely to desert, any more than I or any other company officer would have thought of detaching ourselves from our own companies to seek adventures elsewhere. Glancing at my plan, the reader will see that the line of the 4th Panjabis extended along the edge of the village to the right of my

company, No. 6 of the 93rd, and rather overlapped the north-east bastion of the Sikandarbagh. No. 6 extended from about opposite the centre of the east face of the enclosure, to quite the south-east bastion; then came No. 5 Company, with Cooper in command, to the left of No. 6 and opposite that bastion; then Travers' two 18-pounders; then the Light Company, and Nos. 8 and 7 a little in rear of Blunt's guns; then No. 1 and the Grenadier Company. To the left, again, of the Grenadier Company 93rd came the headquarters and four companies of the 53rd Foot; then Major Barnston's battalion of detachments of the 84th and 90th Foot and Madras Fusiliers, which had all been moved up as quickly as they could be got clear of the village, thus bringing Major Barnston's battalion and the 53rd Foot past the corner of the east face, and out of sight of the breach altogether, and nearer to the entrance gateway on the south side.

I have now attempted to describe in minute detail how the main body of our little force was distributed for the attack on the Sikandarbagh, which it is most important that anyone desirous of carefully sifting the conflicting evidence published up to this date should carefully note, with the assistance of the rough plan on p. 84. All who have hitherto published accounts of the capture of the Sikandarbagh, whether as actors in, or spectators of, that struggle, admit that they have quoted from memory, after varying periods of time have elapsed, and they each and all had passed through various other exciting scenes, or painful sick-bed experiences, before they committed their recollections to writing. From the writer in the October number of *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1858, believed to have been a staff officer, who, on November 16, 1857, looked on at the storming of the Sikandarbagh, but lost an arm in the evening of that day, and was eventually invalided to England; to Colonel Malleson, who admittedly compiled his account from information derived from the article in *Blackwood* above alluded to, or obtained it from other spectators

of actors in the drama, who had to rely on the retentive powers of their memories years after, no one has hitherto produced an account written down the day after the event, and carefully elaborated during a stay of several days afterwards on the spot itself, by a participant in the fight and an eye-witness of its details. The distribution of the companies of the 93rd Highlanders as I have given it above can be confirmed, partly by reference to the despatches of the Commander-in-Chief, and partly by the regimental manuscript records. I venture to entertain a hope that, after Colonel Malleson has perused this narrative, he will revise both his text and footnote at p. 129 of the fourth volume of his 'History of the Indian Mutiny.'

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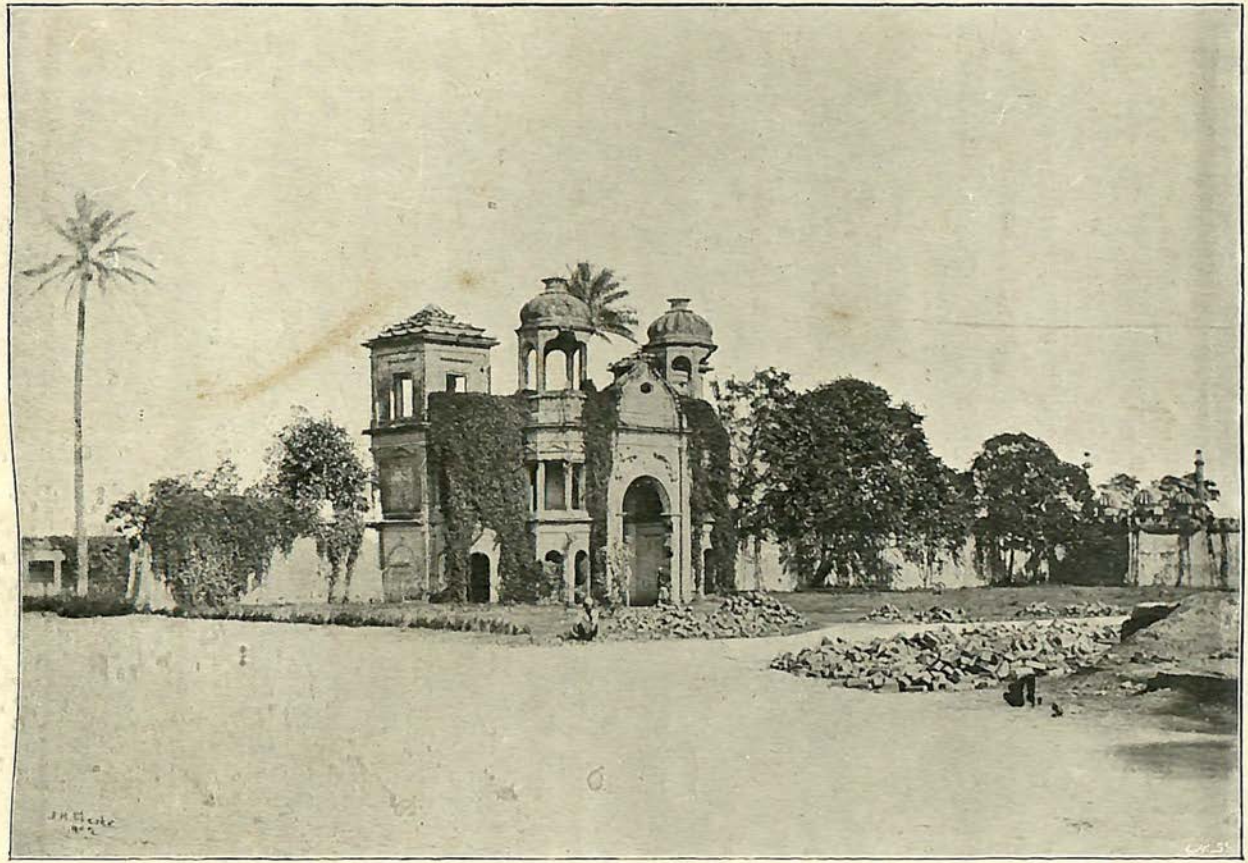
CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE STORMING OF THE SIKANDARBAGH.

At the commencement of this chapter I would again draw the reader's particular attention to the rough plan on p. 84, being a rough plan of the Sikandarbagh (not drawn to scale) made by me on November 19, 1857, after I took up my quarters there with my company on guard over the Commander-in-Chief, and remained till the night of November 22, when the relieving force was withdrawn. The distribution of the attacking force, as I have detailed it in the previous chapter, was filled in by me from the information I picked up during the four nights and days I spent on the spot, and owes nothing to any tardy reference to memory, any more than my description of the assault itself, some notes for which I made on the 17th, when on an outlying picket all day, but the greater portion of which I wrote during the 19th, 20th, and 21st, the time hanging heavy on my hands. I transcribed what I had written on scraps of paper, and the parchment of Sepoy drumheads, to my diary itself, when we obtained access to our light baggage again, at the Martinière, on November 23. Facing the next page I give an engraving of the Sikandarbagh, from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Calcutta, taken about the year 1863, some six years after the assault. It includes the gateway, *showing the only towers there ever were within the enclosure*, and a view of the curtain wall, facing nearly due south, between the gateway and the south-



From a Photo by] *[Bourne and Shepherd.*

GATEWAY OF THE SIKANDAR BAGH, LUCKNOW.

To face page 77.]

east bastion. It shows sufficient of the contour of the bastion to demonstrate that it was neither 'round' nor 'circular,' being, in point of fact, pentagonal. It was through the breach driven by Travers' guns, on the opposite side of this bastion marked 'A' on my rough plan, that Burroughs, Ewart, Cooper and myself entered with the head of the storming-party. The Sikandarbagh was a large enclosure, about 150 yards square, flanked at the four corners by pentagonal bastions* (*see plan and engraving*). These bastions were occupied by two or three little rooms, each 'giving,' by separate doors, on to the broad walk which ran along the wall all round the inside of the enclosure, and having flat roofs, with their crenulated masonry parapets heightened, strengthened and loopholed with sand-bags. Owing, probably, to the greater thickness of the walls than those of the curtains, none of the walls of these bastions were loopholed, but the intermediate walls (or curtains), joining one bastion to another, and also the walls of the back court on the north face, were all loopholed at frequent intervals and at about 4½ to 5 feet from the ground. As will also be noticed from the engraving, the outline of the roofs of these bastions was broken by small ornamental domes and small dummy minarets, but no 'towers,' as described by the writer in *Blackwood*, and by Colonel Malleson at p. 130 of the fourth volume of his 'History of the Indian Mutiny.' The passage runs thus: 'The enclosure in which these fourteen men found themselves was 150 yards square, *with towers at the angles*, and in the centre of the *eastern face* a building consisting of *a room opening out into a courtyard behind it, the grass growing all over the ground of the enclosure sufficiently high to conceal the enemy from view.*'

I challenge all the statements I have given above in italics as absolutely incorrect. The engraving which faces this page, which includes the bastion through which the storming-party

* Not 'circular,' as described by Lord Roberts at p. 323 of the first volume of his work.

entered, sufficiently disproves the existence of 'towers at the angles.'* My plan, roughly sketched on November 19, 1857, shows no building with courtyard behind it on the *eastern* face, but a one-storied building with several rooms overlooking, none 'opening out into,' a courtyard on the *northern* face. As to there having been tall grass anywhere within the enclosure of the Sikandarbagh, the suggestion is manifestly untenable when one comes to understand that, not only over the whole of the main enclosure, but also in the court which jutted out from the north face, the entire surface of the open ground was thickly studded with the cooking-places of the high-caste Hindus (of whom the principal part of the garrison was composed), where they cooked their daily meals, rendering the existence of any such grass necessarily impossible. The only towers which ever existed in the Sikandarbagh were the three towers at the gateway represented in my engraving. One was a square tower, giving access from the garden by a narrow stone staircase to the flat roof of the gateway only, the parapets of which were loopholed and strengthened with sand-bags in the same manner as the roofs of the bastions. The two other domed towers—one on each side, and jutting outwards beyond the gateway—allowed of a flanking musketry-fire along the front curtain walls to the south-east and south-west bastions, east and west of the gate, and enclosed staircases leading to the galleries inside the gateway. The gateway

* I have quite recently come upon a lithograph of the Sikandarbagh, published on September 1, 1860, by Day and Son, Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, with other views in Lucknow, from drawings by Lieutenant-Colonel D. S. Dodgson,[1] Assistant Adjutant-General. This lithograph shows four towers at the gateway where there were never more than three, as represented in my engraving; also a sort of tower of Hindu architectural design—impossible upon a Muhammadan structure—on each bastion. Perhaps Colonel Malleson may have derived his idea of the 'towers at the angles' from this peculiarly inaccurate representation of the enclosure on the day of our assault.

[1] The late General Sir David Scott Dodgson, K.C.B., Bengal Infantry.

itself, flanked by these round towers, the doors and windows of which were then, of course, all built up and loopholed, was of some depth, and, right and left as you entered, had first a raised platform used by the men on guard about 2½ feet above the roadway, and above that, also on each side, at about 18 to 20 feet from the roadway, a gallery to which access was obtained by short staircases from each of the raised platforms by the round towers. These galleries, like the platforms below, were quite open to, and overlooked, the entrance roadway which passed between them. The gateway itself was externally protected from artillery fire by an angular traverse of earth and brickwork, with a ditch outside some 8 to 10 feet deep and 12 feet wide at top, leaving only narrow openings, right and left, for access to the gate. In the centre of the enclosure there was a small pavilion, with a veranda running round, raised one or two steps over the broad walk which ran round it; and on the north (not the east face, as Malleson has it), directly opposite the entrance gateway, was a one-storied building, which overlooked the whole garden, the windows of which, as throughout the building, were not glazed, but only closed with stout Venetian shutters (exactly like what the French call *persienne*), to shut out the sun. All the windows opened down to the floor (see engraving of gateway), and from them Captain Lumsden, the interpreter, and Captain Dalzell, commanding the Light Company, were mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Welch, then musketry-instructor of the regiment, received a bullet in his body, besides a great many of the 93rd men killed and wounded. Four walks ran from that round the pavilion in the centre of the garden to the broader walk which ran along the wall round the inside of the enclosure (*see plan*). The four corners of the centre of the enclosure or garden, between the walks, were occupied by bushes and trees, some of them in huge tubs, and in peaceful times no doubt the spaces between had been filled in with flowers in pots, but there was no long grass or

jungle such as I read of at p. 180, vol. iv., of Malleson's History.

At the back of the one-storied building on the north face there was an oblong enclosure with walls of the same height —some 20 feet—as those which I have called the 'curtains,' joining the four bastions to each other, and enclosing the whole place. From this enclosure on the north face there was no exit to the exterior of the Sikandarbagh—meaning 'Alexander's Garden,' by the way—and the only entrances to it from the main enclosure were by narrow doors situated east and west of the one-storied building, which commanded this backyard from its back-windows. No door, however, opened into this yard from the building itself, which could only be entered from the main enclosure or 'garden.' In several narratives I have read, this large back courtyard, which really jutted out quite outside the rest of the enclosure, is alluded to as an 'inner court.'

According to Sir Colin's despatches, the attack on the Sikandarbagh had been proceeding about an hour and a half before Travers' two 18-pounders succeeded in making the small breach they did; and the Commander-in-Chief, who remained mounted and entirely exposed just behind these two guns, must have been in great danger all that time; a bullet which passed through the body of one of the gunners, killing him on the spot, actually did hit Sir Colin on the thigh, but fortunately only caused a severe contusion. Burroughs, my Captain, *would* stand up close to the edge of the bank, behind which, as it had a gentle slope, the rest of No. 6 Company obtained some shelter; but he drew a continuous fire by that manœuvre, not only on himself, but on all in his neighbourhood, for as I was kneeling a little to his right rear, I was in a position to judge, and kept on telling him so. As I afterwards discovered, Burroughs had made up his mind to be first in, when we began to see that the breach was being driven through that face of the south-east bastion

(*see plan*) exactly opposite where we were. As he persisted in standing up, and I continued to remonstrate, he waxed very short-tempered, and so did I.

The bank which sheltered the company rose with a gentle slope to about 3½ or 4 feet from the level of the ground, the side next the Sikandarbagh being faced, I think, with sun-dried bricks; at any rate, one had to jump down about that height on to the level when we started. When Burroughs and I saw the hole at last getting slowly practicable, we kept watching Sir Colin and Colonel Ewart, who was not far from him, away on our left, for the signal to storm. The resistance of this brick wall to the 18-pounder shot I attribute to the tough nature of the plaster with which the bricks were coated, the finest buildings throughout India, when not of stone, having their whole surface plastered over with it, like stucco with us. This composition, however, unlike stucco, hardens to the consistency of stone. The walls of the Sikandarbagh were nowhere more than 2½ feet thick, yet Blunt's 9-pounders could make no impression on them, and Travers' two 18-pounders took more than an hour to hammer the small hole through which some of us entered, a fact which disposes of a theory I have seen advanced that there was more than one breach when the assault was given, seeing that it is universally admitted that these were the only two heavy guns brought to bear on the building. The spot where the breach in the south-east bastion was driven in had the appearance of a built-up window, but I find in some notes to my diary, dated November 22, after I had several times inspected the breach, that I then came to the conclusion that, like all the similar 'windows' in the outer wall of the building, it had been a dummy one, moulded by the native builder for architectural effect; hence none of these apparent 'windows' could have been broken through with crowbars or such tools, any more than any other portion of the exceedingly tough outer walls.

Sir Colin Campbell, having decided that the breach was practicable, directed a bugler of the 93rd to sound the advance, and Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart waving his sword to us, the whole British line rose to their feet with a cheer, which Lord Roberts, who heard it, describes as 'a shout which must have foreshadowed defeat to the defenders of the Sikandarbagh,' and rushed *towards the building*,* but not more than 200 men, all told, *towards the breach;* for only those opposite or within sight of that hole in the wall ran towards it—namely, Nos. 6 and 5 Companies, a few Light Company men, and some stray officers and men from the companies of the 93rd on the left of the Light Company, *the main body of the 93rd, the 53rd, and Major Barnston's detachments making for the gateway.* The breach itself was a hole knocked in that side of the south-east bastion which faced almost due east (*see plan*), a hole not more than 3 feet square, and some 3 to 3½ feet from the ground.

Burroughs, from the position he had taken up, was very much exposed, standing erect on the edge of our sheltering

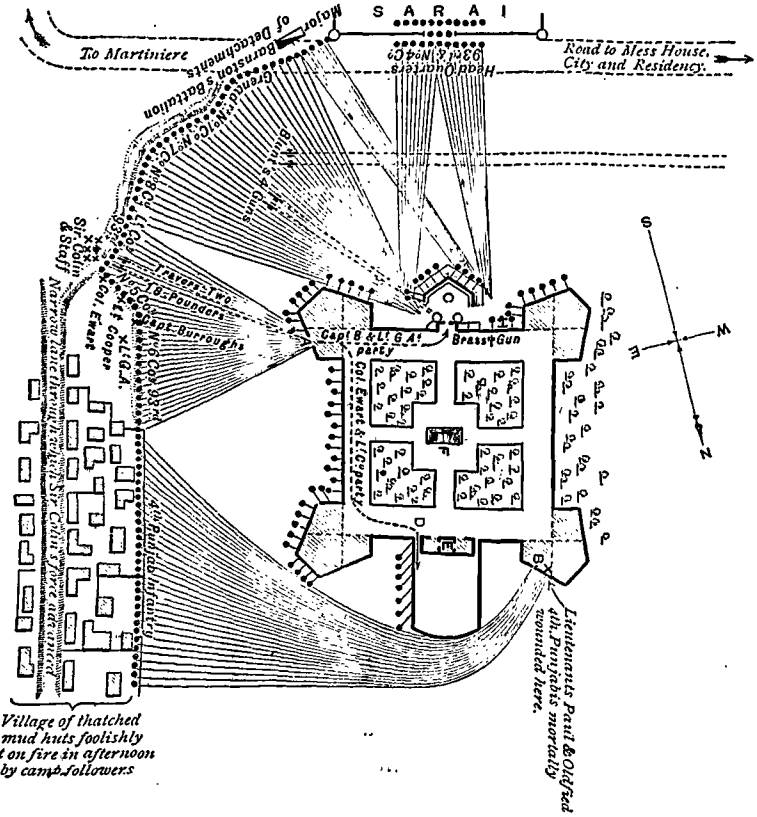
* In the article in *Blackwood's Magazine* of October, 1858, on 'Lord Clyde's Campaign in India,' we find at p. 492 the following description of the assault: 'The assault was then given by the 4th Punjab Rifles and 93rd, supported by the 53rd and a battalion of detachments. It was a glorious rush. On went in generous rivalry the turban of the Sikh and the dark plume of the Highlander. A native officer of the Sikhs, waving his tulwar above his head, dashed on full five yards in front of his men. The Highlanders, determined not to be left behind, strained nerve and limb in the race. Their officers led like gallant gentlemen, shaking their broadswords in the air. Two young ensigns, springing over a low mud-wall, *gave the colours of the regiment to the breeze.*' The statement I have put in italics is a mistake. No colours of any regiment under Sir Colin's command were ever uncased in any action against the rebels. The Regimental colour of the 93rd next morning, November 17, at the Shah Najaf, that of the 2nd Punjab Infantry on the same day, at the Mess House, and that of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, during the siege of Lucknow in March of the following year, were uncased and used as signal-flags by Sir Colin's personal commands on these occasions, as hereafter to be related, and were the only instances, as far as I ever heard of, of any colour being 'given to the breeze.'

bank, a position which he had maintained for over an hour —although both to him and to me it did not seem more than half that time—yet miraculously escaped even a contusion such as Sir Colin received.

When the signal was given by Colonel Ewart to storm, Burroughs had only to jump down on to the level ground, whilst I had to rise off one knee, and the rest of No. 6 Company, being all stretched out on their faces, took a little longer to rise. Burroughs thus got a start of at least a dozen yards before any of No. 6 Company, and we were directly opposite, and nearest to the breach. I myself reached the breach immediately behind Burroughs, but rather out of breath, partly from running, and partly from shouting, I suppose, and well ahead of both Ewart and Lieutenant Cooper, of No. 5 Company. On reaching the hole, Burroughs had bent his head, and actually succeeded in jumping in, knocking his feather bonnet off in performing this harlequin's feat. Fortunately for him, as it afterwards turned out, I stopped and picked up the bonnet, and tossed it into the hole after him, before he had time to turn round or another man was in the way. Private Dunlay and two, or perhaps three, more men of No. 6 Company were pushed up after Burroughs, when Cooper reached us, and, like the excitable Irishman he was whenever there was a fight on, pushed everyone aside, and, assisted by a private of his own company who came up with him, scrambled in, followed by his own man, there being now Burroughs, with three or four of No. 6, and Cooper, with one man, inside. Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart now came up, rather out of breath, like all of us, and very eager too, and I and a private gave him, as our C. O., a leg in, for, with the exception of Burroughs, everyone was helped in. I followed Ewart, being assisted by the men of my own company inside, who gave me a hand as well as those outside, now collecting in some numbers, who had to follow one by one.

Some native sappers and miners with picks, and, I think,

crowbars, some of whose comrades, with several of the 93rd, had been knocked over before they reached the breach, now arrived, and set to work to widen the breach, and to break it


S A R A I
To Martiniere
Road to Mess House, City and Residency.
Headquarters 93rd & 90th
Major Barnston's Battalion of Detachments
Ground of 53rd Battalion
Sir Colin & Staff
Traverse two 18-Pounders
Capt. Burroughs
Capt B & Lt G A's party
Brass Gun
Col. Ewart's fight
4th Punjabis mortality
Lieutenants Paul & Oldfield 4th Punjabis wounded here.
Village of thatched mud huts foolishly set on fire in afternoon by camp-followers
S
E
W
N

STORMING ON NOVEMBER 16, 1857, OF THE SIKANDARBAGH (LUCKNOW).

REFERENCE.

A. The *only* breach.
B. Bastion stormed by 4th Panjabis, cutting off enemy's retreat.
C. Gateway stormed by main body of 93rd and 53rd with Major Barnston's battalion.
D. Scene of Ewart and Cooper's fight.
E. One-storied building overlooking whole garden.
F. Centre pavilion with veranda.
H. Spot occupied by Sir Colin and staff from November 18 to 22.

down to nearer the ground outside; but none of them nor any other native soldier attempted to enter, and, for the matter of that, they would not have been allowed to do so,

for although we of the 93rd were most willing to help each other, or even to stand aside and allow a senior officer to pass in, I am perfectly certain that no one in the 93rd would that day have stood aside for any native soldier. For it must be remembered that until after this November 16 we were all imbued with the greatest distrust of *all* natives, and both officers and men of all regiments newly arrived from home, like ourselves, had no more confidence in the Panjabis that forenoon than in any other coloured men. Consequently it would have gone hard with any native soldier of any branch of the service had he attempted to push before us; he would at least have had his head punched.

At p. 129, vol. iv., of Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' he writes: 'A Sikh of the 4th Rifles reached it first, but he was shot dead as he jumped through. A similar fate befell a Highlander in his track. A young officer of the 93rd, Richard Cooper by name, outstripping the majority of his comrades, was more fortunate. Flying, so to speak, through the hole, he landed unscathed. "His jump into it," wrote the gallant Blunt,* who witnessed it, "reminded me of the headlong leap which harlequin in a pantomime makes through a shop-window, and I thought at the time that if he was not rushing to certain death, life would be very uncertain to those first making entrance by that ugly blind hole." Cooper was almost immediately followed by Colonel Ewart, of the 93rd; Ewart by Captain John J. Lumsden, of the 30th Native Infantry, but attached as interpreter to the 93rd Highlanders; Lumsden by three privates of that regiment; they, again, by eight or nine men, Sikhs of the 4th Panjab Rifles and Highlanders.'

I think it was the perusal of the above statements, recorded as 'history' by Colonel Malleson, that finally decided me to write this book.

As at p. 77 I have challenged the accuracy of Colonel

* Now Major-General C. Harris Blunt, C.B., Bengal Artillery.

Malleson's description of the enclosure of the Sikandarbagh and its buildings, so I must now flatly contradict the above description of the storming of the breach. No native soldier of any race reached the breach first, nor, to my personal knowledge, even *attempted* to enter it for more than twenty minutes after the assault was delivered, and I much doubt if any native did so even then. With the exception of the native sappers, I did not see any native soldiers near the breach at any time that morning. If, after I got in, any Panjabi did come up, he would see it was hopeless for him to expect to enter with a crowd of Highlanders waiting to assist each other in one by one; but I am quite positive that not only did no native soldier come in by the breach until after the gates were forced open, at any rate, and the place was practically in our hands, but I am equally positive that no man of the 53rd nor of Major Barnston's battalion of detachments did so. No one entered that breach before the front gates were forced open except No. 6 Company, most of No. 5, some of the Light Company, and some odd officers and men of Nos. 1, 7, and 8 Companies of the 93rd Highlanders. The main bodies of Nos. 1, 7, 8, and Light Companies, with No. 4 and the regimental headquarters, made for the gateway, not the breach, and entered by the gateway.

I have shown how Burroughs and three or four men of No. 6 Company 93rd were inside before Cooper even reached the hole; but the description given by Captain Blunt, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, already quoted by me above from Malleson's History, of how the leading officer leapt into the hole 'like a harlequin,' I find recorded, in almost the same words, written down by me at the time in my diary, when describing Burroughs's performance. Moreover, Blunt's description of what he saw the leading officer do makes it absolutely impossible that it could have been Cooper who did it, because Cooper was quite my height, 5 feet 11 inches —that is, 6 feet in his shoes—whereas Burroughs is short of

stature; and where such a leap merely knocked off Burroughs' bonnet, either Cooper or I would have knocked out our brains had we tried it. I do not believe that there was another officer with the army there who could have performed the feat, and I do not think that even Burroughs could have done it in cold blood. Let Colonel Malleson and Major-General Blunt, if they still believe it possible for a man of Cooper's height to have leapt into the breach, cut a hole in a canvas screen about 3 feet square and 3½ feet from the ground, and have the sides of that opening edged with jagged bricks; after putting on the Highland dress, including a feather bonnet, add a rolled great-coat over the left shoulder, and, drawing their claymores, try and jump through that hole. I feel quite sure that after the experiment they will agree with me that it is absolutely impossible for anyone approaching Cooper's height to have performed the feat. Although barely 200 men altogether of the 93rd Highlanders made for the breach, probably not more than half even of them entered that way; for the progress was so slow, as I was afterwards told by several non-commissioned officers of my company, that even of the men of No. 6 who reached the breach first, some did not wait to get in there, but made their way round to the south side, and entered with the main body through the gateway.

There never was any question at the time of any of the 4th Panjabis having entered the breach with us at the first rush, except, apparently, in the minds of the Headquarter Staff and Sir Colin himself, who most unquestionably mistook the turbaned Panjabi sappers and miners, in a uniform similar to the 4th Panjabis, for men of that regiment, because these sappers raced with us to the breach for the purpose of enlarging the hole for us, and lost some of their number, killed and wounded, before they reached it. None of us saw Sir Colin's despatches for months afterwards, and when we did, those of us who, like myself, knew that the paragraph,

given below, was misleading, would hardly have ventured to argue that question with His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief; thus it has remained uncontradicted and unexplained to this day.

The misleading paragraph of the Commander-in-Chief's despatch runs thus:

'The attack on the Secunderbagh had now been proceeding for about an hour and a half, when it was determined to take the place by storm through a small opening which had been made. This was done in the most brilliant manner by the remainder of the Highlanders, and the 53rd, and the 4th Panjab Infantry, supported by a battalion of detachments under Major Barnston. There never was a bolder feat of arms, and the loss inflicted on the enemy after the entrance of the Secunderbagh was effected was immense—more than 2,000 of the enemy were afterwards carried out.'

Now, although the place was unquestionably taken by storm, and the credit of the capture was equally due to all the troops above mentioned, it is quite wrong to infer, as the wording of the paragraph above quoted from Sir Colin's despatch would lead one to do, that any of the 53rd Foot, or of the 4th Panjabis, or of Major Barnston's battalion of detachments, entered by the 'small opening which had been made'; and to this day I never heard of a survivor of the 53rd Foot or any of the corps composing the battalion of detachments, commanded by Major Barnston, 90th Foot, who has ever made any claim to having done so.

To the 4th Panjabis, however, among whom were many Sikhs,* was due the *sole* credit of an equally glorious,

* The term 'Sikh' does not denote any particular race, but is the name given to a military sect of Hindu dissenters. All Sikhs are inhabitants of the Panjab, but all Panjabis are not Sikhs. Under Ranjit Singh the Sikhs became the absolute rulers of the Panjab, and a military nation of great importance, being banded together in a military brotherhood known as the 'Khalsa.' In the Panjab about two-thirds of the population are Sikhs, the other third Mussalmans and Hindus, and in

although hitherto unrecorded, achievement, initiated and carried out entirely by themselves, under the guidance of the brave men who led them. Of these, Lieutenant Paul, the Commandant, was killed, and Lieutenant Oldfield mortally wounded. Lieutenant Willoughby, who brought the regiment out of action, in consequence of his senior, Lieutenant McQueen,* being wounded, was afterwards killed at Ruiya in Oudh, when, owing to execrably bad generalship, we were repulsed there with great loss in the month of April following. We can now only surmise that Lieutenant Paul had considered it useless to lead his 300 men up to the small hole, admitting only one at a time, to which also scores of the 93rd were rushing; perhaps, also, he had some idea of cutting off the retreat of the rebel garrison, which he most effectually accomplished; for, with the instinct of a true soldier, he led his men past the north-east bastion opposite his position round to the north-west bastion, at the opposite corner of the enclosure to that in which the breach had been made, and succeeded in scaling the wall there. That is to say, the 4th Panjabis, or the bulk of them, effected by themselves, without the aid of artillery, or, I believe, of scaling ladders, a lodgment on the roof of the bastion at the opposite point of the compass to that from which we entered (*see plan, letter B*).

I think that lodgment was effected just about the time the entrance gate was forced open by the main body of the 93rd, the 53rd, Major Barnston's detachments, and some stray native officers and men of the 4th Panjabis. This onslaught of the 4th Panjabis must have been of enormous use to those of

our Panjabi regiments, both cavalry and infantry, we now enlist, not only men of these classes, but also Afridis, Afghans, and men from all the mountain tribes with whom we are constantly at warfare, but whose fidelity to their colours has been proved over and over again under the most trying circumstances. The Afridis, Afghans, etc., are without exception Muhammadans.

* Now Lieutenant-General Sir John Withers McQueen, K.C.B., Indian Staff Corps.

us who had entered through the breach, and were then engaged in the gateway in an endeavour to get at the gate and open it, and to those others also of the 93rd who were slowly scrambling one by one through the breach to our assistance, by creating a most important diversion in our favour amongst the rebel garrison. But whilst the Sepoys had declined all personal encounters with us of the 93rd, when they could avoid us in the garden, and only turned on us when we brought them to bay in courts, staircases, rooms and doorways, they fiercely contested man to man every inch of their foothold on the top of that north-west bastion with the Panjabis, who, as I have before stated, there lost their two senior European officers mortally wounded. Lieutenant Paul was, I believe, blown up with the gunpowder he was himself using against the enemy, which exploded prematurely.

All these episodes in connection with the 4th Panjabis were the talk of the army for days afterwards, and I am at a loss to understand how Colonel Malleson failed to become acquainted with them when searching for the materials for his History. Perhaps two out of the four European actors having died at the time, and a third having been killed the following April at Ruiya, the survivor of the four, Sir John McQueen, may either not have been invited to give an account of the movements of his battalion on that eventful morning, or may himself have become detached from the main body and entered the Sikandarbagh by the gateway.

I must now return to Burroughs and myself, after we entered the breach. On being assisted into that hole in the wall, as I have described at p. 83, I found myself in a very small room with a low ceiling, and with a floor about two feet above the level of the ground outside, and one foot above that of the enclosure. The door of this room leading into the enclosure being in the direct line of fire of Travers' guns, had been knocked into splinters. On entering the room through the breach we looked along the broad walk (which ran round

the whole interior of the enclosure, *see plan*), in the direction of the main and only gate, the connecting 'curtain' wall which joined the bastion through which we had entered with the gateway being on our left, and, as I have before mentioned, loopholed at about 4½ feet to 5 feet from the ground inside.

Colonel Ewart and Lieutenant Cooper, with two or three men at most, and no other officer, had, immediately on emerging from the room, turned to their right northwards; but Burroughs and I, after collecting perhaps six or eight men of No. 6 to follow us, made straight up the path directly in front of us, leading close along the south wall of the enclosure to the gateway, Burroughs' idea being to get at the gate and try to open it for our friends (*see plan*). As our small party was running up this walk, Lance-Corporal Dunlay of No. 6 (who afterwards received, by the votes of the whole of the privates of the regiment, one of the Victoria Crosses awarded by Sir Colin to the rank and file, for being the first man *in the ranks* of the 93rd who entered at the breach) was shot, and rolled over and over like a rabbit. Some man behind me called out, 'The Captain's shot!' and when I turned to shout out 'Nonsense!' I had then to shout to Burroughs, who was running ahead, that we were alone, all the men following us having returned to the little room from whence we had started. I believe when this happened we were only under the fire of the Sepoys on the top of the bastion through which we had entered, though it was decidedly a warm corner, for the walk was being ripped up by bullets all round us. The Pandies however who were peppering us must have been shocking bad shots. When we returned to the room, it was getting crowded, and men were still coming slowly in, one by one, of whom almost all were men of our own company, and not a man of any other regiment but the 93rd. I think Burroughs proceeded, and I know I did, to help the men in who were outside a little quicker.

The native sappers had all this time been working away

with picks to enlarge the hole, but, owing to the toughness of the wall, had not made much progress, beyond lowering the entrance almost to the floor of the room inside; this enabled the crowd outside to get in a little faster. Suddenly a musket was discharged through the low ceiling of the room in which we were standing, thrust through an aperture which the Sepoys on the roof had succeeded in piercing without attracting our attention; the bullet, of course, killed the man under it on the spot, when Burroughs, taking advantage of this fresh development of the situation, and calling upon all in the now crowded little room to follow, made for the gateway again. I should think that in this second rush of ours up the path there must have been at least five-and-twenty men with us, and, remembering Sir Colin's admonition about using the bayonet, I shouted to all the men to fix bayonets as we ran.

Perhaps Sir Colin's orders were recalled to my memory at that moment by my observing, to my horror, the muzzle of a rifle thrust through one of the loopholes from the outside of the wall on our left, and discharged, evidently, by some of the main body of our own people who were making for the gateway. I clutched the discharged rifle, and, with the assistance of a man of No. 6 Company, held on to it whilst I called through the loophole that we were inside, and as I did so, seeing that the owner wore a feather bonnet, shouted my name to him before we let his rifle go, and ran on.

Burroughs must have reached the gateway, owing to this delay, with perhaps eight or ten men, a minute before I did with the rest, for there was no musketry smoke to speak of when I turned in, and I had time to notice the crowded upper galleries, the crowded lower platforms, and apparently a crowd between us and the gate itself, before the smoke from a blinding and deafening discharge of musketry over and all round us rendered it impossible to see anything a yard off.

I found myself immediately behind Burroughs in the road-

From a Photo by] [*Maull and Fox.*

LIEUT.-GENERAL TRAILL-BURROUGHS.

To face page 92.

way on the proper left of the gateway, and that the Sepoys on the platforms both to the right and left of the entrance were so tightly packed, to get out of our way, I suppose, that they did not seem to be able to use their muskets, but slashed at us with their swords from their points of vantage, two feet above the roadway. My theory about the fire of the men in the galleries is, that after the first discharge the smoke was so thick (for, of course, our men began to blaze away in reply to the flashes from the galleries) that the fire of the Sepoys in these galleries crossed over our heads and hit their own people on the platforms on each side, else none of us in that gateway could have lived to tell the tale. Through the smoke I saw the flash of a talwar down upon Burroughs' feather bonnet, which was knocked off, and, losing sight of him, thought he had been cut down, so lunged with my claymore at the Sepoy who seemed to me to have done it, at the same time firing at him point-blank with my revolver. At that moment the gate gave way, and we of the 93rd who had entered by the breach—and there were no Panjabis or any but 93rd men there even then—were borne off our feet into the broad path leading to the centre pavilion described by me at p. 79. For the gate had been battered in from the outside, and through the gateway now poured the main body of the 93rd, consisting of nearly all the Light Company under Captain Dalzell, the Grenadiers and Nos. 1, 4, 7, and 8 Companies, with some stray men of both Nos. 5 and 6 Companies who had got tired of waiting their turn to enter by the breach. With this body, the regimental headquarters, consisting of Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, commanding the regiment, the Adjutant, the Interpreter, Captain Lumsden, and the colours in their cases, accompanied by the regimental sergeant-major, Donald Murray, also entered. The sergeant-major, who was killed just inside the gate, was reported at the time to have had his head cut off; but as the opening of the great gate cleared the smoke away, he was no doubt shot by

some rebels in the galleries on either side of the gateway, who must have done considerable execution on our people below before they were finally disposed of. With regard to Captain Lumsden, who, according to Malleson, entered by the breach, it was circumstantially reported at the time that he rode in at the gate on his pony, as recorded in my diary. As Interpreter, his place was at the elbow of the officer commanding the regiment, and there is no doubt that he was there. With the 93rd Highlanders, four companies of the 53rd Foot and Major Barnston's battalion of detachments also entered *by the gateway.*

At pp. 129-30, vol. iv., of his History, Colonel Malleson writes: 'Another officer, Captain Burroughs of the 93rd, also penetrated within the enclosure, *but was almost immediately attacked and severely wounded. Altogether*, besides the three officers, *about a dozen men, Sikhs and Highlanders, had jumped within* the enclosure, *when, for some reason yet undiscovered, the supply from outside suddenly stopped.*' My narrative has already shown how incorrect the statements are which I have given above in italics; and, seeing that Colonel Malleson has recorded them as 'history,' I feel bound to deny them from the evidence of my own very alert senses, AS RECORDED BY ME ON THE SPOT AT THE TIME; not my 'reminiscences' of what occurred, put on paper twenty years, ten years, ten months, or even ten weeks afterwards, which are apt to be unmistakably unreliable. I have heard a story only recently, from a gentleman who had just returned from an Indian tour with his wife, that there is now a retired non-commissioned officer, proprietor of a hotel in the North-West Provinces, who gives to-day (1897) a circumstantial account of how *he himself* relieved Lucknow!

Burroughs was not wounded for at least twenty minutes—very likely a longer time—after he and I entered the breach, and he was wounded as I have described, but not 'severely,' in the gateway. Lieutenant-General Burroughs, C.B., is alive

now; he corroborates my account; and Lieutenant-General Burroughs, it must be admitted, ought to know! When he was wounded as I have described, I thought he was knocked down—indeed, at the moment, I thought he was killed—and that the whole force which poured in at the gate had passed over him as he lay on the ground, for I did not see him again until after all opposition had been overcome, and we were mustering, by Sir Colin's orders, by companies outside.

Burroughs was not 'severely' wounded,* because the talwar cut, coming down on the top of his feather bonnet, the wires of which it bent inwards, glanced off and merely slit his ear and cut his cheek, instead of splitting his skull in two, as it would most certainly have done had we then been wearing any of the hideous and inefficient substitutes for the feather bonnet in India and other hot countries, which Highland regiments have, since 1858, been condemned to wear on active service. Burroughs' feather bonnet saved his life from this sword-cut, as many of our lives were saved by it, in the succeeding hot-weather campaign, from the sun.†

* See official list of killed and wounded, dated 'Head Quarters, Secunderbagh, November 18, 1857,' signed 'H. W. Norman, Captain, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Army' (now General Sir Henry Wylie Norman, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.I.E., Indian Staff Corps.

† Here I would refer the reader to a pamphlet published by Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald, in February, 1884, 'addressed to Members of both Houses of Parliament and others interested,' being a plea for the retention of the feather, the abolition of which was then threatened by the War Office. A reform in the manner of the supply of all articles of a Highlander's clothing was at the same time pressed for, and if it has not since been carried out in all particulars, the fault lies with officers commanding kilted regiments since that date. I still hope to see the feather bonnet restored to Highland regiments on active service in all climes, as being, not only the most serviceable head-dress in the British Army as a protection against sword-cuts, but as also being, *when properly made up*, the most perfectly ventilated and coolest one for hot climates hitherto invented. As an additional and most important recommendation to the War Department, the feather bonnet is also the cheapest of head-dresses, owing to the extraordinary length of time the feathers will last, and the equally extraordinary ill-usage they will pass through unscathed.

My narrative has already demonstrated that not a Sikh or any other native soldier had entered the breach up to the moment when the gate was burst open by the main body of the attacking force, although I believe that the 4th Panjabis, under Lieutenant Paul, had effected a lodgment on the roof of the north-west bastion a little before that.

I have now to deal with Colonel Malleson's assertion that, '*for some reason undiscovered, the supply from outside suddenly stopped,*' after some dozen men had entered the breach. I have already testified from personal observation that from the moment that Burroughs jumped into 'that ugly black hole,' the supply of men entering one by one, at the rate of perhaps not two a minute at first, never stopped till after the gate was opened. There was, however, a complete stoppage of the supply to Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart and Lieutenant Cooper's party, consisting of themselves and three men at the most, until the gate was forced open, for all the men coming in at the breach naturally came running down the straight path to our assistance where they saw a fight was going on, instead of turning to their right in search of unknown adventures. Colonel Ewart's small party had completely disappeared from the view of all entering the breach immediately after they turned to their right on entering, and they received no assistance whatever until after the gate was burst open and the main body of the attacking force of all regiments streamed all over the enclosure, and began to ferret out the rebel garrison from every corner; for, as I have already stated, they nowhere faced us till brought to bay.

For the purpose of refuting Colonel Malleson's statements, I must again quote his History, vol. iv., p. 131. After describing Ewart and Cooper's fight, but incorrectly assigning a number of Sikhs to that party, he says: 'Still, in the end, numbers might have prevailed, when at the critical moment the bulk of the brigade—Highlanders, *the* Sikhs, and the 53rd—poured in to the rescue. How these had forced

their way remains now to be told. *Impatient of the delay* which would be caused by jumping singly through a narrow hole, *the bulk of the storming-party had turned to the left* to force a way by the gate of the enclosure. *This gate was locked and barred;* and although the men used all their efforts, *firing their pieces at the lock*, some time elapsed before it gave way. But at last it yielded, and the 93rd *and Sikhs dashed through it.* Almost simultaneously *the 53rd forced a barred window* to the right of it, and joined in the rush to the rescue of Ewart, of Cooper, still fighting *in spite of his wound*, and their comrades.'

At p. 132 of the same volume Colonel Malleson goes on to say: '. . . A considerable body of the 93rd and the 4th Panjab Rifles, outside the enclosure, had, by strenuous exertions, succeeded in forcing the main doorway, whilst *the 53rd* had driven in *the window* on its right. Through these, and *through Cooper's Hole*, which the sappers had succeeded in enlarging, the stormers poured as fast as they could make their way. As they entered, the rebels fell back *into the towers at the angles of the enclosure.* . . .' Again I must traverse all the statements here made by Colonel Malleson which I have put in italics. Very few men of the 4th Panjabis entered by the gateway, and they were only stragglers from the main body of their regiment, which followed their senior European officers, as I have already explained, to the north-west bastion. 'The bulk of the storming-party,' consisting of the bulk of the 93rd and 53rd and all of the battalion of detachments under Major Barnston, had no occasion to 'turn to the left,' or to become 'impatient of the delay' in entering the breach, for the simple reason that they could not see the breach, never went near it, but were in sight of, and rushed for, the gateway when the signal was given for the assault. They were certainly joined by some 93rd men and some Panjabis who, having been amongst those who made direct for the breach at the first onset, and finding it hopeless to expect to get in

there, bore round the bastion to their left and joined the main body of the brigade.

The gate could not have been 'locked and barred,' for Lord Roberts, in vol. i., p. 326 of his work, states that a Panjab Muhammadan behaved with the most conspicuous bravery, which he witnessed himself, in preventing the gate being barred: 'The enemy, having been driven out of the earthwork,* made for the gateway, the heavy doors of which were in the act of being closed, when the Muhammadan (Mukarrab Khan by name) pushed his left arm, on which he carried a shield, between them, thus preventing their being shut. . . .'

As the engraving of the gateway of the Sikanderbagh given at p. 77 shows — an engraving from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Calcutta, taken in 1863— there were two doors, but no windows, barred or otherwise, on each side of the gateway, through one of which a small party of the 53rd managed to break their way in a short time after the gate had been forced open, but, as can be understood from that engraving, the opening thus made only led to the foot of one of the staircases leading up to one of the galleries within the gateway, and not into the interior of the enclosure of the Sikandarbagh itself.

When Colonel Ewart saw Captain Lumsden, the interpreter, coming to his assistance, as he describes in his 'Story of a Soldier's Life,' Lumsden had no doubt been amongst the first who entered by the gate, and had rushed across the garden and round the centre pavilion with the main body, which was then spreading itself all over the place, and joined Colonel Ewart at the narrow eastern entrance into the large court at the back, at the point marked D on my plan, into which a great crowd of rebels had retreated, to be caught, as

* That is to say, from the miniature redan thrown up by them in front of the gateway. (*See my plan.*)

elsewhere throughout the enclosure and its buildings, like rats in a trap.

The breach can no more be called 'Cooper's Hole,' as described more than once by Colonel Malleson, than mine or Colonel Ewart's, in the sense of any one of us three having entered first; but if in future editions of Colonel Malleson's History he desires to give that hole the name of the first man into it, then he must call it 'Burroughs' Breach.'

Finally, with reference to the latter part of my last quotation from Colonel Malleson, the rebels could not 'fall back into the towers at the angle of the enclosure,' for the good and sufficient reason that there were no towers to fall back into. The engraving I give at p. 77 reproduces, in the right-hand corner, the bastion through which the breach was driven on the other side, and shows its roof, with two dummy minarets and several domes, in the same condition as they were on November 16, 1857, the other three bastions being all exactly like this one; so the only explanation of 'the towers at the angles' must be that the two dummy—that is, solid and simply ornamental—minarets seen in the engraving were mistaken for and magnified into 'towers' in the memories of several actors who have since described the place. Where the rebels did retreat to, was to the pavilion in the centre of the garden (which became the sepulchre of all those who then entered it, as I shall hereafter describe), to the small rooms in the north-east, north-west, and south-west bastions—of which at that time the north-west bastion was being fiercely attacked by the 4th Panjabis—to the one-storied building dividing the main enclosure from the courtyard which jutted out at the back, and to that back court itself, which also became a sepulchre for all the rebels who took refuge there. I feel sure that it was in one of the rooms of the north-east bastion that Colonel Ewart was twice wounded in capturing a colour from a rebel native officer, while Private Donald McKay,

of the Light Company, captured the other colour, for which he received the Victoria Cross, where the Colonel got nothing, although Colonel Ewart was twice wounded, and the private not wounded at all. But Sir Colin Campbell never liked the Victoria Cross, and, instead of waiting for the recommendations of commanding officers, in accordance with the regulations for its distribution, had a rough-and-ready way of directing that so many and no more or no less were to be given to each rank of the battalions or corps which had pleased him, without any regard to the circumstances under which these different corps had worked, so that on one occasion, when His Excellency had thus directed a V.C. to be given to the 9th Lancers, where no one of the troopers had had any opportunity of distinguishing himself, the men voted it to one of their native water-carriers, the 'Gunga din,' in short, of their splendid regiment, and I believe he was permitted to wear it.

Shortly after the gate was broken open, and I was swept by the inrush of the main body into the centre of the garden near the pavilion with a number of the men of my own company about me, they commenced returning the fire which was now opened upon all of us in the centre of the enclosure from the crowd of rebels on the flat roof of the gateway, and from the windows of the one-storied building on the north face. One or two of my company also, dropping upon their knees, opened fire through the bushes in the garden on the bastion at the north-west corner; but fortunately they had not fired more than two or three shots before I discovered, to my consternation, that we were firing into the 4th Panjábis, who by that time had overcome all opposition on the roof of the bastion, and, having descended into the garden, were turning their attention to the mutineers who had retreated to, and were densely packed in, the little rooms below. The mistake arose from our not having seen any of our troops cross over in that direction;

for, of course, we had no knowledge of the successful entry into the Sikandarbagh achieved at that corner by the Panjabis, which I have described at p. 89. As it was difficult to make the men hear, owing to the din going on all round us, I returned my sword to its scabbard, and ran forwards to the Panjabis, who had just begun to notice we were firing into them, holding up my arms, to let both sides understand they were friends. By gesticulation I made a native officer comprehend it was a mistake, and was particularly struck with the philosophic way he and the men about him treated the incident, showing no signs of resentment whatever. He, in his turn, made me understand how they had effected an entrance at that side. On the proper right of the gateway, and to the British left, a rough embrasure had been knocked by the garrison in the loopholed curtain wall which joined the gateway to the south-west bastion, and through this hole the muzzle of a small brass cannon was thrust. It was never discharged after Burroughs and I reached the gateway, but might have done some execution on our party as we advanced from the breach had some plucky Pandies merely wheeled it round upon us, as it was standing on the broad walk up which we advanced. It was the only piece of cannon in the building (*see plan*).

After the entry of the main body of our brigade by the gateway, the men of the different companies of each corps, and even of the different corps themselves, became all mixed up—93rd and 53rd with the 4th Panjabis and the others, with the exception of a few men of one's own company perhaps, as I personally discovered, who would prefer to work under one of their own officers. Returning to the centre of the garden from my apologetic mission to the 4th Panjabis at the north-west corner, I employed myself in directing the fire of the men of No. 6 Company about me to careful shooting at the mutineers on the top of the gateway, as they showed themselves to fire at us. As the day wore on, and their ammuni-

tion became exhausted, they would fix their bayonets and hurl their muskets at us, spear fashion, and one man, I remember, and noted his performance in my diary, after hurling his musket with fixed bayonet at us below, and escaping the bullets directed at him, proceeded to execute a sort of war-dance, before flinging his talwar down on us also, with a shower of what was, no doubt, very bad language accompanying it. A Subaltern of the 93rd Highlanders attempted to give a lead up the narrow staircase in the square tower, conducting from the garden to the flat roof of the gateway, but not understanding the game, he was driven back with a cut across his head, which would have been a serious wound but for his feather bonnet. Then a native officer of the 4th Panjabis, who did understand the game, took the staircase in hand, followed by his own and 93rd men, and slowly but surely drove the mutineers who were defending it step by step on to the roof, by cautiously discharging a rifle at every step upwards, which was handed to him loaded as he mounted step by step, by the Panjabis and our men following him. This cool and plucky fellow reached the roof without being wounded or losing a man, and as most of those then alive there had exhausted their ammunition and thrown their swords and bayonets down upon us below, the party of Highlanders and Panjabis, when they reached the top, were able to make very short work of its defenders, some of whom either leapt over or were thrown down by our people, whose blood was up, for I narrowly escaped receiving one of these gentlemen on the top of my head!

Before this desirable conclusion to the fight with those on the top of the gateway had been reached, and whilst I was still directing the fire of my own men upon them, I was touched on the elbow by Lieutenant E. Welch, the regimental musketry-instructor, who asked me to direct the fire of some of my men on to a window of the one-storied building on the north face, some 40 or 50 yards from where we were standing,

and try to pick off a Sepoy who had done considerable damage in our ranks, having killed, Welch told me, Captain Dalzell, commanding the Light Company, and our interpreter, Captain Lumsden, of the 30th Native Infantry Regiment, as well as killing and wounding many 93rd men. This man would open the venetian shutters of the window to about only two inches, blaze away into the crowd of us in the centre of the square, and shut it so quickly again that none of the bullets aimed at this invisible marksman had then reached him. Not many minutes after I had complied with Welch's request by diverting the fire of some of my men from the roof of the gateway to this window, Welch—who was short of stature, and was standing directly in front of me—turned round on his waist, as it were, without moving his heels, to say something to one of my men whom I had directed to rest his rifle on my shoulder to get a steady aim at the chink in the shutter as it was opened, when he received a bullet under the right shoulder-blade from this very man, and sank to the ground at my feet. He was not killed, as I and those standing round thought at the time, but very severely wounded. The surgeons could not find the bullet, and Welch was invalided home, and being unfit for active service in the future, obtained an appointment as a barrack-master in Canada, but died some seven or eight years afterwards from the effects of that wound, I have heard, the bullet which he had carried in his body all those years being found in his left groin. The formidable marksman who had done so much damage was eventually killed by some of the 4th Panjabis, who cleverly mounted the stairs of that one-storied building whence he had been firing, as they had before shown the way to the roof of the gateway.

I believe it must have been nearly two o'clock when the 53rd and 93rd were drawn off from the interior of the enclosure, leaving the Panjabis to dispose of the few men of the garrison who were still alive in various holes and corners of it. All serious opposition had been entirely overcome by

this time, so that from the time of our first opening fire on the Sikandarbagh that morning, to our being mustered outside its walls in the afternoon, we must have been continuously fighting for more than four hours. But we had the proud satisfaction of knowing that in this our first serious encounter with the rebels we had done *something* to avenge Cawnpore!

The gateway, with its platforms, galleries, staircases and roof; the rooms and roofs of the south-west, north-west, and north-east bastions; the pavilion in the centre of the garden; the rooms on the ground-floor and the floor above of the building on the north face; and the large courtyard which projected from the north wall behind it, were choked with dead and dying to the number, it was afterwards ascertained, of a little over two thousand of the enemy. This was no imaginary estimate, because the parade and field states of the whole garrison for that morning were discovered in one of the rooms, giving a total of over two thousand men.

In addition to the 11th Oudh Irregular Infantry, and the 71st Bengal Native Infantry, both of which regiments were annihilated, there were numerous armed retainers of the Oudh landowners, and even a few amazon negresses, amongst the slain. These amazons having no religious prejudices against the use of greased cartridges, whether of pigs' or other animal fat, although doubtless professed Muhammadans, were armed with rifles, while the Hindu and Muhammadan East Indian rebels were all armed with muskets; they fought like wild cats, and it was not till after they were killed that their sex was even suspected. Many of the Sepoys of the Bengal Native Infantry wore their Panjab and other medals given by a British Government, just as they fought and died, here and elsewhere throughout the Mutiny campaigns, under their British colours. The men of both the Oudh Irregulars and the 71st Bengal Native Infantry were nearly all dressed in their tight-fitting British scarlet cloth European coatees, with cross-belts and portmanteau-like ammunition pouches; but

all of them had reverted to their native cotton loin-cloths and Oriental shoes, discarding their European nether garments, boots and stockings; many wore the huge old-fashioned shako, with crown half as large again as the brim; others wore their European forage-caps, whilst some had reverted to the infinitely more comfortable and serviceable turban. In their equipment, the majority of both native officers and men seemed to have armed themselves with a talwar in addition to their musket and bayonet.

The 93rd Highlanders lost, in the capture of the Sikandarbagh, 76 officers and men killed and wounded out of the seven and a half companies engaged. As we were mustering, independently by companies, outside the main gateway, Sir Colin on his conspicuous white charger looking on, attended by two or three of his staff, Colonel Ewart emerged from the gateway, without any head-covering, carrying a colour, his face and brown tunic covered with blood, and begrimed, like all of us, with smoke and dust. As I was the first officer in his path, he asked me if I could direct him to the Commander-in-Chief. I pointed to where the Chief was sitting on his horse, but Colonel Ewart looked so pale and faint that I offered him my arm, and leading him up to Sir Colin, and saluting, said: 'Colonel Ewart, sir, wants to speak to you;' for the Colonel was evidently very faint and dazed. He now seemed to pull himself together, however, when Sir Colin, addressing him, said: 'Now, Ewart, what is it?' Colonel Ewart then said something about having captured one of the enemy's colours, which he wished to hand to the Chief in person, and suiting the action to the word, attempted to do so; but it slipped out of his hand, and falling across the neck of Sir Colin's charger, startled the animal and made it swerve, nearly unseating Sir Colin. He was very angry, and used language which might have been picked up in Flanders! Colonel Ewart evidently did not hear, and, seeming to be overcome with faintness, sank on the ground. I then

ventured to remark that it looked as if Colonel Ewart was badly wounded, which softened the dear old man, for he told me, though still a bit gruffly, to hunt up a doctor. Colonel Ewart's wounds, a sword-cut and bayonet wound on his right hand and arm, were not serious, but loss of blood had no doubt told on him, and when I left him he looked as if he had fainted. The doctors were, in point of fact, all very busy somewhere else, and all I could do was to send off a man of my company to look for one; for, fearing that Burroughs was killed, as I had not seen him after our experiences in the gateway, I thought it devolved on me to look after the company first of all. Most of the men of No. 6 had fallen in before I heard a voice behind me, saying, 'Thank you, Mr. Alexander; you can fall in now,' which proceeded, I discovered, from Burroughs, risen, it appeared to me at the moment, from the dead.

I had now time, as the whole battalion, with the exception of Nos. 2 and 3 Companies, which had captured, and were now holding, the barracks, were being collected, to take stock of my personal condition. I found that the 'beautifully light' alpaca 'China Expedition' brown coat had almost entirely disappeared off my back, the red cloth collar, with the sleeves and red cuffs attached to the collar by the shoulder-straps, and the pocket on the left breast, also holding on to the collar by some stout seams, being all that remained of it, so that, unless I had taken the precaution of putting on my scarlet shell-jacket under the alpaca coat, I should have been coatless, yet not in *shirt*-sleeves. Burroughs, like Colonel Ewart, was covered with blood from his wound, and had his feather bonnet knocked into the shape of a bishop's mitre. Indeed, on looking round, one could not but admit that we were all fearsome-looking creatures, begrimed with powder, dust, and blood. Even at that short interval after the capture of the place, we knew that we had begun the day's work well; and although everyone was very thirsty—

GENERAL SIR JOHN ALEXANDER EWART, K.C.B.

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especially the men, who in those days had to bite their cartridges when loading—and eagerly waiting his turn for a drink of water from the skins carried by the company water-carriers, I don't suppose anyone thought of food; I know I did not, although I had not had a meal since the day before at six o'clock. After being formed up as a battalion, we had a 'tot' of rum served out to the whole force, and I believe the officers were actually not called upon to pay for theirs on that occasion!* That rum, I remember, mixed with water, which our plucky native water-carriers almost always managed to have ready for us, seemed to all of us a drink fit for the gods, and was distinctly more sustaining than tea. Although I never remember having received a meal at my grateful country's charges, I received, on the occasion of the capture of the Sikandarbagh, a free drink, value, I think, two or three pence.

* I have since learnt that this extra issue was paid for by the Commander-in-Chief.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE SHAH NAJAF WAS OCCUPIED BY THE NINETY-THIRD.

It must have been about a quarter past two o'clock p.m. when the whole of the battalions constituting Brigadier Hope's Brigade were reassembled, with the exception of Nos. 2 and 3 Companies of the 93rd, occupying the Barracks. The brigade was formed up under cover of some mud huts on the British left front, about 150 yards in advance of the Sikandarbagh, on an open plain about 1,200 yards broad, across which the road led to the Residency. After a short rest, the brigade was sent on to clear a village of low mud huts with thatched roofs on the right of the road, some 300 yards from the Sikandarbagh, and between it and the next building to be attacked, the Shah Najaf ('Shah Nujeef,' we called it), a mosque over a tomb, built for himself by the first King of Oudh, in memory of a town in Arabia where Ali, the successor of the Prophet, was buried. The village was cleared without difficulty, and the 93rd Highlanders, with the rest of the 4th Brigade, remained under cover—though we were never out of fire—for some considerable time here, whilst Peel took up an oblique position across the road with his 24-pounders, mortars, and rocket tubes, and bombarded the Shah Najaf.

This tomb and mosque, covered by an enormous dome, was situated in the centre of a garden, enclosed by a wall 20 feet high at least, the area thus enclosed being, I should say, twice as large as that of the Sikandarbagh. Inside the walls there

were a series of travellers' rooms for the use of the pilgrims who visited the mosque, the roofs of these rooms forming a broad walk all round the walls, except where broken by the main gate on the south, and another gate on the north, facing the river Gumti. These 'rooms' would with us be considered but indifferent accommodation for horses, and more suitable for cattle, but they are all that the Oriental traveller expects to find in the best caravansaries—rough brick walls and earthen floors, on which he may make a fire and cook his dinner if he likes. I do not think there were any loopholes, as at the Sikandarbagh, in the outer walls themselves, but the parapet on the outer wall was heightened and strengthened with sandbags, and loopholed on the eastern and southern sides, on which we attacked it. The main gateway, on the southern side, was flanked by dummy minarets for architectural effect, and covered by a very business-like traverse and ditch, like the gate of the Sikandarbagh.

Another mosque, called the Kadam Rasul (literally meaning 'the foot of the Prophet'), was so called because it then contained a stone, brought from Arabia by a pilgrim, which bore what good Muhammadans believed to be an impress of the foot of the Prophet. The Kadam Rasul was situated on a mound some 300 yards to the British right rear of the Shah Najaf, and 400 yards to the right front of the Sikandarbagh. The Kadam Rasul mosque was speedily occupied by the 2nd Panjab Infantry, belonging to Greathed's brigade, which had now joined the main body of the army from its duties on the rear-guard.

Major Barnston's battalion of detachments, composed of men of the 84th and 90th Foot and the 1st Madras Fusiliers, who had assisted at the capture of the Sikandarbagh, were now sent on to clear the scrubby bush and the scattered mud huts between Adrian Hope's brigade and the Shah Najaf. Unfortunately, one of our own shells, bursting prematurely, mortally wounded poor Major Barnston, and his composite

battalion, getting out of hand, made no progress to the front. About this time, too, the rebels opened fire from a heavy gun on the other side of the Gumti, and with their first shot managed to blow up one of the tumbrels of Peel's siege battery, whereupon all the cannon that could be brought to bear on him from the Kaiserbagh and the Mess-house now opened fire too, as well as an incessant and biting musketry fire from the Shah Najaf and many other buildings. One of Peel's 24-pounders, owing to loss of men, could not be worked, and things were beginning to look nasty.

Sir Colin, sitting on his white charger, utterly ignoring the bursting shells, round-shot and musketry bullets falling all around him, appeared intensely anxious, for he had now just learnt that the village beyond the Sikandarbagh through which we had passed in the morning with such difficulty had been thoughtlessly fired by some of our camp followers; that the small-arms ammunition, of which we were then running short, was only at that moment being forced through the narrow lane on the backs of a long string of camels at great risk of explosion, while at the same time the remainder of Greathed's brigade were struggling through the same fiery defile man by man.

Seeming to come to a sudden resolution, he rode up to Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, commanding the 93rd Highlanders, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and directed him to form the 93rd up in close column—we had all been lying down for more than an hour—for he had something to say to us. In a few words, commencing his speech as usual with 'Soljers!' and with impressive, nervous earnestness, he told us that he had not intended to employ us again that day, but the artillery had failed to make any impression on the Shah Najaf, and as it 'had to be taken that evening,' we must do it with the bayonet, and he would lead us himself. We of course gave him a resounding cheer, and the battalion was opened out and formed into column of subdivisions,

during which manœuvre we lost some men killed and wounded.

In the meantime, Sir Colin ordered Peel to redouble his fire from the 24-pounders, and Middleton's battery of Royal Artillery was ordered to get as close as possible to the Shah Najaf on our right, and open a stinging fire of grape upon the parapets of the enclosure. The signal having been given, Middleton's battery passed us out into the open at a gallop, the drivers waving their whips, the gunners their caps, and the officers their swords, and all cheering; a cheer answered enthusiastically by us, for it was a soul-stirring spectacle. Sir Colin then, to the surprise of the whole regiment, drew his sword (a demonstration which it was notorious he particularly disliked to see a staff-officer make), and placing himself at our head, led us at a steady double out into the open, in open column of subdivisions, and down the hill towards the Shah Najaf.

Middleton had unlimbered within pistol-shot of its walls, and was pouring in round after round of grape. 'Peel, manning all his guns, worked his pieces with redoubled energy, and, under cover of this iron storm, the 93rd, excited to the highest degree, with flashing eyes and nervous tread, rolled on in one vast wave. The gray-haired veteran of many fights rode with his sword drawn at their head; keen was his eye, as when, in the pride of youth, he led the stormers at St. Sebastian. His staff crowded round him. Hope, too, with his towering form and gentle smile, was there, leading, as ever was his wont, the men by whom he was loved so well. As they approached the nearest angle of the enclosure, the soldiers began to drop fast; but, without a cheek, they reached its foot. There, however, they were brought to a stand.'*

Of Sir Colin and his staff, the Commander-in-Chief himself received another contusion from a spent bullet before we

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1858.

reached the walls; Major Archibald Alison,* the military secretary, lost his left arm from a grape-shot. As we started to double down the declivity, the members of the staff all tailed off behind the Chief, who was leading us, down our left flank; and just after we started, I found Major Alison was trotting alongside of me; so, partly to help myself along, and partly to keep his horse from treading on my toes, I took hold of his right stirrup-leather; but we had not gone far before he was knocked off his horse, and, I thought, killed. Captain F. M. Alison of the 72nd Highlanders, his younger brother, an aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, was also wounded, and, I believe, all the rest of the headquarter staff. Captain Sir David Baird, Bart., another aide-de-camp; Captain Norman, the Adjutant-General of the Army; Major-General Mansfield, the chief of Sir Colin's staff, and others, had their horses shot under them, as also had our own brigadier, Adrian Hope; his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Archibald Butter of the 93rd, and his Brigade-Major, as well as all the mounted officers of the 93rd Highlanders, except the Adjutant, Lieutenant 'Wullie' McBean; and I believe the only mounted officers who rode to the bottom of the slope were the Commander-in-Chief himself, who had borne a charmed life throughout the day, Lieutenant Roberts† of the Assistant-Adjutant-General's Department, and Lieutenant and Adjutant William McBean of the 93rd Highlanders.

When we reached the bottom of the declivity, we found ourselves amongst a number of mud huts with thatched roofs, over which the walls of the enclosure, at not more than twenty paces, towered some twenty odd feet above us. A close and deadly fire of musketry was directed on us from the parapet. Our men were at first permitted to return the fire, but I should say with little or no effect, except to help

* Now General Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., G.C.B., eldest son of the historian.

† Now Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, K.P., etc.

enshroud us in a cloud of smoke. It was only when a puff of wind would blow this aside that I caught glimpses of the top of the wall whence the musketry fire proceeded. The mud huts amongst which we were distributed afforded us but treacherous shelter, for their mud walls, being not more than four feet high, gave us only slight protection when we were standing up, and their high-pitched thatched roofs, of course, none at all, from the bullets of the enemy which constantly penetrated them, creating a rather weird effect, as, for instance, when someone standing near you or to whom you were talking would sink to the ground wounded, without your perceiving how or where he was hit. Lieutenant Samuel E. Wood, of No. 4 Company, was wounded in that way when speaking to me, and I led him to where the surgeons were at work in a more sheltered position.

As there was no appearance of any breach at the south-east corner against which we were led, and we had no scaling-ladders, some of the 93rd worked round to the main gateway on the south side to our left, only to find that it was so strongly fortified and held as to be altogether unapproachable. The artillery fire of both Middleton's and Peel's guns having, of course, been silenced by our advance, Peel obtained leave to bring on one of his 24-pounders, dragged by his sailors, and when he was seen advancing, our Brigadier, the Honourable Adrian Hope, seizing one of the drag-ropes himself, called upon the officers standing near him to lend a helping-hand, as an example to the men; for the approach of the gun drew the concentrated fire of the enemy upon it. Although a number of Peel's sailors were knocked over whilst we were helping them to drag the gun into position—Peel and his own officers, of course, hauling and pushing away at it too, and at the same time directing us what to do—none of us were hit, although the bullets seemed to be raining on the gun itself, with a noise like that which a crowd of schoolboys might make throwing stones at an empty saucepan. Of

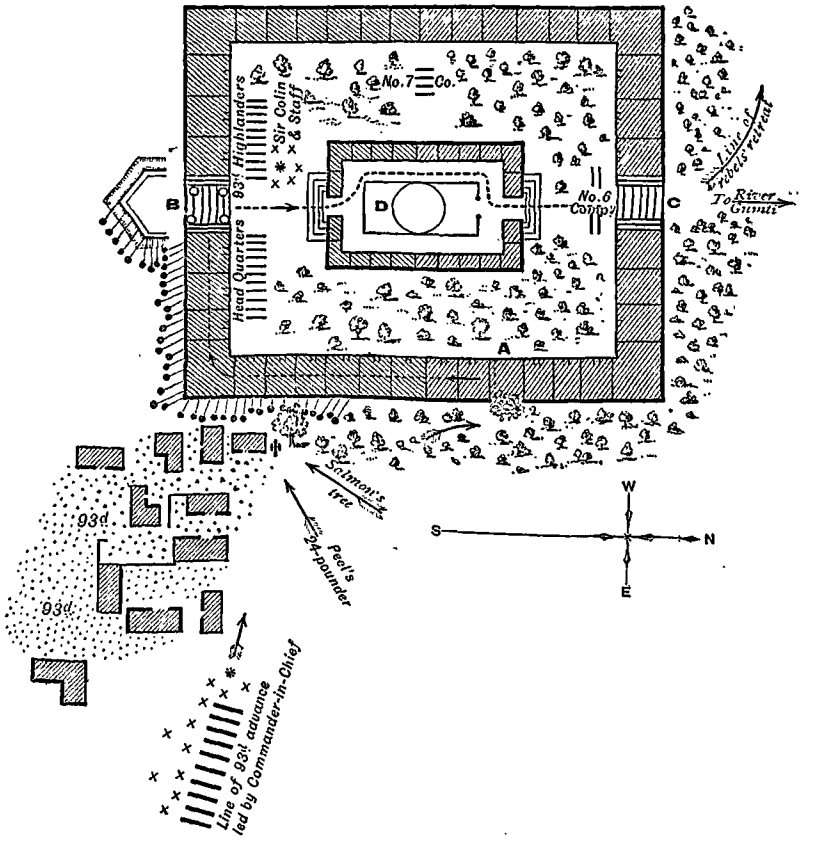
those who gave a hand in dragging that gun within some twelve or fifteen paces of the wall, and getting it into position under a tree, Sir David Baird, Bart., an aide-de-camp to Sir Colin Campbell, Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, commanding the 93rd Highlanders, Lieutenant E. H. D. Macpherson, of Cluny, and Lieutenant A. C. Nightingale, as well as myself, are still (1898) alive.

The article in *Blackwood* of October, 1858, which I have so frequently quoted, speaks, at p. 494 of the magazine, of *two* of Peel's guns. Malleson, taking, I believe, the same article as an authority—as I believe he must also have done in the case of the 'towers at the angles' of the Sikandarbagh—likewise mentions *two* guns at p. 136 of the fourth volume of his history, and Lord Roberts, in his first volume, pp. 332, 333, also speaks of *guns*. I am, however, perfectly certain that only one gun, one of Peel's 24-pounders, was dragged down, placed in position, and opened fire within a very few paces of the wall of the Shah Najaf, for I was close to it during the whole time it was in action.

We all expected great things of that gun, from the Commander-in-Chief downwards, and were proportionately disappointed on finding that the wall, after being pounded away at for some time, like the jackdaw of Rheims after the curse, 'did not seem one penny the worse!' The enemy, however, could not know what effects our 24-pound shots were producing on their wall; therefore, after all, Peel's bombardment may have had—I myself firmly believe it did have—a great deal to do with their subsequent sudden evacuation of the place.

During this check many men and some officers were not only killed and wounded by bullets, but several of the men were also wounded by steel-barbed arrows, which gave the surgeons some trouble to extract; and on more than one occasion, whilst the pacification of Rohilkhand and Oudh was being carried out during the year following, we again had a

few men wounded by arrows. But although at the time it was always supposed they were poisoned, in no case were they proved to be so, though they inflicted very nasty flesh



OCCUPATION, ON NOVEMBER 16th, 1857, OF SHAH NAJAF (LUCKNOW) BY 93RD HIGHLANDERS.

REFERENCE.

A. Breach discovered by Sergeant Paton, 93rd.
B. Main gate, covered by breastwork and ditch.
C. Back gate.
D. Mosque, with tomb underneath, stored with gunpowder.
⟹ Line of advance of Adrian Hope's party inside the wall.
≡ Bivouac, 93rd, night, November 16.

wounds, and had always to be cut out. According to the greatest authority on the subject of bows and arrows, Dr. John Lowe, such weapons were last used in England during the

Civil War, but they were employed by the Highlanders of Scotland even down to 1745. The rebels also hurled over the walls of the Shah Najaf a rough species of shell or grenade on a large scale, in the shape of earthenware water-vessels filled with gunpowder and bits of iron, with a short fuse attached; but beyond creating a great deal of smoke—which was an advantage to us—and at last setting fire to the thatched roofs of the huts—which served to conceal, although they did not protect us—they did no damage. By this time there was nothing left for the officers to do but to look on, and try to get as many of the men as possible under the shelter of the walls of the huts, inside as well as outside; so we packed them in, directing them to sit or kneel down on the floors of the huts as closely as possible, we keeping a sharp look-out outside, in case the thatch was set on fire over their heads.

Our Brigadier, Hope, was standing with his aide-de-camp and Brigade-Major a little to the left rear of Peel's single gun, where I also was standing with a group of officers, somewhat sheltered from the view of the enemy by the thatched roofs of the huts, but not from the stray bullets which came through those roofs, when Captain Peel, whose gun's crew were suffering severely from the musketry fire directed at them from the parapet on the top of the walls called out that he would recommend any officer or man amongst them for the Victoria Cross who would climb the tree, and so, getting above the defenders of the parapet, try to keep down their fire by picking them off one by one. Lieutenant Nowell Salmon, R.N.,* of Her Majesty's ship *Shannon*, immediately responded to the call, and proceeded to climb the tree like a cat—or a sailor! Brigadier Hope, taking in the situation at a glance, ordered me, as the officer standing nearest him, to pass up a continual supply of loaded

* Now Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., K.C.B.

rifles to Lieutenant Salmon. Lieutenant Salmon found, however, that he had to go a good way up the tree, which was barely fifteen paces from the wall, before he could overlook the parapet. This necessitated another sailor—in this case one of the seamen—also climbing the tree as far as was necessary, to hand Lieutenant Salmon the loaded rifles and pass them back for our men to reload.* As it was found awkward to pass the loaded rifles round the outside of the gable of the mud hut nearest the tree, and to receive back the unloaded ones the same way, I directed some men of my own company inside the mud hut nearest to the tree (*see plan*, p. 115) to knock a hole through the gable, which was easily done, and pass the loaded rifles out that way, the unloaded ones being passed back round the gable. But a link in the chain up the tree was then required, so I myself dropped into a hole, which had been hollowed out by the explosion of one of those otherwise harmless earthenware vessels filled with gunpowder, at the foot of the tree and under the muzzle of Peel's 24-pounder, and commenced to pass the loaded rifles up to the sailor in the tree, who then passed them on to Lieutenant Salmon. Mr. Salmon, however, was soon severely wounded, and had to let himself down to the ground, the sailor below him taking his place, but not so high up, else I could not have reached him. This sailor was shortly afterwards directed by Captain Peel to come down, for the word had been passed that we must prepare to retire, and I myself was called upon by Brigadier Hope to come away and give a

* Having submitted this account of what occurred at the tree to Sir Nowell Salmon, with a request that he would be good enough to correct any inaccuracies he could find in it, the Admiral returned my manuscript with the following comments: 'April 2, 1898.—I return your "extract"' (meaning from my diary), 'which seems to me wonderfully correct. I have no corrections to offer, excepting that there were three volunteers to go up the tree. One was killed at its foot; the third referred to in the extract, and who handed up the rifles, was untouched. (Signed) NOWELL SALMON.'

hand in running the 24-pounder back out of fire, Peel's men having been so decimated, that there were not enough now left to work the gun; in fact, a fine fellow of a negro 'A.B.' was, I believe, the only man who had not been wounded, and latterly he had been doing duty for two or three of the regulation number of gunners. As in the Crimea, so here (and indeed the whole world round to-day, as in 1857), nothing could excel the splendidly cool courage and magnificent devotion to duty under fire of our unsurpassable Jack Tars, officers and men!

When a General Officer habitually exposes himself, but has the good fortune which attended Sir Colin Campbell throughout these operations, to escape severe wounds and death, his immunity has an inspiriting effect upon the men, but what would have happened at the relief of Lucknow if Sir Colin had been killed, and he had been succeeded in the command, as was arranged, by General Mansfield?

When the officers, headed by Brigadier Hope and Peel himself, had dragged the big gun back a bit, and a number of the men of the 93rd were running it back still further, some rocket-tubes were brought up by other men of the *Shannon*, and that alarming-looking projectile, the war-rocket, was sent skimming close over the parapet of the Shah Najaf into the interior of the enclosure. Shortly after the rocket-tubes opened fire the thatched roofs of the huts, which had hitherto screened us from the view of the enemy, were seen to be well alight, and Hope called out to us to look after the wounded, many of whom were inside the huts. Officers and men had now to exert themselves to their utmost in carrying off the wounded and dragging out our dead, while Hope, passing in and out amongst us, whispered to the officers that we were going to retire. Our fire had entirely ceased, except a rocket from the sailors now and then, when they could be fired with safety to us; the roofs of the huts were blazing all round us, and the enemy's fire seemed to be redoubled, when suddenly their bugles rang

out the 'advance,' followed immediately by the 'double,' and their fire ceased. The officers of the 93rd, who had sheathed their swords long before this incident, hastily drew them again, shouting to the men to fix bayonets, the Brigadier, I noticed, also drawing his sword, for we all thought that these bugle-calls preluded a sortie of the garrison in force. We had not quite taken the measure of 'Jack Pandy' then, who had always, we afterwards learnt by experience, a distinct aversion to cross bayonets with the Britisher, and never indeed stood up to us face to face at all, till driven into a corner.

So there we all were, the men, like the officers, having put down their wounded comrades or released their hold on the dead, facing the grim walls of the place individually, and wondering what was going to happen next. Darkness had quite closed in by this time, and those walls appeared even more formidable than in the daylight, illuminated by the blazing thatch all round us. When the enemy's bugles sounded the advance, Nightingale and I were dragging the body of some poor fellow of the 93rd away from the outside of one of the blazing huts. Releasing our hold for the moment, in the belief that it was the prelude to a sortie, we paused to see what would happen. We were standing a little to the rear of Brigadier Hope and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Butter, 93rd Highlanders — I had lost sight of my Captain, Burroughs, when we all got mixed up at the foot of the walls, after doubling down the hill, led by Sir Colin—when Lieutenant Maxwell W. Hyslop* and Sergeant Paton† of the

* Now Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell Withers Hyslop, retired.

† Sergeant Paton received the Victoria Cross for this. The *Victoria Cross Gazette* announced that the Cross was awarded to Sergeant Paton 'For distinguished personal gallantry at Lucknow on the 16th November, 1857, in proceeding alone *round* the Shah Nujjif *under an extremely heavy fire*, discovering a breach *on the opposite side*, to which he afterwards conducted the regiment, by which means that important position was taken.'

The Gazette here makes three glaring misstatements, which I have

Light Company 93rd came up through some bushes on our right, and Hyslop reported to the Brigadier that they had found a breach in the wall to our right, which he (Hyslop) was sure we could climb.

Imagine what relief such news would bring to Hope! Then, after studying the portrait I give at p. 186 of that 'true soldier, kind, courteous, noble gentleman,'* imagine the smile of relief with which he received the news. Of course, it was beginning to dawn on all of us that the bugle-calls had been but a *ruse de guerre*, and Hope, telling Hyslop to show the way, called to all of us within hearing of him to follow. With bayonets fixed, we proceeded down through some thick brushwood to our right, and found, not fifty yards off, the outer wall so broken down as to form a practicable breach, whether by the fire of some of our artillery or how, I never heard. The bricks and débris having fallen outwards, we did not find much difficulty in mounting this breach, which landed us on the broad ramparts formed by the roofs of the travellers' rooms running all round the outer walls. Besides Brigadier Hope, his aide-de-camp and Brigade-Major, Captain Dawson of No. 4 Company, and Hyslop, who showed us the way, I think Burroughs was one of the party, and that there was a headquarter staff officer and an officer of sappers with us. Any way, we mounted the rampart without difficulty, and

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given above in italics. As this breach was only some fifty yards to the right of the place where we had been standing huddled near Peel's gun all the evening, he had not to go '*round*' to '*the opposite side*' of the enclosure to discover it. As to the '*extremely heavy fire*,' the whole fire from the east wall had been directed at us who were crowded together at the south-east corner, and I doubt, after it was found that we remained there, and made no attempt to reconnoitre the wall to our right, if a single Sepoy was told off to defend the breach Sergeant Paton discovered; there certainly was no firing whatever from the parapet of the Shah Najaf to our right, for the excellent reason that until Sergeant Paton and Lieutenant Hyslop stole up through the brushwood in that direction there were none of us to fire at.

* 'My Diary in India,' by William Howard Russell, vol. i., p. 382.

looking down into the enclosure, could neither hear a sound nor see anything moving about. But it was now quite dark, and the trees within the walls rendered it pitch-dark inside.

I wondered then, and I have often wondered since, what the Quartermaster-General's department was about, that its members left it to a subaltern and a non-commissioned officer of the 93rd Highlanders to discover, *by accident*, a practicable breach in a position of the enemy, the possession of which was vital to the success of the British operations. Personally I have always felt convinced, from the appearance of the breach when I had a look at it next morning, that it was not due to artillery fire, but to the effects of time and neglect, and that it possibly had existed for years, yet we had been kept in check, losing heavily all the time for nearly two hours, whilst this breach, only concealed by some brushwood, was within fifty yards of us!

Regarding the mode of our entry into the Shah Najaf, Colonel Malleson, at p. 137 of the fourth volume of his History, quotes the following passage from the October number of *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1858: 'Then, as a last resource—the last throw of a desperate game—Adrian Hope, collecting some fifty men, stole silently and cautiously through the jungle and brushwood away to the right, to a portion of the wall *on which he had, before the assault, thought he perceived some injury to have been inflicted.* Reaching it unperceived, *a narrow fissure was found.* Up this a single man was, with some difficulty, pushed. He saw no one near the spot, and so helped up Hope, Ogilvy (attached to the Madras Sappers), Allgood, the Assistant-Quartermaster-General, and some others. The numbers inside soon increased, and as they did so they advanced, *gradually extending their front. A body of sappers, sent for in haste, arrived at the double; the opening was enlarged, the supports rushed in.* Meanwhile Hope's small party, pushing on, *to their great astonishment, found themselves almost unopposed.*

Gaining the gate, they threw it open for their comrades. *The white dresses of the last of the garrison were just seen gliding away amidst the rolling smoke* into the dark shadows of the night.'

Now, in the first place, Adrian Hope had no opportunity *before the assault* of seeing any portion of the Shah Najaf, except the huge dome over the mosque and tomb, and perhaps the dummy minarets on each side of the main gateway on the south side; he certainly could not see the spot where the breach existed by which we entered, for all the east wall, against which we were led, was concealed by trees and brushwood, from the right of where we planted Peel's gun, right down to its north-east corner. The breach to which Adrian Hope and those who followed him, like myself, were led by Lieutenant Maxwell Hyslop and Sergeant Paton, was neither a *narrow* nor any other kind of a *fissure*, but an indentation in the wall of the enclosure, of which the bricks and débris had rolled down outwards.

As to *gradually extending their front*, the phrase is used in the evident belief that we found ourselves, when we had penetrated through this imaginary fissure, upon the level ground of the enclosure; whereas, we found ourselves on the top of the roofs of the pilgrim travellers' rooms, and looking down some fifteen or sixteen feet into the garden surrounding the mosque and tomb. There was no necessity nor space gradually to extend our front. We paused and listened, by the Brigadier's personal commands, because all was so quiet inside, and it was too dark to see more than twenty paces before us. After, perhaps, some fifty men had scrambled up, and as we were still uncertain of the movements of the enemy, we moved cautiously along the parapet to our left, the officers in front—even the Brigadier had his sword drawn—and the men with fixed bayonets and loaded rifles, on as broad a front as the ramparts would permit. As the pipe-major had turned up, someone suggested that he should

commence playing 'The Campbells are coming,' to let Sir Colin Campbell, and possibly the garrison of the Residency, know—for both artillery and musketry fire had considerably slackened then—that we were inside the Shah Najaf. On a call of 'Pipers to the front!' however, two or three more pipers turned up, and, placing them in front of the men, we started again, midst great laughter and cheering, the pipers playing 'The Campbells are coming,' along the ramparts towards the main gate, which we reached without opposition or any sign of the enemy at all. If any '*body of sappers*' *were* '*sent for in haste*,' they would find, on arrival, nothing particular for them to do, for there was no *opening* for them to enlarge.

As we, the 93rd Highlanders, had been the only infantry in direct contact with the place during the whole afternoon, and had been inextricably mixed up from the moment we arrived at the foot of the wall to which the Commander-in-Chief had led us in person, there were no '*supports*' to rush in.

I do not believe that any one of us, of '*Hope's small party*,' were the least '*astonished*' at finding ourselves not '*almost*,' but entirely, '*unopposed*.' For all firing from the walls absolutely ceased from the time that the garrison had sounded the 'advance,' followed by the 'double,' as I have already described; and as each of us gained the ramparts and peered into the dark and silent grounds, we realized that the 'double' had been a retreat.

Finally, with reference to the last sentence in the quotation from *Blackwood* with which I am at present dealing, that '*The white dresses of the last of the garrison were just seen gliding away amidst the rolling smoke*.' I accompanied the advance-party, close to Adrian Hope, along the ramparts, down the steps to the main gate, to open it for our main body; then, turning to our right, we passed up the steps at the back of the enclosure round the mosque, round that enclosure and down the steps in front of the door of the mosque on the north side, and thence straight down to the back-gate (by

which the enemy had escaped) on the north side of the outer wall looking towards the river (*see plan*), which we closed; and I can positively assert that not one of us saw a single fugitive. At the same time, I had afterwards unpleasant proof throughout that, to me, most wearisome night that the '*last of the garrison*' had by no means left, as I was personally occupied till nearly daylight in superintending the shooting of belated Sepoys, who had evidently been asleep, or had been cut off from the back-gate in some way when we entered the enclosure. These men kept starting up from amongst the bushes, or would make a dash from the numerous guest-chambers all round the outer walls, and rush towards the north side, and the ramparts next the Gumti. All those whom we thus shot wore scarlet coats, as did the few dead we found about the place when we entered. As to *smoke*, the firing on both sides having ceased before we mounted the breach, there was no smoke to *roll*. I admit, however, that '*the shadows of the night*' were decidedly '*dark*' by the time Brigadier Hope's party obtained a footing on the ramparts, for, as I have said before, we could barely see twenty paces before us.

Colonel Malleson again quotes the article in *Blackwood* as follows: 'Panic-stricken, apparently, *by the destruction caused by the rockets and the sudden appearance of some of the assailants within the walls*, they fled from the place and gave up the struggle just when victory was secure.' That the enemy fled 'just when victory was secure' is indisputable; but it was not in consequence of '*the destruction caused by the rockets*,' although I believe that the precipitate flight of the garrison may have been brought about by the fear of what the rockets might effect, seeing that they had converted the tomb under the mosque, but on a level with the ground, into a gigantic powder magazine. Except for setting fire to inflammable buildings, rockets are never '*destructive*,' but in the neighbourhood of a huge powder magazine they are distinctly

alarming. Our '*sudden appearance within the walls*,' in fact, had nothing to do with the evacuation of the place, the garrison having withdrawn to a man before we mounted the breach, except such belated and stupid members of it as allowed themselves to be cut off as I have described.

The explanation of the evacuation of the enclosure lies, I think, in the enemy having made up their minds, as we did at first, that our 24-pounder would certainly bring down the wall sooner or later, and, further, in their dread of their being all caught inside the enclosure like their comrades in the Sikandarbagh, of whose fate the two or three men who escaped must have given them full information by about three o'clock in the afternoon. I firmly believe that as we found they had carried away nearly all their dead as well as their wounded, they had determined to retire more than an hour before our rockets, with their fiery trains, came skimming about perilously near that immense quantity of gunpowder; and that the evacuation having been methodically going on for some time, our rockets only decided their rear-guard, left to keep up a hot fire from the only point we were attacking, to hurry their movements and 'stand not on the order of their going, but go at once.'

When our party which entered by the breach reached the front gate, and had opened it to admit the main body of the 93rd and the Commander-in-Chief and his staff, the Brigadier sent some twenty men, under an officer, to complete the circuit of the walls to the left of the main gateway, but to be careful not to fire inwards upon us. The Brigadier, with his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Butter, Captains Burroughs and Dawson, and myself, with the men of Nos. 6 and 7 Companies, then made our way, as above described, round the mosque and down to the back-gate, whence the garrison had fled. Some lights had been procured to aid us in our explorations, and, as we cautiously peered about in the inner court round the mosque on the top of the tomb, we came

upon several large earthenware vessels filled with native spirits, which we broke as we passed on; also—which was more alarming, considering we carried naked lights—on some containing loose gunpowder, which we did *not* break.

Merely looking in at the entrance-door of the mosque, which faced the north, and noticing that it seemed to have been left in full working order as a Muhammadan place of worship, for there were numerous tiny oil-lamps alight pendent from the lofty dome, and the usual green and red and yellow banners, covered with verses from the Koran, hanging on the walls and pillars, we descended the steps and were making for the back-gate, when one of our party made a startling discovery. Noticing a broad rope of some black substance stretching out from the doorway of the mosque down the steps and down the broad walk towards the north gate, he kicked it, and drew our attention to the disturbing fact that it was gunpowder! Adrian Hope, in his quiet way, said: 'Better take care of the lights, and try and get some water.' The water, however, was a serious difficulty, for there were no *bhistis* (water-carriers) with our small party. We managed to get over the difficulty, however, somehow, and having brushed the wet gunpowder aside as far as possible (the train was severed more thoroughly, later on, by covering it with earth and flooding it with water), our small party descended towards the back-gate of the enclosure, which we found wide open, and even advanced in the darkness a short way outside to reconnoitre; but there was a great deal of low brushwood all about the neighbourhood of the gateway, and the Brigadier ordered the gate to be shut and barricaded, and No. 6 Company 93rd, under Captain Burroughs, to occupy the gateway for the night, and post double sentries at short distances along the whole of that face of the enclosure to right and left of it. The ramparts on this north face, however, were not more than 12 or 14 feet high, instead of 20 feet, as on the other three sides. The train of loose gun-

powder, I may here mention, to which I have before referred, did not seem to extend more than a yard or two outside the north gate; but, when the safeguarding of that approach to the captured position devolved, later on, upon me personally, I did not feel secure against some great catastrophe, until, when the company had settled down for the night, I managed with our pioneers' tools to get a ditch cut across the path leading from the gate to the mosque, and to have it thoroughly drenched with the contents of a whole water-skin by the company's water-carrier.

Surely our discovery of that great train of gunpowder, about as thick as a man's arm, goes a great way to prove the truth of my contention that the knowledge of its having been laid down during the leisurely evacuation of the place by the bulk of the garrison, with an idea of blowing up the magazine in the tomb when that evacuation was completed, induced the rather precipitate withdrawal of their rear-guard when our rockets commenced to skim about inside the walls, imbuing our retreating foes with a very legitimate fear of being 'hoist with their own petard.' For next morning an immense quantity of loose powder in bags and barrels, and over a hundred loaded 8-inch shells, were discovered, and removed from the tomb below the mosque, by large gangs of natives attached to our Ordnance Department, under the superintendence of several of their European warrant-officers.

The headquarters and six companies of the 93rd, with Sir Colin Campbell, General Hope Grant, and their respective staffs, all bivouacked for the night just inside the main gate on the south face of the Shah Najaf. Captain Dawson with his company, No. 7, two of whose senior Subalterns, Welch and Samuel E. Wood, had been severely wounded during the day, leaving him with only one Subaltern, who had been slightly wounded, were told off to give the sentries on the ramparts on the west face of the enclosure towards the city of Lucknow; but they had no gate to defend. The men lit a

huge fire at a tolerably safe distance from the tomb and mosque, and bivouacked around it, for the night was very cold. My company, No. 6, under Captain Burroughs, was told off, as I have previously stated, to guard the back-gate leading to the Gumti, whence the garrison had made good their retreat. We also lit a fire—a much smaller one than Dawson's—at a respectful distance from the path where we had found the train of gunpowder, to cook anything which we might happen upon, and a calf having been discovered tied up in one of the rooms near the gateway, one of the men, a butcher by trade, slaughtered it and prepared it scientifically for our *chefs* in the ranks, who proceeded to boil it in some of the cooking vessels abandoned by the enemy, turning up a dish which 'Tosh'* was always great at, which he called 'a sort o' a hash.' We all enjoyed the broth the meat was boiled in, for we had found quantities of barley and other grains which we also threw into the pot, and ate the 'hash' with the remains of the commissariat biscuit which had been served out to the men at four o'clock that morning, a morning which, I remember thinking, looked like a week off, although by this time it could only have been about eight o'clock, perhaps, in the evening of the same day.

Burroughs was so dead beat, and overcome with sleep, after his wounds and exertions during that long day—I shall always look upon November 16, 1857, as the very longest day in my life—that after going round with me to post our double sentries, and arranging that we should take it in turn to keep awake for two hours at a time, visiting our sentries every half-hour during the night, he lay down on a native bed within the gateway, desiring me to waken him when there was something ready to eat. He had not been asleep long before I and the company had our first chevy after some belated

* As in all English regiments 'Tommy Atkins' is used as the generic title of the English private soldier, so 'Tosh' (sometimes 'MacTosh') is applied in Highland regiments to the Scottish private soldier.

Sepoy who had wakened up in one of the numerous rooms round the walls, which we were too tired to explore, and finding his comrades gone and the place in our possession, made stealthily through the bushes for the north wall. This wall, as I have already explained, was lower by some six or eight feet than those on the other three sides of the enclosure, and had numerous flights of narrow steps leading up to the roofs of the guest rooms, which constituted the rampart all round. One of the sentries on the rampart challenged, and alarmed me by proceeding to cover the moving form amongst the bushes, which was in my direction, with his rifle. I shouted to him not to fire, and gave chase myself, sword in hand; but the Pandy, who was in red, bounded up one of the flights of steps on to the rampart, and literally threw himself over the wall. Two or three of the sentries fired at him after he had pitched himself over, but he got away easily. I now thought it necessary to warn all our sentries that they must on no account fire inwards, or even along the ramparts, at any other such fugitives during the night, but try and intercept them with their bayonets. I then crossed over to Dawson, to explain to him the meaning of the firing, and suggest that his men had better be prepared for similar experiences.

When the broth, etc., was ready, I went to waken Burroughs under the gateway, but, to my consternation, found it utterly impossible to do so; he appeared to be in a sort of trance, and lay like one dead. After several of the non-commissioned officers and some of the men of the company had also tried to waken him, I again crossed over to Dawson, and asked him to come and have a look at Burroughs, and see what he thought of his condition; for all the doctors were busily engaged in the Sarai opposite the Sikandarbagh, some distance off, attending almost all night to the wounded of the whole force, who were collected there. Burroughs, however, neither spoke, nor even moved the whole night, and as I thought it quite possible there might be an attack on the gate

during the hours of darkness, I told off four of the guard to seize the *charpai* on which he lay, and carry him out of harm's way if there was an attack. Just after I had had a good wash and something to eat, about nine o'clock p.m., I heard two or three shots fired in Dawson's direction, and running across to his watch-fire, found he had narrowly escaped being shot by a Sepoy concealed in one of the rooms on the west wall, which his company was guarding. These rooms were, so to speak, in pairs, having their doors quite close to each other, and their windows, unglazed square openings, a few feet to the right of one door and to the left of the other at about five feet from the level of the ground. Dawson had gone to have a look into one of these rooms, which was strongly illuminated by the glare of his men's watch-fire, when he suddenly noticed, not only his own shadow clearly defined against the wall of the room opposite the door he was entering, but the shadow of the head and shoulders of a Sepoy, against the same wall opposite the window. Dawson pulled up short, he told me, and with his left hand fired his revolver round the doorpost, badly wounding the Sepoy, who had fired at Dawson's arm and missed. When all of No. 6 Company, except my sentries on the ramparts and half a dozen men under cover of the gateway beside Burroughs, were asleep, I had another chase after a belated Sepoy, bolting like a rabbit through the bushes, but this time we bagged our man. During the night there were, perhaps, nearly a dozen such rushes, with varied success on the part of the fugitives, but the bustle and the firing disturbed none of the sleepers and greatly aided me, especially towards daybreak, in keeping awake myself. My own feelings of intense fatigue and sleepiness gave me a measure, too, by which I could gauge those of the men, and rendered me proportionately anxious to see that our sentries should not fall asleep at their posts.

I was decidedly relieved, as helping to keep me awake, to

hear the uproar the enemy began to make in the city before dawn: beating tom-toms, ringing bells, and commencing a wild fire of musketry into the air, apparently, for spent bullets now began to drop all about the grounds of the Shah Najaf. As the men of the company who acted as cooks the night before had not been on sentry during the night, I woke them up first, and directed them to take their loaded rifles and forage about, as day was now breaking, to see what they could hunt up in the unexplored rooms for our breakfast. They found some pigeons, which were added to the remains of the 'sort o' a hash' of the night before, and with commissariat biscuit and the early morning 'tot' of rum—for there was no tea to be had—after the men had had a wash all round, we felt equal to another day among the Pandies. As the sun rose, I was able to shake off the overwhelming feeling, amounting to physical pain, produced by want of sleep, and began to look forward with satisfaction to being left to garrison the place with the company under Burroughs, and probably come in for some smart affairs in holding it until the Residency had been reached. For the only point of the enclosure which the enemy were likely to attack having been entrusted to our guardianship for the night, both officers and men of No. 6 Company considered that we had a claim to remain and participate in any fun that might be going on at the Shah Najaf afterwards. In this we were disappointed.

Burroughs, whom I had inspected as often as I visited the sentries all night—that is, every half-hour at least—continued to sleep like a dead man till after sunrise, when he woke up slowly, but not in the best of tempers. His waking-up rejoiced me as much as his 'Thank you, Mr. Alexander; you may fall in,' had relieved my mind the day before near the gateway of the Sikandarbagh, after I thought I had seen him killed during our scrimmage inside, before the gate was forced open by our main body.

Before the headquarters of the 93rd and the six and a half

companies were withdrawn, Sir Colin ordered the Regimental colour, soon after sunrise, to be uncased and displayed on the top of one of the dummy minarets at the main gate, to let the garrison of the Residency understand how far we had advanced on the road to their relief. It was lashed with a rope to the pillar for a short time, a drummer-boy of the regiment being assisted up to perform the dangerous duty; but as soon as the rebels caught sight of it, the flag was assailed by such a storm of round-shot that Sir Colin did not require it to fly for long, and I believe the minaret to which it had been attached was knocked over very shortly after it had been removed.

CHAPTER X.

OPERATIONS FROM NOVEMBER 17 TO 22, 1857—WITHDRAWAL FROM LUCKNOW AND FORCED MARCH TO CAWNPORE.

In accordance with the orders of Sir Colin to Brigadier Adrian Hope, to select a trustworthy field officer to command at the Barracks, Hope specially detailed our junior Major, Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart, for that duty on the afternoon of the 16th, on personally ascertaining from him that the wounds he had received in the Sikandarbagh had not incapacitated him from assuming such a seriously responsible duty. In 'The Story of a Soldier's Life,' Sir John Ewart relates, at p. 86 of the second volume, how he soon received a visit from Sir Colin that afternoon, who told him that he must hold the post as long as he had a man left alive, as its retention was of the greatest importance to us. There Colonel Ewart and his party passed a harassing night, whilst the rest of the regiment were distributed in the Shah Najaf, as I have described. The remainder of the troops composing our small army bivouacked in line, from the Barracks on the British left to the Shah Najaf, close to the Gumti on the British right. The whole force, therefore, lay down that night in the open with their arms by their sides; for those of us who occupied posts like the Barracks and the Shah Najaf slept out in the squares or grounds of those enclosures.

The casualties in the 93rd Highlanders during November 16,

when we stormed and captured the Sikandarbagh and occupied the Shah Najaf, were: 2 officers and 23 men killed; 7 officers and 61 men wounded; of the 7 officers wounded, 4 received sword-cuts.

Two out of the seven companies (six and a half really) withdrawn on the morning of November 17 from the Shah Najaf, viz., the Grenadiers and No. 1 Company, were detached by Sir Colin's orders to reinforce Colonel Ewart's post at the Barracks; and the rest of us, Nos. 4, 5, 6, 8 and Light Companies, lay down for some time in line, in support of the artillery, which were pounding the Mess-house, the next building to be carried; but we were withdrawn under cover of the mud huts of the village, whence we had issued to the assault of the Shah Najaf the day before, until some well-placed guns of the enemy from the north side of the river Gumti, enfilading us with round-shot, made the position too uncomfortably hot for us to remain there.

These five companies of the 93rd remained in this position, under such cover as the ruined mud walls of the village could afford us, until the evening of November 18, watching, during the 17th, the attack on the Mess-house. Peel had commenced the bombardment of the place that morning by a steady and well-directed fire. It was a position of considerable strength, being a two-storied building on slightly rising ground, surrounded by loopholed mud walls, and at some little distance outside the wall by a ditch 12 feet broad, but not more than 10 feet deep, crossed by drawbridges. After Peel's 24-pounders and Longden's mortars had been playing on it since early morning, Sir Colin gave the order about three o'clock p.m. for the assault, when he observed that the musketry-fire of the enemy had considerably slackened. The stormers were commanded by Captain and Brevet-Major Wolseley, 90th Foot,* and included a company of his own regiment, a picket of the 53rd Foot, and some men of the

* Now Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P., etc.

2nd Panjabis, supported by Barnston's battalion of detachments under Captain Guise of the 90th Foot.* The Mess-house was carried with a rush, and our troops, led by Captain Wolseley, following up the flying enemy towards the Moti Mahall (or Pearl Mosque), which lay due north of the Mess-house on the direct road from the Shah Najaf to the Residency, found the gate of that mosque blocked, but, sending back for some sappers, they succeeded in making a narrow hole in the wall, through which Wolseley led his men and eventually drove the enemy out of the Pearl Mosque also. The extraordinary thing in the capture of these two important posts was, that the assaulting column only lost one man killed and very few wounded. In the same way as Sir Colin had directed Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay to display our Regimental colour that morning on a lofty pinnacle of the Shah Najaf, as an indication to the garrison of the Residency of our occupancy of that building, so he again directed a colour to be displayed on a turret of the Mess-house as soon as it was captured, as related by Lord Roberts at p. 337 of the first volume of his work.

To render the British left more secure, especially as it was at first thought that the women and children rescued from the Residency might have to be brought away by the road and the bridge across the canal, close to Banks' House, leading direct to the Dilkusha, Sir Colin, early on the morning of the 17th, directed Brigadier Russell to occupy the houses—ruined bungalows, once the quarters of officers of the 32nd Foot—and some dwellings of natives, with their gardens, situated between the Barracks—now held by four companies of the 93rd, under Colonel Ewart—and Banks' House. This duty Russell carried out without a check, under cover of his guns, forcing the rebels to evacuate Banks' House also, which Lord Roberts says 'was held during the remainder of the operations

* Major Barnston had been dangerously wounded the day before, as already related.

by 50 men of the 2nd Panjabis, under Lieutenant F. Keen,' but which Malleson in his History, General Sir John Ewart in his 'Story of a Soldier's Life,' and the Commander-in-Chief in his despatches, say was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Wells of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. From early morning, and throughout November 17, our field hospital, established in the Sarai opposite the Sikandarbagh, was subjected to an annoying fire of round-shot, which killed and wounded many of the hospital followers, as well as some of our own wounded lying there in their *dhoolies*.

It was, I suppose, about five o'clock p.m. on November 17 when we learnt that Outram and Havelock had shaken hands with Sir Colin outside the Moti Mahall mosque, and on its being announced to us of the 93rd, we rose to our feet, cheering and waving our bonnets, many of the men tossing theirs in the air.

On the 18th, after the enemy had kept up an unceasing fire of musketry and 18-pounder shot throughout the night and during that day upon the barracks and the ruined bungalows to its left, Brigadier Russell was directed to bring what guns he could to bear upon a building called the Hospital, between our advanced line of pickets from Banks' House to the Barracks and the Kaiserbagh. Upon this building Sir Colin intended eventually to open fire with his heaviest guns, to cover the retreat of the relieved garrison and his whole force, and induce the enemy to believe that he meant to storm it. These guns, a 9-pounder and a 24-pound howitzer, with four 5½ inch mortars, were piloted by Colonel Biddulph, head of the Intelligence Department, and Captain Bourchier of the Bengal Artillery, to the front of the right ruined bungalow, and the mortars planted behind it, at not more than 120 yards from the rebels' 18-pounder gun which had given such trouble. At the first shot from the rebel gun after he reached the ground, Brigadier Russell was severely wounded. Biddulph then assumed the command, and our

fire was continued with such good effect that the rebels withdrew their 18-pounder. Biddulph, when he had organized a column for an attack on the Hospital, and was explaining his plans to the officer next in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Hale of the 82nd Foot, was shot through the head by a bullet which grazed Hale's forage-cap. Hale then assumed the command, and, under cover of the fire of the 24-pounder howitzer, led his little column to the assault about four o'clock in the evening. After driving the enemy out of the Hospital, suffering rather severely, his column was obliged to evacuate the post again, the thatched roof having been set on fire by the enemy's shells over his head. Lord Roberts says, 'This decided Sir Colin to give up the idea of withdrawing the relieved garrison by Banks' House.' Whilst the attack on the Hospital was going on, followed by Lieutenant-Colonel Hale's retirement, the enemy seem to have collected a considerable force in front of the centre of the British position lying between the Barracks and the Shah Najaf, and late in the evening attacked with some vigour. But Sir Colin Campbell himself was watchfully observing this part of our position, and himself brought up Captain Remmington's troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, with a company of the 53rd and another of the 23rd Foot, and repulsed the attack. The Commander-in-Chief mentioned in despatches how 'Captain Remmington's troop of Horse Artillery was brought up, and dashed right into the jungle with the leading skirmishers, and opened fire with extraordinary rapidity and precision . . . as an instance of the never-failing readiness and quickness of the Horse Artillery of the Bengal Service.' My company, No. 6 of the 93rd, was also ordered up to the support of the party in the Barracks; but after doubling across the open under an unpleasantly hot fire of round-shot, Sir Colin himself directed Captain Burroughs to double back again, as we were not required, and we were then marched under the walls of the Sikandarbagh, to act

until further orders as a guard over Sir Colin himself, whose headquarters were that evening established *en bivouac* outside the south wall at the corner formed by its junction with the short east face of the south-west bastion (marked on my plan, p. 84, with a cross and letter H).

Burroughs, myself, and the whole company were bivouacked between Sir Colin's position and the gateway of the Sikandarbagh, each man lying down with his loaded rifle beside him at night, and piling arms during the day, giving only one sentry over the scant belongings of Sir Colin and the staff during the day, and another over the arms, and a double sentry over Sir Colin's corner during the night. There I remained with my company, under Burroughs, from the evening of the 18th until late on the evening of November 22, and thus had abundance of leisure to explore every corner of the buildings and enclosure most minutely, and to write up the notes for my diary on paper I always carried for the purpose in my sporran, supplemented on this occasion by scraps of parchment torn out of broken Sepoy drums. I found a large plunge-bath in one of the rooms of the south-east bastion, where the breach was, and managed to have a refreshing 'tub' there on the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd.

On the evening of November 18, when Sir Colin selected Captain Burroughs's company to mount guard over himself, the Light Company of the 93rd, I think, was sent by Brigadier Hope to occupy and hold the Moti Mahall, so that only some 120 men of different companies were left with the colours and headquarters of the regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay. The regimental headquarters remained during the day in the roofless village between the Sikandarbagh and the Shah Najaf, and retired at night to the west side of the Sarai, opposite the Sikandarbagh (which, as I have previously related, had been utilized

as a field hospital), where they lay down in line, to form a connecting-link between the Barracks and the Sikandarbagh.

Sir Colin Campbell, as I have already explained, had established himself with his staff close under the south wall of the Sikandarbagh on the night of the 18th, and, as a proof of the excellent information the enemy always seemed to have about accomplished facts within our lines, I would here recount how a gun was brought to bear on our corner of the building from the other side of the river Gumti early on the morning of the 19th, which went on firing over our heads during the whole of His Excellency's stay there, all day and every day until the evening of the 22nd, but ceased firing after dark. This gun was fired with the evident intention of causing annoyance, and, if possible, doing the Chief or his staff some damage—a feat which, on the afternoon of November 21, their gunners very nearly succeeded in accomplishing. For whilst I was sitting on the native rough bedstead I had contrived to find in the Sikandarbagh, a round-shot from that particular gun came skimming along so close to the top of the ornamental parapet that it knocked the brickwork and plaster down upon Sir Colin's native bedstead, up in the corner close under the wall, and smashed it to atoms. Had he been there at the time, he would most certainly have been killed, yet he was with difficulty persuaded to place the fresh *charpai* provided for him further away from the wall when he came back.

Sir Colin would frequently converse with both Burroughs and myself when he was taking short rests after his meals, before starting on his continual rounds of the different positions held by the army, telling us how affairs were progressing towards the withdrawal of the garrison from the Residency, and how, on the whole, he was satisfied with the situation. In one of these affable moods of his we learnt that he hoped to bring the women and children away by the 22nd at latest, and that he intended that the

first stage in their journey to the rear should be the Sikandarbagh. Either Burroughs or I thereupon suggested that, with an extra ration of rum to fortify them against the fearful stench of the operation, we could get all the men of No. 6 not on sentry duty to volunteer to clear out the Sepoy dead from a corner of the enclosure and its approaches, and make it fit to receive the women and children during their short stay there. He readily approved the suggestion, and I took charge of the fatigue-party, and removed the dead from all the rooms of the south-west bastion, the gateway, and the intermediate paths, and saw them buried in the ditch they had themselves dug as part of their defences outside the west wall of the enclosure. We then swept and washed out the rooms, ready for the reception of the women and children. The men worked most cheerfully, although many of us were very sick, and felt we had well earned Sir Colin's extra 'tot' of rum. We carried out into the trench a little over 500 dead Pandies and Oudh Irregulars. Now, as that large number were all lying in one corner of the enclosure, or in the gateway itself and the path leading from the gate to the south-west bastion, and their removal apparently left more than three times as many corpses in the other parts of the enclosure and its buildings, but out of sight of our countrywomen when they arrived, it was very easy to realize that the 2,000 odd reported to be slain was not an exaggeration.*

The Commissariat department, which has, in India, almost

* I would here quote as another instance of the loose wording of the Commander-in-Chief's despatch, dated 'Sikandarbagh, November 18, 1857,' the concluding sentence of the paragraph from that despatch, cited by me at p. 88 of the text: 'There never was a bolder feat of arms, and the loss inflicted on the enemy after the entrance of the Secunderbagh was effected, was immense—*more than 2,000 of the enemy were carried out.*' I can personally vouch for it that, although more than 2,000 of the enemy were killed, no more than the 500 bodies my fatigue-party removed were 'carried out' of the enclosure, all the rest being either buried or entombed—by plastering up with mud the rooms in which they lay—within the walls.

always been most admirably managed, contrived to commence serving out the full allowance of beef and biscuit to the men, and the regimental Quartermasters to bring the men's native cooks and cooking utensils up from the Dilkusha on the 18th; so, with their three rations of the best Jamaica rum, and plenty of good clear water from wells, the men fared sumptuously. But it was a trial for anyone with a dainty appetite to see the dirty way the food was prepared by the men's native cooks under one's nose, or to attempt to masticate the fearfully tough beef as cooked by them—all the officers' servants, native and European, having been left at the Dilkusha—so I myself lived on the hard biscuit and rum and water, which were at least clean. But I always felt exceedingly hungry, notwithstanding the fact that the air was polluted by the great numbers of dead rebels and animals scattered all over the positions we occupied, whom it was impossible for our small force to bury. This stench, of course, grew worse every day we stopped there, especially, as in the case of the Sepoys hastily entombed in the rooms where they were killed in the Sikandarbagh, so many had been shot at close quarters that their clothes were smouldering, creating such a combination of evil odours, that when our brother officers came from other posts to visit the Sikandarbagh on the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd, or to make reports, or speak to any of the staff there, they would hold their noses, and express astonishment that Burroughs and I were able to live in such an atmosphere. The fact was, that after the first twelve hours we were there we became so inured to the smells, that we ceased to perceive them, unless we went to visit other parts of the British position, when, on returning, we noticed them very distinctly, as I fancy the Chief and the members of his staff must always have done every time they returned from their tours of duty.

I found it particularly trying, in my state of hunger, to have to watch Sir Colin and his staff, seated only a few yards

off, enjoying a tolerably well-cooked breakfast and lunch, and a properly served dinner after dark each night. All these meals were served up on a trestle-table with white table-cloth, rough glass and crockery, and other accompaniments of semi-civilization. Not that I grudged them their meals in the very least, but being very hungry, the enforced contemplation of their disposal of them was trying! On the night of the 19th, acting under the belief that what was carried away from the table of the 'Lord Sahib,' as the natives call the Commander-in-Chief, would be thrown away, I held out a tin plate in one hand, and a handful of rupees in the other, as a bribe to the table servants as they carried off the scraps, to try and purchase these scraps from them, but immediately desisted when very civilly informed by an English-speaking Madrasi servant of one of the staff-officers that owing to the great uncertainty when the communications with the Alambagh would be re-established, and the growing scarcity of provisions in even the 'Lord Sahib's' kitchen, all the scraps were carefully husbanded and utilized for the morrow's use.

Sir Colin directed that the withdrawal from the Residency should commence on the morning of the 20th. Accordingly, early in the morning of that day, 1,000 sick and wounded; 600 women and children; the State prisoners, relatives of the ex-King of Oudh; the jewels and other valuables and treasure belonging to the ex-King; the baggage of the garrison; twenty-five lakhs of rupees (£250,000) of Government treasure; stores of all kinds, including grain, and as many of the 200 cannon of various calibres as the Ordnance officers considered worth removing, began their exodus from that historical position. Sir Colin had given orders that a furious fire should be opened from Peel's heavy guns and Longden's mortars on the Kaiserbagh, to distract the attention of the enemy from the line of retreat. This fire was kept up whilst daylight lasted all that day, and during the 21st and 22nd,

till, by the afternoon of the 22nd, it had assumed the character of a bombardment.

The men of No. 6 Company 93rd, hearing on the morning of the 20th that the women and children were expected at the Sikandarbagh that evening, asked permission to keep their evening ration of tea and prepare it for them instead of drinking it themselves, a request which Burroughs, of course, readily complied with. The result was unexpected, for when our men offered the tea to the wives and widows of the non-commissioned officers and men of the garrison, in the belief, of course, that it would be gratefully accepted, they were very indignant indeed, because the women, whom they had pictured to themselves as being in a semi-starved condition after the long siege, asked for milk with it, 'as they did not care for tea without milk,' none of us having even seen milk for more than a week! The men were not slow to give these ungrateful people a bit of their mind, especially as the wives and widows of the officers amongst them gratefully accepted the tea with thanks, without milk, and expressed their appreciation of our men's self-denial in saving their own tea for them. After resting for an hour or two in the rooms which my fatigue-party had prepared for them the day before, 'the melancholy convoy,' as Lord Roberts calls it, started after dark, under guard, for the Dilkusha, where it arrived safely in due course.

As above stated, a great quantity of jewels, treasure, and other valuables, belonging to the Oudh Royal Family, was removed from the Residency; this was escorted in safety by Sir Colin's force down to Cawnpore, for which service we were entitled to salvage, if not prize-money, by all the rules of war, and it was confidently believed in camp that we should get it. But the Government at Calcutta most unwisely, as well as most unjustly, refused to entertain our claims, when advanced, tentatively, through an unofficial channel.

Sir Colin himself never pressed the claims of the troops

under his command, nor, indeed, as it afterwards turned out, safeguarded their interests in any way in the matter of prize-money, as Sir Charles Napier invariably used to do. This was only the first of three occasions during the service of the 93rd Highlanders under his immediate command in India when no effort whatever was made by the Commander-in-Chief to assert the rights we were defrauded out of by the Supreme Government at Calcutta. I have said it was unwise, and the justice of this verdict was amply proved in the succeeding China War, in conjunction with the French, of 1860, when, as a consequence of the bad faith of the Indian Government in this and two other instances to be hereafter mentioned during the Indian Mutiny campaigns—the reports of which spread, of course, throughout the British army in every part of the world—it was found in China that there was no holding the men back from looting. In fact, all ranks in that campaign seem to have decided that it was better to retain every portable valuable which fell in their way, than trust to the honesty of prize-agents or the good faith of the Government. Unfortunately, since the China War of 1860—when, smarting under the sense of ill-usage in this matter of prize-money during the Indian Mutiny campaigns, the troops in China followed the baneful example of our allies the French and looted right and left—no great opportunity has been afforded either to British Governments or to officers commanding British armies in the field to prove to officers and men that either the civil authorities or the military commanders may now be relied upon to safeguard the rights and interests of the victorious army in this very important question of the *just division* of the spoil. As a result, the commander of the next British army which takes the field will have great difficulty in preventing the appropriation by individuals to their own use of all portable prizes of war, to the destruction of good order and military discipline.

Malleson, in his History, curiously enough makes no allusion

either to the treasure and other valuables of the Oudh Royal Family, or to the State prisoners, the members of that family, whom we escorted down to Cawnpore. Yet the latter must have been a source of great trouble and anxiety to the garrison throughout the siege. In my diary, under date November 22, I find the following entry regarding them: 'The State prisoners belonging to the Royal Family of Oudh passed our guard this afternoon, making a short halt outside the Sikandarbagh, where we are posted, on their way from the Residency to the Dilkusha. They are a collection of most truculent-looking scoundrels, as our men, who crowded round the palanquins and *dhoolies* they were carried in, remarked amongst themselves. They stared very hard at our men, from feather bonnet to gaiters, and only abated their insolent sort of bearing when Burroughs and I and other officers went up to look at them. Then, recognising that we were officers, they salaamed to each of us when we noticed them. Strong hopes were expressed by the men that they would be hanged at the Dilkusha. I myself have doubts about their reaching Cawnpore alive!' However, they did, and eventually joined the *respectable* family circle of their King and master at Garden Reach, Calcutta, to contribute to the anxieties of the Supreme Government, which foolishly allowed the disreputable establishment of the ex-King, a seething hotbed of conspiracy and crime, to remain so close to the seat of Government. All their treasure, jewels, etc., which we had escorted down country, were also decanted into that sink of iniquity, without the ex-King being called upon to pay anything for salvage, although we were performing no duty to the State when we saved their valuables from falling into the hands of the armed rabble of Lucknow. On the 22nd the Dilkusha had been attacked by the enemy in some force, but the assault had easily been repulsed by the heterogeneous little garrison left there by Sir Colin for its defence.

By the evening of November 22, all but 'the illustrious garrison' had left the Residency.

Under the tremendous fire from our heavy guns and mortars, three practicable breaches had by this time been made in the walls of the Kaiserbagh, our spies bringing in word, too, that during the three days of Peel's and Longden's bombardment the rebels had suffered enormous loss, and that they were expecting our assault at any moment. Having rendered useless all guns that were not worth removing, the survivors of the war-worn veterans who had held the place since the beginning of July under Inglis, and of those who had reinforced them at the end of September under Havelock and Outram, commenced their retirement at midnight, after their Engineers had prepared in the largest open space within the walls a trap to catch as many rebels as possible later on, in the shape of a mountainous collection of all sorts of articles of household goods, etc., which the owners could not remove, built up over a huge mine to which a time-fuse, concealed from view, was attached.

The garrison of the Residency, in profound silence, withdrew behind the outposts of Sir Colin Campbell, until they reached the Martinière. Then their outposts followed them, and were followed by the main body of the relieving force; 'Hope's brigade, which had so nobly headed the advance, had also covered the retreat.'* The last to retire were the troops under Ewart, 93rd; Hale, 82nd Foot, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wells of 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers from the Barracks, the ruined bungalows, and Banks' House. During this retirement there was an anxious moment, when the enemy suddenly opened fire from the Kaiserbagh with artillery and musketry; but, if they had become suspicious, their doubts as to our posts being still occupied were apparently set at rest by the naval officer in charge of some rocket-tubes which were still in position beyond the Moti Mahall promptly opening fire in

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1858.

reply, which seemed to satisfy them, as their firing ceased. My company of the 93rd had been directed to rejoin their regimental headquarters, and were relieved of their duty as Sir Colin's guard soon after dark that night.

Sir Colin and Hope Grant, with their staffs, all mounted, watched the retreat from the front of the gateway of the Sikandarbagh; for, with the exception of the troops posted at the Barracks, Banks' House, and the bungalows, the whole force retired in pitchy darkness by the tortuous lanes through which we had advanced on the 16th to the attack. The main body retired upon the Dilkusha, as Malleson and the writer in the October number of *Blackwood* record, but the 93rd were halted in front and rear of the Martinière, and did not move to the Dilkusha until the afternoon of the 23rd. My company, on arrival at the Martinière, was again told off as a guard over Sir Colin with another company of the 93rd (No. 8, I think). We did not reach the Martinière till about two o'clock in the morning, and before we lay down Sir Colin directed Burroughs to have a good look through the ground-floor of the building in case any lurking rebels might be about, and to post sentries at intervals both in the front and rear of it. As we had no torches or lights of any kind, we were unable to explore the crypt, but posted a double sentry at the top of its wide staircase.

Sir Colin invited the officers of his guard to share his bivouac with his staff and himself round the great fire which our sentries kept blazing all night; and with our feet turned towards it, we all of us, I fancy, slept like stones till nearly sunrise under the influence of the grateful warmth of the fire, for the nights were very cold. I was always able to improvise a most comfortable pillow on such occasions by thrusting the hilt of my claymore inside my feather bonnet. Just before we reacked the ground where we were to bivouac, the Commander-in-Chief dismounted close to where I was bringing up the rear of my company, all of us tumbling

about a good deal over the rough ground we were then crossing, the night being inky black. Being in high good-humour apparently, and very much pleased with the perfect success of the retirement, he called to me to give him my arm up some rising ground we were stumbling up. As we were ascending the hillock, he jocularly asked: 'Well, young man, what's *your* opinion of this move?' I replied: 'I don't understand it, sir; but it looks as if we were running away.' 'Of course we are!' he added; 'but, *il faut reculer pour mieux sauter*,' and laughed heartily at his own joke, for Sir Colin spoke French very well, and was very proud of it.

This retreat, however, was in all truth a remarkable 'strategic movement to the rear'; a wonderful military feat carried out without a hitch. For Sir Colin withdrew some 4,000 men, in the presence of some 50,000 or 60,000 foes, through tortuous lanes and devious roads on a pitch-dark night, without being discovered. The 93rd Highlanders lost on this occasion a very fine fellow, Colour-Sergeant David Knox, our only non-commissioned officer who had received the Cross of the Legion of Honour in the Crimea. He had served originally in the 78th Highlanders, and hearing, after the regiment reached the grounds of the Martinière on the morning of November 23 that the 78th were bivouacked close by, he started off to find them in the dark. We learned, on inquiry, that he had found the 78th, and remained talking with some of his old comrades in that regiment till just before day broke, after which he never reappeared. There were afterwards stories current in the native bazaars of the army that a Highlander had been paraded through the streets of Lucknow after we left, by the Begam's orders; but it was generally believed that Sergeant Knox had fallen into one of the numerous deep wells, unprotected by any parapet, which abound all over India.

The enemy did not discover our departure till after daylight, and continued to fire into our old position all night. One of

Colonel Ewart's party at the Barracks had a narrow escape of falling into their hands. Sergeant Alexander McPherson, being, like the majority of us, overcome with fatigue and sleep, sat down after the roll was called, previous to his party retiring from the Barracks, and, unobserved, fell asleep. As all the movements of our force were conducted in the most profound silence, the departure of his comrades at about 1.30 a.m. (for by some mistake Colonel Ewart's whole party was nearly left behind, and was the last to retire) did not awaken him. Wakening, however, before dawn, he discovered to his alarm that he was alone. Fortunately he had a good idea of locality, and setting off as fast as the darkness would permit, managed to make his way without accident to the Martinière, where he reported that when he left the Barracks the usual dropping fire of musketry, which from the night of the 16th the enemy had always kept up all night, was still going on along their whole front, into the positions they evidently believed we still occupied.

The native servants of the officers having now been permitted to rejoin us from the Dilkusha, we had some sort of a tough beefsteak breakfast about eight o'clock on the morning of the 23rd. After breakfast one of Sir Colin's staff told me that Sir Colin was going up to the top of the central tower of the building, to watch for the explosion of the mine left by the Engineers in the Residency, baited as I have described at p. 146. Accordingly Burroughs and I also mounted and obtained a fine view of the city of Lucknow in the distance, with its towers and domes and minarets embedded in trees, and of the nearer surrounding country. The explosion was due to come off between eight and nine a.m., by which time the Engineers had rightly calculated the enemy would have found out that the Residency was evacuated, and would probably be swarming all over our old positions As we looked through our field-glasses, we could see by the clouds of dust along the different roads that by that time they were

far past the Residency and close to the line of the canal, and very shortly after we reached the roof of the great central tower, we had the gratification of seeing the explosion of the mine, and hearing the dull report. In the course of the afternoon, our spies reported at headquarters that it had resulted in great loss of life to the rebels, who, as the dust which we saw seemed to indicate, were simply swarming like ants all over the mine and in its neighbourhood.* Shortly after noon the headquarters of the 93rd Highlanders, under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, joined the main body at the Dilkusha, leaving my company and (I think) No. 8, under Captain Williams, as a guard over Sir Colin at the Martinière.

A sad accident occurred in the forenoon of this day, whereby four fine young fellows lost their lives. Sir Colin and his staff having moved into the verandas of the Martinière, we of his guard were also directed to do so, to get officers and men out of the sun by day and the dew by night. Shortly after the explosion which some of us witnessed from the central tower, Corporal Cooper, of No. 8 Company, an excellent non-commissioned officer and a very fine-looking soldier, reported to me that he had discovered, in a large, open, unenclosed courtyard to the rear of the right wing of the College, a huge supply of cartridges piled up in boxes out in the open, and that all round them and through the court there was a great quantity of loose gunpowder strewn about, either intentionally or by accident. As the men of the two

* Although the incident of this carefully prepared explosion is not alluded to in Malleson's History, the following quotation from a letter written in the Greek character and forwarded by the hands of a native spy by Sir Colin to General Outram from the camp at Bauthra proves that the Commander-in-Chief had intended to blow up the Residency: 'Headquarters, November 10, Tuesday.—I am here with a weak force, deficient in all essentials. I have not ammunition for more than three days' firing; but I have come to hand out the wounded, women and children and garrison. I have not means to attempt anything more, and I shall be thankful to effect this. I shall blow up the Residency. . . .' (See General Shadwell's 'Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde,' vol. i., p. 455.)

companies of the 93rd on guard over the buildings were permitted to wander all about the place, and some of them were smoking, and as I could not see Burroughs at the moment, I told Corporal Cooper that he might take what volunteers he could find to sweep up the loose powder at once, and carrying it carefully down, throw it into the lake in front of the Martinière, whilst I went to report to Burroughs and ascertain what was to be done with the cartridges. Burroughs, I found, was on the top of the tower with Captain Norman,* Assistant Adjutant-General of the Army, who was sketching, and I think the Commander-in-Chief was there too. Having reported to Burroughs what Corporal Cooper had said, I went with him to the side of the parapet of the tower which looked down upon the court where Corporal Cooper had informed me the cartridge-boxes were stacked, and there, sure enough, was the great stack of cartridge-boxes, with Corporal Cooper and some eight or ten men vigorously sweeping up the loose powder into heaps with some improvised sort of brooms. As we watched, and before Burroughs had time to ask for instructions from any of the staff about the disposal of the cartridges, I noticed some two or three men of the 53rd Foot, who had wandered down from the Dilkusha, enter the court through the columns of the covered semicircular colonnade which joined the wings to the main building on either side of the Martinière, and I further had time to notice that one of these men had a burning brand in his hand, taken no doubt from one of our numerous fires in front of the College, with which he was unconcernedly lighting his pipe. Whether he threw it down, or whether a spark from it fell on the loose powder about his feet, I cannot say, but suddenly fire seemed to run along the ground, and the stack of cartridge-boxes, near which poor Corporal Cooper and his party were sweeping, blew up with a dull explosion that seemed to shake the huge tower on which we were standing. Dr. William Munro, our

* Now General Sir Henry W. Norman, G.C.B., etc.

regimental surgeon, who happened also to be on the tower looking at the view, shouted to us to hurry down and try to get between the burnt men and the artificial lake lying in front of the building. We all raced down the staircase and made for the lake, to the astonishment of the men of the guard, who had stood to their arms and fallen in when the explosion took place; for, although there was no very loud report, it shook the whole building. This sheet of water took the shape of the letter T, having its head towards the front of the building, with a lofty stone column standing in the centre of the water half-way down the leg of the T, a column not unlike the Duke of York's monument in Waterloo Place. Arrived at the edge of the water, we joined hands, perhaps a dozen of us, and intercepted the poor maddened creatures, who were presently seen emerging through the colonnade from the court. It was one of the most appalling and heart-rending sights I ever witnessed. Corporal Cooper and, I think, four of his party came feebly running down to the water, their clothes all on fire and dropping off them as they ran, with patches of skin adhering to them. The feathers of their bonnets had been entirely destroyed, and the tower of skeleton-wires above their heads looked very weird. Where the skin did not fall off with the burning clothes, disclosing the raw flesh, it was perfectly black, and with their faces thus blackened and the hair of their heads and faces either entirely burnt off or actually smouldering, their appearance was truly awful. The authors of the catastrophe disappeared, and of the eight or ten men of the 93rd, only four or five in all were burnt, as I have described, and died in great agony during the next two days.

That night the two companies of the 93rd remained on guard over Sir Colin at the Martinière, and did not rejoin the headquarters of the regiment until the afternoon of the 24th, marching with them and the rest of the army, Outram's division remaining behind to cover the retreat, and give

protection to the long train of women, children, wounded, baggage, etc., to the Alambagh from the Dilkusha. We bivouacked on the night of the 24th on the open plain we had occupied previous to our advance on Lucknow, and were joined by General Outram with his division next day, unmolested by the enemy, who had evidently had enough fighting for the time being, for although they showed themselves for a short time as he fell back, they did not venture to attack him. The losses of the 93rd Highlanders from November 12 to the 22nd were: 2 officers, 1 sergeant, and 37 rank and file killed, and 4 rank and file blown up, 7 officers, 5 sergeants, and 63 rank and file wounded, and 1 sergeant and 1 private missing.

On the 25th we drew our tents from the Alambagh and pitched them, sleeping that night under cover for the first time since November 13, when we stored them in the Alambagh.

When we learnt, many weeks afterwards, that all our labours were to be rewarded with only a clasp for the relief of Lucknow, the members of Sir Colin Campbell's force were bitterly disappointed, for we had—not without just cause, I would submit—looked forward to receiving some special decoration, in the shape of a bronze star or cross perhaps, together with the survivors of 'the illustrious garrison,' for the defence of the Residency; but a silver clasp with 'Relief,' added to the Indian Mutiny medal, is all we ever received for these services. The survivors of the garrison, however, in addition to a clasp for 'Defence,' were granted a year's service, which was denied to us, but which, I venture to think, we had all earned, according to the terms of Sir Colin's General Order to the army, dated November 23. As it eventually turned out, amidst the choppings and changes in the terms of officers' service which immediately followed the abolition of purchase (the 'general idea' pervading all such regulations, without exception, being that 'heads' the Treasury wins, and 'tails' the officer loses), I found that, had this year's service been

granted to members of the force which relieved Lucknow, I should have personally benefited to the extent of a slight increase in my retired pay when I left the service in 1879. Since the days of our occupation of Egypt, everyone receives the Khedive's Star for any service in the 'land of the Pharaohs' remotely connected with warfare; hence, as few civilians understand, and none think much of, a clasp to a medal, the young warrior of one of the non-combatant departments who, on his return from Egypt, bears on his manly bosom an Egyptian medal (without any clasp) and a Khedive's Star, is looked upon by the majority of our countrymen, and all our countrywomen, as a much mightier warrior than the humble survivor of either the 'Defence' or the 'Relief' of Lucknow, with his single medal, one clasp and nothing more. Apropos of the question of a special decoration for the 'Defence' and the 'Relief' of the Residency, I was sitting at dinner in the house of Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn in the eighties, next to the late Sir Thomas Gladstone.* Lord Strathnairn had been discussing the injustices perpetrated, owing to the manner in which Sir Thomas's brother had abolished purchase in the army, and Sir Thomas, turning to me, asked my age, then added: 'If you will only contrive to live up to the old number of your regiment (93), I believe you may not only receive back your purchase money, but also some special decoration for being a survivor of Sir Colin's relief force.'

Sir Henry Havelock died at the Dilkusha on November 24. He was buried on the 26th within the enclosure of the Alambagh.

The 25th and 26th were devoted to a redistribution of the divisions, the arrangement for the safe transport of the women, children, wounded, etc., to Cawnpore, the apportioning of the camp equipment, and the occupation and provisioning of the

* Sir Thomas Gladstone of Fasque, Bart., eldest brother of the late ex-Premier.

Alambagh by a sufficient force to threaten Lucknow, until the Commander-in-Chief, having disposed of the formidable Gwalior contingent, should be able to return to undertake the siege and capture of the city. Sir Colin decided to leave Sir James Outram in command there, with a total force of all arms of about 4,000 men, twenty-five guns and howitzers, and ten mortars, with the post at Banni Bridge, some 12 miles off, to keep open the communications with Cawnpore—which had been held up to this time by a wing of a Madras Native Infantry regiment and two guns—strengthened by a detachment of European troops. On the 26th I went on outlying picket at three p.m. for the night, rejoining the headquarters of the 93rd about seven a.m. on the 27th. I found the tents struck, and ready to be loaded with the baggage on to the camels and elephants for the march to Banni Bridge. The train of vehicles and our artillery had, of course, to keep to the narrow road, raised like a railway embankment nearly all the way to Banni, the cavalry, infantry, elephants, and camels making the best of their way through the country on each side of the road, which was at that time of the year much cut up by watercourses, ponds, and swampy ground. The advance-guard moved off about eleven a.m., and as our column was nearly 12 miles long, the head of it had arrived in camp before the rearguard started.

The entry in my diary descriptive of this day's march runs: 'Paraded at ten a.m., after being on outlying picket since three p.m. yesterday; lay about in the sun till 1·30 p.m., when the 93rd moved off, with occasional halts for hours; then, doubling for miles, did not arrive at Banni Bridge (13 miles) till about eleven p.m., too late to have my tent pitched, so bivouacked in the open, feeling the cold very much after the exposure to the hot sun all day. Of course it was impossible to get anything to eat.' According to Lord Roberts, the camp was pitched some 2 miles beyond Banni, which would make our march 15 miles that day; but I know

that very few tents, if any, were pitched by the 93rd. Next morning, November 28, the 93rd started at seven a.m., and the intention was to make a march of only some 13 or 14 miles that day also; but the sound of heavy firing, which we began to hear from the direction of Cawnpore soon after we left the Alambagh, we heard again about eight o'clock this morning, and it grew louder and louder every mile we drew nearer to Cawnpore. About noon the Commander-in-Chief received an urgent appeal for help from Windham, dated the 26th, followed quickly by two others containing the serious intelligence that the Gwalior rebels had succeeded in driving Windham into the entrenchment with the greater part of his forces, and thus imperilling the safety of the bridge of boats across the Ganges, our only means of retreat out of Oudh with the rescued non-combatants of the Lucknow garrison, our sick and wounded, and other units of that long-drawn-out convoy.

About four p.m. on November 28 the 93rd were informed that we were to halt for a two hours' rest, and then go on all the way to Cawnpore to relieve Windham, and, if possible, save the bridge of boats. We halted accordingly, and the officers spent most of those two hours in hunting up their baggage and native servants, in an endeavour to get something to eat.

The day had been oppressively hot, sometimes threatening rain, and the necessity of pressing on quite knocked up the European infantry of the whole force; for, company by company, the battalions seemed to dissolve along the road. Unable to keep together, the men trudged doggedly on, singly or in little groups, and I doubt if there were one hundred men with the colours of my own regiment when they marched on to the camping-ground about ten p.m., where the native followers, as they straggled in with the tents and baggage, proceeded to pitch our camp not far from the Oudh end of the bridge of boats. On to this camping-ground not only

COLIN CAMPBELL, LORD CLYDE.

'the guns, stores, women and sick continued to stream all night,' but the fighting-men of the little column itself kept coming in till sunrise. I myself, having marched every inch of these 30 miles from Banni Bridge, did not reach the camping-ground till a little before midnight, hungry, footsore, smothered with dust, faint and weary, and at that hour men of all the European infantry corps were still straggling in one by one, in the same plight as myself. I must here explain that it was my own fault that I had not a pony to ride, for Sir Colin directed that all the company officers were to be offered an advance of pay, when we first reached Cawnpore from Allahabad in the first week of November, for the purchase of ponies; but he made it optional, which I think was a mistake; and so, as I was under the mistaken impression that I ought not to ride when the men walked, I declined to buy a pony. I was mistaken in thinking it was the right thing to do to walk when the men did, because an officer's duties really commence after he has reached the camping-ground, whereas those men not on duty have only to get their tents pitched, eat what is put before them, and lie down to sleep or rest, and, except those going on sentry, the men on guard and picket can do the same. All the officers of a company should be fresh enough to look first after their men; see that they wash their feet, and otherwise attend to footsores; that their food is properly served to them, and their tents properly pitched, before attending to their own wants. But before I had realized my mistake, and *did* purchase a pony (having walked nearly 600 miles before I did so), I was as tired as the men were at the end of the ordinary 16 miles march. And after forced marches, such as this one from Banni Bridge to Cawnpore, I was incapable of looking after myself, far less the men of my company, and was only too glad to sink down on the ground, either on the spot where my tent was to be pitched, or under the shelter of the 'flys' of my men's tents, and so go to sleep without food or drink.

Under these circumstances, far from giving orders—as was the case with the Rifle Brigade in the Peninsula, and up to the time of the Mutiny campaigns—for company officers to walk, Commanding Officers should *insist* upon their officers riding the greater part of each day's march, and General Officers Commanding should see that the order is carried out. Then, instead of their officers being so knocked up as to be incapable of looking after their men, or, if they were going on picket, being too prostrated by fatigue to be trustworthy guardians of the safety of the camp, the officers would always arrive comparatively fresh at the camping-ground, and quite fit to look after their men, however long, and hot, and dusty the march might be. I believe there was only one other officer in my regiment who walked the distance I did, before providing himself with a pony.

Although most of the men's tents had been pitched by midnight by the native servants of the companies, not a company officer had a tent that night, so we lay down supperless under the 'flys' of our men's tents amongst the tent-pitchers and other native servants. At two a.m. on the 29th we were aroused and paraded, more dead than alive, by some ill-judged order to that effect; but after being kept hanging about for nearly an hour, we were permitted to lie down again, and not afterwards disturbed till past six a.m. The sufferings of the wounded during this night's march were terrible, and many succumbed on the way. When I say we were not again disturbed, I mean that we were so overcome with fatigue and sleep, that we did not hear the noise of the cannonade which Sir Colin ordered Peel to open from his heavy guns as soon as day began to dawn, to overwhelm that of the enemy directed upon the bridge of boats at the first streak of dawn — a cannonade which was supplemented by the artillery from Windham's entrenchment.

Peel and his sailors, with the slow-paced bullocks required

to drag their heavy 24-pounders, had not reached the camping-ground at the bridge-head till an hour before sunrise; but the bridge was in such peril that they could only be allowed an hour for rest and refreshment before being called upon to overwhelm the rebel artillery fire, which they eventually accomplished.

CHAPTER XI.

RELIEF OF WINDHAM'S FORCE AT CAWNPORE, AFTER HIS DEFEAT BY THE GWALIOR CONTINGENT.

Roused a little after six o'clock on the morning of the 29th, officers and men had some sort of a breakfast, and after striking tents, marched across the bridge of boats about eight a.m., under a very heavy but ill-directed fire of round-shot from the enemy's artillery, which damaged neither the bridge nor us. Windham's force, which had by this time all been driven in within the entrenchments, manned all their earthworks and cheered us vigorously, whilst we marched steadily past as if on a field-day, with sloped arms, across the glacis, our pipers playing before us, and the enemy attempting to pepper us with musketry and round-shot all the time. The only casualty in the regiment, however, was my brother Subaltern, the ensign of No. 6 Company, wounded in the heel. The 93rd marched to a position between the ruins of the artillery barracks and those of the old native infantry lines, near Wheeler's old entrenchment on the south-east of the city of Cawnpore, where our tents were pitched in the course of the day. The rest of the army occupied the ground with its left resting on Windham's entrenchment and its extreme left on the Grand Trunk Road.

By nine a.m. the cavalry, horse artillery, and Adrian Hope's brigade of infantry had crossed, and Sir Colin himself followed immediately; for although he had ridden on in front of the

army and crossed the bridge to have an interview with Windham, shortly after sunset the evening before, he rode back and spent the night in our camp on the Oudh side.

Brigadier Inglis with his brigade was then left by Sir Colin to protect the convoy until all had passed over. The passage commenced about three p.m. on the 29th, after all the fighting-men, except those under Inglis, had crossed the bridge of boats into Cawnpore. From three o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th, during the whole night, and until past six o'clock in the evening of November 30, that long train wended its way slowly across the river Ganges to the positions assigned to it, in a camp on the plain near the remains of Wheeler's entrenchment, and behind the little army which lay between it and the rebel position in the city, this tedious passage being practically uninterrupted by the enemy.

When the 93rd were crossing the bridge on the morning of the 29th we observed huge columns of densely black smoke, with great tongues of fire shooting through it, rising from the building called the Assembly Rooms, where all sorts of spare baggage, the mess-plate of some of the European regiments with Windham, commissariat stores, and the spare kits of our men were stored. In the first place, these things should never have been placed there at all; in the second place, as the possession of them was of such vital consequence to the health and comfort of the troops, as soon as Windham saw that the building was even remotely endangered by the advance of the Gwalior contingent and the Nana's ragamuffins, he should have had its contents, at any cost, removed into the entrenchment. *By this conflagration all the non-commissioned officers and men of the 93rd lost everything they possessed, except what they stood up in, and they not only never received a halfpenny of compensation for their loss,* BUT WERE OBLIGED TO REPLACE ALL ARTICLES OF THEIR OFFICIAL KIT AT THEIR OWN EXPENSE! Such gross neglect to enforce their most just claims for compensation never could have occurred to troops

serving under the command of General Sir Charles Napier. As in the case of the prize-money throughout these operations, so in this instance, no superior officer thought it his duty to bring the matter prominently to Sir Colin Campbell's notice; or, failing the Commander-in-Chief taking it up, to take steps to have such scandalous injustice brought before Parliament at home. That Parliament which is always profuse in its *votes of thanks* to an army when it is 'making history' in the field, is somewhat shy—to put it mildly—of seeing the wrongs of that army, such as I have instanced above, duly righted, when it comes to a question of £ s. d., unless driven to it. No ordinary everyday M.P. of the Conservative party cares to bell the Treasury cat; and all ordinary everyday M.P.'s on the Radical side make a point of opposing all demands, emanating from a military (or naval) source, involving an expenditure of money, irrespective of either the justice of such demands, or the bad policy of refusing them.

No better description of the rebel position at Cawnpore can be given than that contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* of October, 1858:

'The position which they held was one of great strength. Their left was posted amongst the wooded, high grounds, intersected with nullahs, and thickly sprinkled with ruined bungalows and public buildings, which lie between the town of Cawnpore and the Ganges. Their centre occupied the town itself, which was of great extent, and traversed only by narrow, winding streets, singularly susceptible of defence. The portion of it facing the entrenchment was uncovered; but from the camp of our army it was separated by the Ganges canal, which, descending through the centre of the Doab, falls into that river below Cawnpore. Their right stretched out behind this canal into the plain, and they held a bridge over it, and some limekilns and mounds of brick in its front. The camp of the Gwalior contingent was situated in this plain, about 2 miles in rear of the right,

at the point where the Calpee road comes in. The united force,* amounting now, with reinforcements which had come in, to about 25,000 men with 40 guns, consisted of two distinct bodies, having two distinct lines of operation and retreat—that of the Nana Sahib (under the command of his brothers), whose line of retreat was in rear of their left on Bithoor; that of the Gwalior contingent, whose retreat lay from their right upon Calpee. The centre and left of this position was of great strength, and could not be assailed without the certainty of heavy loss, and the risk of an ultimate check. The right, however, was both tactically the weakest, and strategically the most important point to gain: the weakest, because there the ground was a vast plain, intersected only by the canal; the most important, because across this plain, and almost in prolongation of their right wing, ran the Calpee road, which once in our possession, the retreat of the Gwalior contingent, by far the most formidable of our foes, with their guns and material, was rendered impossible.'

November 30 was passed in comparative quiet by the whole force, Sir Colin perfecting his arrangements for the despatch of our Lucknow convoy, and some 2,000 sick or wounded, the women and children and other helpless souls, to Allahabad under proper escort. The camp was harassed by a fire of round-shot and even musket-balls, evidently discharged from guns and muskets at a great angle, so as to drop all about the camp. On December 1, about eleven a.m., as the 93rd were parading in front of their tents for muster, a fire of shot and shell was suddenly opened upon them from the city side of the canal, although, owing to intervening ruined bungalows and trees, we were quite out of sight of the enemy. Sharpnel shell burst all about the camp, killing and wounding some camp followers, and one shell, bursting over the parade-ground, severely wounded Captain Cornwall, one sergeant,

* Of the Nana Sahib and the Gwalior contingent.

and five privates. I myself had been placed on the sick-list, having broken down under the fatigues of that march from Banni Bridge; and as there was no room in our field hospital, crowded with non-commissioned officers and men in the same plight as myself, as well as the wounded, I had to remain in my own tent, over which another shell burst in the course of the afternoon, killing and wounding some more camp followers. Round-shot also kept bowling through our camp, going right through the tents all day. My native servants were so scared that they came into the tent and told me they couldn't stop there; but they were quite pacified, and evidently considered their safety perfectly secured, when I told them to put my two leather bullock-trunks one on the top of the other within the tent on the side furthest from the enemy, and sit down outside with their backs to that rampart.

It was very unpleasant to be thus tied to one's couch for the day under such an artillery fire; and although I slept a good deal, and could not, had I wished it, have enticed my native servants from the false security behind my two bullock-trunks, yet I was very glad to be sent back to duty next morning. For immediately after fire was opened by the enemy on the morning of December 1, the regiment had been ordered to quit the camp for the day, and, moving under cover of the ruined huts in the old native infantry lines nearer to the enemy's position, get underneath the shot and shell fire, which was really directed not at our camp, but at the tents of the Commander-in-Chief and his staff, pitched some distance in our rear. Accordingly, for the four following days that our camp remained in that position, the regiment was marched, shortly after nine o'clock every morning, out of camp towards the canal, and remained there till after sunset. Every forenoon from December 1 the same rebel field battery opened fire on the Chief's tents, and kept it up all day, the shot and shell meant for him playing havoc with the tent equipage and camp-followers in the 93rd camp. In the

course of the day, on December 1, when this game began, and I myself, being on the sick-list, had to see it through in my tent, an attack was made on the pickets in front of the centre and right of the British position about five p.m.

At an earlier period in the afternoon Colonel Ewart had his left arm shattered by a small round-shot. He was Brigade Field Officer of the day, and had been visiting the brigade posts on our side of the canal; returning to where his regiment had been ordered under cover, he had dismounted, and was standing clear of the ruined huts 'for the purpose of seeing, if possible, what the mutineers were about.'* Colonel Ewart had to submit to a double amputation of the stump, after his arm, which was hanging by a shred of skin, had been detached with a pair of scissors, the first operation having proved unsuccessful. In a climate like India, even in the 'cold weather' of the North-West Provinces, this double operation must have proved a severe trial for his constitution, especially as our field hospitals at Cawnpore were devoid of every hospital comfort. Fortunately for his country, he survived it, and in the course of the next year was appointed Aide-de-camp to the Queen. He exchanged into the 78th Highlanders—the Seaforth Highlanders or Rosshire Buffs—and took over the command of that regiment shortly after they landed at Fort George, in Invernesshire, from India, in October, 1858. In 1877 he commanded the Allahabad division. Afterwards he was appointed Colonel of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders. He is now General Sir John Alexander Ewart, K.C.B., Colonel of the battalion under whose colours he *earned*, as I have previously related, *but did not receive*, the Victoria Cross. That battalion is now the Second Battalion the Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of which the 'linked battalions' are the 91st and 93rd Highlanders.

* 'The Story of a Soldier's Life,' by Lieut-General John Alexander Ewart, C.B.

I was reminded, when reading Sir John Ewart's book, 'The Story of a Soldier's Life,' how shabbily the British officer was treated in India during the Mutiny campaigns, when he had the misfortune to fall so seriously ill or be so severely wounded as to necessitate his being invalided to a sanatorium or home to Great Britain. I believe the same regulations are in force to this day, and are hardly worthy of the richest nation in the world. When thus invalided from an army in the field, all his travelling expenses have to be defrayed by himself. Surely that 'grateful country' of which one hears so much might meet all expenses connected with the conveyance to and from home or a sanatorium of all officers, from a Subaltern to a Field-Marshal, who, during any campaign, are, by sickness contracted or wounds received in their country's service, rendered for a time unfit for duty. At present it becomes a severe tax on the slender resources of the poor commissioned officer to meet the expenses of a journey, say, from the North-West Frontier of India to Great Britain and back.

'After fifty-four days of suffering and anxiety,' Colonel Ewart, finding himself in a very weak state, and, of course, very helpless, owing to the unaccustomed loss of one arm, was recommended by a Medical Board at Cawnpore for eighteen months' leave of absence for the restoration of his health, and was officially informed that he could start as soon as he liked. 'The question,' he writes, 'now arose, How was I to get to Calcutta? *for it became evident I should have to get there the best way I could, without any help from the authorities.** The distance was just 628 miles, and I was not in a particularly fit state to travel.' Here we have a case where not only would the 'grateful country' *not pay* for the carriage of an officer wounded most severely in its service, but would not even arrange to provide him with any sort of conveyance at his own expense! Of course all carriage is

* The italics are mine.—W. G. A.

provided, and all expenses are paid, for the sick and wounded non-commissioned officers and men; but are not the commissioned ranks equally entitled to the same consideration from their countrymen, when, either from wounds received or sickness contracted in the course of a campaign, they have been invalided?

Nothing particular occurred either on December 2 or 3, as between ourselves and the enemy, but on the night of the 3rd the convoy, which had been such a serious charge since we escorted it out of the Residency on November 22, now augmented by all cases of the more seriously wounded which were fit for removal, was at last started off for Allahabad. Those sick and wounded officers and men who were likely soon to be fit for duty again were moved into Windham's entrenchment.

The Commander-in-Chief was now at liberty to concert measures for driving the rebels out of Cawnpore for good, smashing up that formidable Gwalior contingent (which had certainly done credit to their training under British officers previous to the Mutiny, by the thrashing they had administered to Windham and his force before we returned from the relief of Lucknow), and wreaking upon the treacherous murderers of our comrades of the Cawnpore garrison and their women and children the just vengeance due to their dastardly crimes. These actual murderers were amongst the forces under the Nana Sahib and his brothers, composed partly of mutinied Sepoys, and partly of the personal retainers of the Nana, who now faced us in the city of Cawnpore and along the banks of the Ganges canal to its south.

Reinforcements from Allahabad had been daily arriving, in small detachments certainly, since we recrossed the Ganges on the morning of November 29, and the spirits of the whole army rose at the prospect of our forced inaction being about to terminate.

On December 4, the enemy again repeated the attempts they had made on November 29 to set fire to the bridge of boats across the Ganges into Oudh with fire-rafts; but, as on the first occasion, their attempts were easily frustrated by Peel's sailors, who were much more in their element on the waters of the Ganges than the Pandies were.

On the afternoon of the 5th, the left picket of the British army, composed of 100 men of the 93rd Highlanders under Captain R. S. Williams; three guns of Remmington's troop Bengal Horse Artillery, and a troop of the 9th Lancers, the whole under the command of Fawcett of the 9th Lancers, posted out on the plain on our extreme left, in front of the canal, were attacked by the rebels in some force, their artillery opening fire, while a large body of infantry made a feint to turn the left flank of the picket. Sir Colin promptly brought up reinforcements of the three arms, guns, cavalry and infantry, and the display was so imposing, that it seemed to take the heart out of the rebel leader, for he speedily abandoned the attack.

CHAPTER XII.

BATTLE OF CAWNPORE AND THE DEFEAT OF THE GWALIOR CONTINGENT.

SUNDAY, December 6, dawned with a cloudless sky, and with such a clear and cool atmosphere as one enjoys in the northern plains of India throughout the months of December and January. The 93rd paraded early behind the ruined Sepoy huts, where the regiment had taken shelter from the daily fire of round-shot and shell on the tents since the morning of the 1st. I myself had been on outlying picket opposite the bazaar at the south-east corner of the city, with the canal between us and the enemy, since the evening of the 4th, having volunteered to do a double turn of outlying picket, where there was some shooting at the Pandies all day, to escape the tedium of passing another day behind the old Sepoy huts doing nothing. On rejoining the regiment early that Sunday morning, I found the tents all struck and being sent off with the tents and baggage of the whole army to the deep nullahs along the banks of the Ganges, well to our rear and to the south-east of Windham's entrenchment, out of the range of the enemy's guns.

The men now breakfasted, and Sir Colin summoned the Brigadiers and officers commanding regiments and corps, and carefully explained to them and their respective staff officers his plan of operations, which was, in a few words, to make two false attacks, one on the enemy's left and

another on his centre, but to direct the real attack on their right.

The Commander-in-Chief's force now consisted of the same cavalry corps which had been with us at the relief of Lucknow, viz., the 9th Lancers, and squadrons of the 1st, 2nd and 5th Panjab Cavalry and Hodson's Horse, commanded by Brigadier Little of the 9th Lancers. The Engineers were under Colonel Harness. The artillery consisted of the heavy guns of the Naval Brigade, under Peel; Longden's mortar battery; Blunt and Remmington's troops of Horse Artillery, with Bourchier's, Bridge's, Middleton's and Smith's field-batteries, under the command of Major-General Dupuis. The infantry was divided into four brigades. The third brigade, commanded by Brigadier Greathed, consisted of the remnant of the 8th Foot, of the 64th Foot, and of the 2nd Panjab Infantry; the fourth brigade, under Colonel the Honourable Adrian Hope, 93rd, was composed of the 53rd Foot, the 42nd and 93rd Highlanders, and the old comrades-in-arms of the latter at the storming of the Sikandarbagh, the 4th Panjab Rifles; the fifth brigade, commanded by Brigadier Inglis, included the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers and the 32nd and 82nd Foot; the sixth brigade, commanded by Brigadier Walpole, was made up of the 2nd and 3rd battalions of the Rifle Brigade and a detachment of the 38th Foot; in all some 5,000 infantry, 600 cavalry, and 35 guns, opposed, as I have previously recorded, by 25,000 rebels and some 40 or 50 guns, the whole under the command of Tantia Topi, a follower of the Nana, the organizer of the Cawnpore massacres, and the ablest commander the rebels had. The Commander-in-Chief's design, again to quote from *Blackwood*, 'was to reinforce his left with all his available troops—to throw himself with it upon the rebel right, defeat it before it could be reinforced from the centre, seize the camp of the Gwalior contingent, and establish himself *à cheval* upon their line of retreat, thus at once striking at his enemy's com-

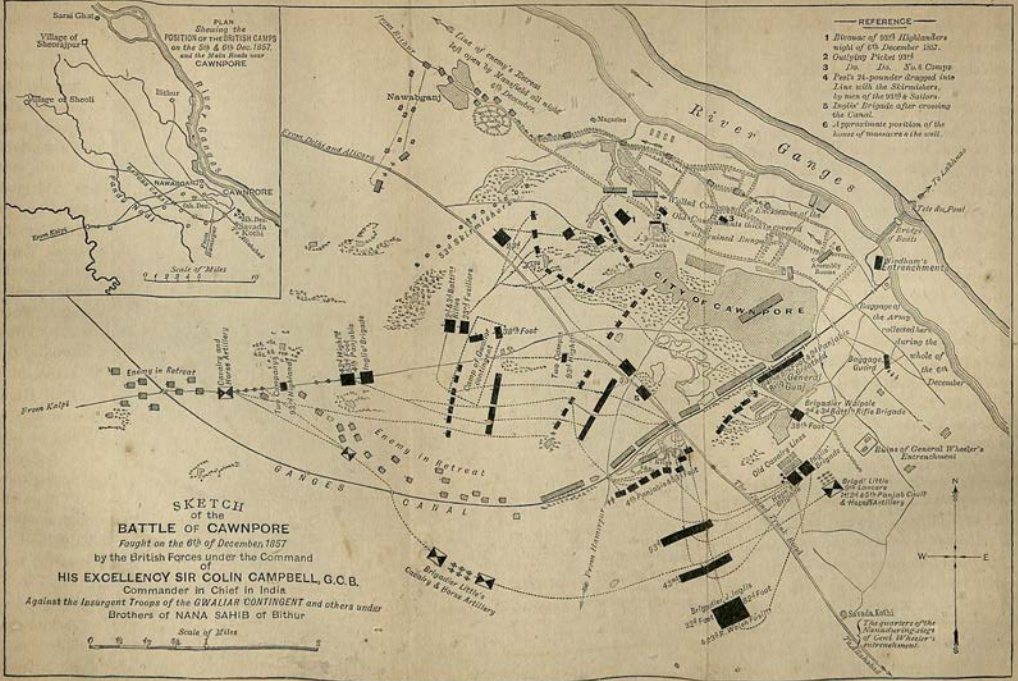
munications, whilst he preserved his own.' The most advanced post of the army occupied the suburb called Generalgunj, facing the enemy's centre along the canal, which had been held since November 30 by Greathed's brigade. Whilst Greathed continued to occupy this position, Windham was ordered to open from every gun in the entrenchment as heavy a fire as possible on the enemy's left, to induce him to believe that the real attack was to be delivered there close to the right bank of the Ganges. Immediately on Greathed's left, Walpole, with the sixth brigade, was to cross the canal, and, hugging the western boundary of the city, prevent any assistance from those inside reaching their right when our attack was developed.

When the men had finished their breakfast, the fourth brigade, under Hope, and the fifth brigade, under Inglis, were marched to the left rear of Greathed's position, behind, and concealed from the enemy by the unfinished buildings of the old cavalry lines, where also the Horse Artillery and cavalry were massed (*see plan overleaf*). From nine a.m. till eleven a.m. the roar of Windham's artillery, answered by that of the enemy on their left, and the rattle of Greathed's musketry continued, without an indication of the war-cloud which had gathered, as above described, on the rebel right. Whilst our brigade (the fourth) and Inglis's were waiting for the order to advance, Sir Colin rode up to each regiment and informed us that he had heard by telegram of the safe arrival of the women and children and the sick and wounded at Allahabad. He then told us that we were now about to punish both the Gwalior contingent and the followers of the Nana that day, and he trusted, when the enemy's camp fell into our hands, the ranks would not be broken for the purpose of plundering, and that the men would be especially careful not to drink any of the native spirit which, he had information, was stored in the Gwalior camp in large quantities, and had been drugged by the enemy in case it should fall into the hands of the British,

but that the men, as well as the officers, would assist in breaking the earthenware vessels containing it wherever they came across it.

At eleven o'clock the order was given for the advance. Walpole's brigade, supported by Smith's field-battery, immediately rushed the bridge across the canal close to the city boundaries, a heavy fire being at the same time opened from the 24-pounders of the Naval Brigade, Longden's mortars, and Bourchier's and Middleton's field-batteries, which were massed on Walpole's left, upon the brick-kilns and great mounds on our side of the canal, held in force by the enemy. Hope's and Inglis's brigades then moved out into the open plain to our left, in the direction of the Grand Trunk Road, and concealed from the view of the enemy by the clouds of dust raised by the Horse Artillery and cavalry moving on our right and between us and the enemy. When well clear of all enclosures, and in front of the brick-kilns, Hope's brigade deployed into two lines, the 93rd forming the front line, covered by the 4th Panjab Rifles in skirmishing order, with the 53rd Foot in support, and the 42nd Highlanders in a second line, about one hundred yards in rear of the 93rd, Brigadier Inglis's brigade following in line of contiguous columns, as a reserve. Whilst we were deploying into line, the Horse Artillery and cavalry, continuing their flank movement, cleared our front, with orders to cross the canal by a bridge about two miles off, and be ready to cut off the retreat of the Gwalior contingent along the Kalpi road.

Although the enemy were clearly taken by surprise, they rapidly brought up a number of field guns on their side of the canal, and, firing over the heads of our skirmishers, very rapidly and with great precision, brought their round-shot and shrapnel-shell to bear upon the 93rd line. Shortly after the 93rd commenced the advance in line, Sir Colin galloped up with some of his staff just when the shot and shell fire was at its hottest, and placing himself in front of the colours



SKETCH
of the
BATTLE OF CAWNPORE
Fought on the 6th of December, 1857
by the British Forces under the Command
of
HIS EXCELLENCY SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, G.C.B.
Commander in Chief in India
Against the Insurgent Troops of the GWALIAR CONTINGENT and others under
Brothers of NANA SAHIB of Bithur

Scale of Miles

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(which then, as always during the Mutiny, were in their cases), led the regiment himself. Being in No. 6 Company, which, owing to No. 5 being a weak company, brought me very close to the colours, I was privileged to hear the Chief use some distinctly strong language when, as was quite natural and under the circumstances pardonable, the men would open the ranks to let a ricochet round-shot bowl harmlessly through, instead of attempting to treat it as a cricket-ball. The Chief, thinking it was unsteadiness on the men's part, grew more excited, but really the files would fall to the rear as they saw the shot coming, and double back into their places so steadily that no confusion whatever ensued. But Sir Colin would turn round in his saddle first to his right and then to his left swearing angrily, and latterly, I think, including us officers in his maledictions for not stopping the men thus dodging the cannon-balls. I fancy, however, that the four companies in the centre of the line and nearest the colours encountered more of these unpleasant-looking iron bowls than the other six companies on the flanks did. Owing to this manner of receiving the round-shot, the casualties in the 93rd Highlanders during this advance in line were surprisingly few, only one man being killed, I believe, who belonged to my company, No. 6—fewer, indeed, than those of the 42nd Highlanders in line behind us, whose commanding officer, Colonel Cameron, had his horse killed under him.

When the 4th Panjabis arrived within easy distance of the brick-kilns and their rubbish-heaps, whence the enemy were pouring on them a well-sustained musketry-fire, they charged up and over and round the position, and, splendidly supported by the Paddies of the 53rd Foot—for the majority of that regiment were at that time Irishmen—drove the Sepoys across the Grand Trunk Road canal bridge, to the other side of the canal. Here, however, the enemy made a stand, bringing up reinforcements and some guns which swept the bridge with grape. But Peel with his sailors, when the fire

of his heavy battery upon the brick-kilns was stopped by their occupation by the 4th Panjabis and the 53rd Foot, had harnessed his bullocks again to his big 24-pounders, and slowly forged ahead along the Trunk Road towards the bridge. He thus opportunely reached the skirmishers just as this check occurred. The bullocks were immediately unyoked, and, dragged by the sailors and some 53rd men, a big gun was run across the bridge regardless of the grape-shot which swept it.

In Sir Colin's despatches describing this battle, he took the unusual course of 'mentioning in despatches' a private soldier, viz., Private Hannaford of the 53rd Foot, for conspicuous gallantry in leading across the bridge with Captain Peel. When well across the bridge Peel opened fire up the Trunk Road. In the meantime, the enemy's guns from the other side of the canal still continuing to pound us with shot and shell, the 93rd, having edged to the right in the direction of the bridge thus crossed by Peel, executed, with astonishing steadiness, that rather difficult old parade manœuvre of advancing in double column of sections from the centre, for the purpose of crossing the bridge, and did so under a tremendous fire of grape, evidently directed from guns in the plain both to our right and left front, Peel's 24-pounder, when it opened fire, being engaged in silencing a rebel field-battery posted straight up the road, and not having time to attend to them. Now, although this shower of grape-shot did very little damage, being badly aimed over our heads, yet the very *swish* of grape can easily have an unsteadying effect on any troops who may come under it, especially when they happen to be in column as we were, and executing such a difficult manœuvre.

Malleson, at p. 190, vol. iv., of his History, says that Peel 'planted the gun on the bridge and opened fire.' This is obviously a mistake, for had he done so he would have blocked the bridge for us, and created confusion in our ranks.

Had there been 'war correspondents' with the army on that day, I am certain that the magnificent steadiness of our men, in correctly executing at the double a difficult parade manœuvre under such an alarming fire of grape blended with shell and round-shot, would have elicited from a Russell or an Archibald Forbes very high encomiums upon the men who performed it. As soon as the 93rd had cleared the bridge, we were moved down off the road, which was embanked here, to our right, and advanced at a shortened pace, still in double columns of sections, alongside of the road, the enemy's guns limbering up all along the British front, and retiring across the plain they occupied towards their camp some two miles off, and also up the Trunk Road. When the 4th Panjabis and the 53rd Foot had crossed the bridge in front of us, they had opened out again and advanced right and left of the Trunk Road in skirmishing order, the enemy retiring before them all along the line, and abandoning some of their guns in their hurry. While the 93rd were moving at the side of the Trunk Road, Bourchier's field-battery passed the skirmishers at a gallop, and opened fire at easy range with grape-shot on the Gwalior camp. After the artillery had fired a few rounds, the Panjabis and 53rd Foot caught them up and passed them, rushing through the camp in pursuit of those fugitive Sepoys who had been left in charge of it, or who, being off duty, had unexpectedly found themselves within reach of the avengers, unaware that the day had been lost.

The 93rd was still marching along the north-west side of the Trunk Road at a shortened pace, covered by some of the 53rd in skirmishing order, when Peel, who had again yoked his team of bullocks to his 24-pounder, managed to get the great gun, which was on the road, for a short time in line with the head of our column, by dint of much shouting of his sailors and screwing the bullocks' tails to make them trot. But the enemy's artillery was retiring very slowly in front of

us, halting now and then to give us a dose of round-shot, and two of their guns on the Trunk Road in front of Peel managed to get his range, and knocked over some of his bullocks, whereupon the rest of the drivers bolted and the gun was brought to a standstill. This drove Peel perfectly frantic, for he wanted again to have his gun along with the line of skirmishers, and to open a fire which would make short work of the field-guns opposed to him. Accordingly, as the 93rd was slowly passing the gun, he appealed to the officers of the left wing—for we were still in the formation of double column of sections — who were leading their respective sections to bring out some score of men to assist him to haul the gun along again. But as the battalion was marching at attention, no one cared to fall out of the ranks without leave from Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, commanding, or Brigadier Hope, who was also riding at the head of the regiment. As a sailor, I suppose, it never occurred to Peel to ask Colonel Leith Hay to assist him, who would, no doubt, have obtained the Brigadier's permission readily and at once; so, as my subdivision came abreast of the gun, he most earnestly appealed to me by name (for, since taking over from Captain Peel at Allahabad the charge of the siege equipment, etc., on October 26, I had frequently met him on and off duty, and had conceived a great admiration and liking for him), saying: 'Come now, Alexander, I'm sure *you'll* give me a hand with some of your fellows, and not let my gun be put out of action.' Without taking time to think, I called out, 'All right, sir!' and adding to the men of my subdivision, 'Come along, men!' returned my sword and climbed up the bank on to the road, followed by all my men, who were joined by a good many of the men of other companies in rear of No. 6. The men, slinging their rifles, helped the sailors to unyoke the unwounded bullocks and haul the dead or wounded ones out of the way of the gun, and then we all seized hold of the ropes the sailors handed

us, and started with loud cheers up the road, to Peel's exuberant delight. As the big 24-pounder began to get way on, we were able to break into a double; so that we passed the 93rd easily, and got into the line of skirmishers before I was obliged to fall out and sit down on the embankment to regain my breath. Calling out to me, 'I'll never forget this, Alexander!' Peel stopped the gun and brought it into action, knocking over one of the enemy's two field-guns, which all this time had been pounding at us down the road with round-shot, and making them abandon the other, while I sat on the bank with the non-commissioned officers and men who had assisted Peel out of his difficulty, till the regiment came up. When we rose to rejoin our companies again, Peel called for three cheers from the sailors for the 93rd, which were given, whilst they continued to load and fire as fast as they could. I saluted the Brigadier and Colonel Hay as they passed at the head of the regiment, and they made no remark about the little episode; but my Captain was very angry indeed, and saluted me with the query as to 'Who gave you leave, sir, to quit the ranks in that fashion?' adding that he would take me before the Colonel at the first halt. This he accordingly did, and, as I was explaining to Colonel Leith Hay how Captain Peel had appealed to me personally, Brigadier Hope rode up and made some remark to Colonel Hay, and then, turning to me, said, with his kindly smile, 'That will do, sir; you can rejoin your company.' And so it came about that I received a 'wigging' for assisting Peel to do what Sir Colin thought worth a special paragraph in his despatch describing the battle, which ran thus: 'On this occasion there was the sight beheld of 24-pounder guns advancing with the first line of skirmishers.' My Captain on that occasion is still alive, and I think must recollect that 'wigging.'

The Gwalior contingent, with whom we had been engaged all the morning, were now in full retreat, and their camp—full of every description of property from the city, the canton-

ments, and the plundered stores of soldiers' kits and clothing which they had found in the Assembly Rooms and adjoining buildings—fell into our hands, besides the property captured by them in Windham's camp (which included, by the way, the big drums and the whole of the band instruments of two of the English regiments under his command, and the complete kits of most of the officers of his force, who saved little more than what they stood up in when driven into the entrenchments), and a welcome supply of fine gun-bullocks and a great quantity of grain. The Chief was now most anxious to follow up the flying foe, but was waiting for the Horse Artillery and cavalry to do so. They had been sent at eleven a.m. to make a detour and cross the canal some two miles further up, and now it was past one o'clock, and there was no sign of them. Whilst the Chief waited, he made a fresh disposition of his troops by placing the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers and a detachment of the 38th Foot as a guard over the deserted camp. To his Chief of the Staff, Major-General Mansfield, he entrusted the task of dealing with the followers of the Nana Sahib who still occupied the city of Cawnpore and constituted the whole left wing of our opponents. To Mansfield Sir Colin gave the two battalions of the Rifle Brigade, in addition to eight companies of the 93rd Highlanders, Longden's heavy and Middleton's field-battery.*

By two o'clock Sir Colin had with himself the 53rd Foot, the 42nd Highlanders, two companies of the 93rd Highlanders, and the 4th Panjab Rifles of Hope's brigade—but

* Malleson, in his 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. iv., p. 193, writes: 'General Mansfield took with him the whole of the infantry with which Sir Colin had turned the enemy's right wing, with the exception of the 23rd and a wing of the 38th.' This is incorrect, for *none* of the infantry, European or native, except those mentioned by me in the text, belonging to the 4th, 5th, and 6th Infantry Brigades, with which Sir Colin had cut off the right wing of the enemy from their centre and left, were placed under Mansfield's command, because they were either actively employed in the pursuit along the Kalpi road or at other parts of the field.

Brigadier Hope himself accompanied Mansfield—and of Inglis's brigade the Chief had with him the 32nd and 82nd Foot. Sir Colin waited, curbing his impatience, till two o'clock in the afternoon, when he suddenly announced to his staff and to Hope Grant that he had decided to follow up the fugitives himself, with Bourchier's field-battery, his own staff, and his cavalry escort, together with Hope Grant and his staff, the infantry above named to follow as best they could under Inglis's command.

Bourchier, in his 'Eight Months' Campaign against the Bengal Sepoys,' writes of this pursuit:

'For two miles without a check the pursuit was carried on by the battery alone' (Bourchier's), 'accompanied by Hope Grant and his staff. Four times in that distance did we come into action, to clear our front and flanks, until General Grant, thinking wisely we were too far from our supports, determined to wait till the cavalry arrived. A halt was called, not until it was required, for the horses, though in the condition of racers, had felt the pace. A small cloud, coming nearer and nearer, is seen on the left; the head of the cavalry column debouches from a grove; the order for a further pursuit is given; the cavalry spread like lightning over the plain in skirmishing order; Sir Colin takes the lead; the pursuit is continued to the fourteenth milestone, assuming all the character of a fox-hunt.'

Neither Colonel Malleson in his History, nor Lord Roberts in his memoirs, seem to be aware of the fact that most of the 4th Panjabis and 53rd Foot, and the two companies of the 93rd who joined in that exciting chase, being all well-seasoned walkers by this time, also reached the Pandu Nadi, fourteen miles from Cawnpore, before they discontinued the pursuit. Lord Roberts speaks of having met Inglis's brigade when he was half-way back to Cawnpore, but that must have been the main body, composed of the 42nd Highlanders and the 32nd and 82nd Foot, for the 53rd,

93rd, and 4th Panjabis marched at the rate of about 4 miles an hour the whole distance, the majority of them, however, managing to ride back to their bivouac on the guns, tumbrils, ammunition and baggage waggons captured from the enemy. In confirmation of this assertion, I would point to the following paragraph in Sir Colin's despatch: 'Without losing any time, the pursuit with cavalry, *infantry*' (the italics are mine), 'and light artillery, was pressed with the greatest eagerness *to the fourteenth milestone* on the Calpee road. . . .' Some seventeen siege and field guns altogether were captured and brought in that night, besides tumbrils, ammunition and baggage waggons, and all sorts of country carts, the last of the 93rd men not reaching their bivouac, at the junction of the Grand Trunk and Kalpi roads, till past midnight, when they proceeded to kill some of the bullocks they had driven in, and to cook and eat them.

As I have before mentioned, the centre and left of the rebel army, under Tantia Topi, were entirely cut off by Brigadier Walpole's brigade from rendering any assistance to their right wing, which we had defeated and dispersed, as I have above described. About two p.m. Major-General Mansfield, assuming the command of the two battalions of the Rifle Brigade and eight companies of the 93rd Highlanders (of which my company, No. 6, was one), formed us in line to the right, covered by the whole of the Rifles, with no reserves,* and advanced in that formation towards the line of retreat of those rebels now shut up in Cawnpore, along the Bithur and other roads leading out of the city, in rear of their

* In continuation of my footnote at p. 178, *ante*, I would point out that Malleson's distribution of the troops at the disposal of General Mansfield is incorrect, owing to his original error in imagining that Mansfield had a larger force of infantry than that detailed by me in the text. In point of fact, I do not believe that even a cavalry escort was provided for either Middleton's guns or Longden's mortars, the Commander-in-Chief having taken every available mounted man with him in pursuit of the Gwalior contingent.

centre and left. On the north-west of the city, and close to the Bithur road, there was a large water-tank or pond faced with brickwork, called the Subahdar's Tank, which Sir Colin ordered Mansfield to occupy. He no doubt deemed it unnecessary to give any further instructions to his Chief of the Staff—on whom, up to that time, he had always seemed to place great reliance—as to how he was afterwards to make use of the troops placed at his disposal to intercept the retreat of the Nana's followers then hemmed in in Cawnpore, and compel them at least to abandon all their guns, baggage, and plunder of every description.*

General Mansfield, having moved us to within, perhaps, 1,000 yards of the tank, which was on our right front, halted both the skirmishers and the 93rd, and, to the bewilderment of everyone, from the drummer-boys to the Brigadiers (Hope and Walpole), directed us to 'stand at ease,' the Rifle Brigade having, of course, as skirmishers, lain down. The enemy continued to bring up more and more field-guns to bear on our line, with which they dosed the Rifles with grape-shot and ourselves with round-shot and shrapnel, Lieutenant Stirling of the 93rd having his thigh shattered by a round-shot, which took off the left arm of a young lance-corporal standing behind him, while a few minutes afterwards General Mansfield was himself wounded by a shrapnel bullet which burst immediately over the centre of the line, killing one man and wounding four others. Upon this, Brigadier Hope, who was close to Mansfield when he was wounded, suggested, in my hearing, that we should be directed to lie down, and Mansfield in his usual ungracious way having accorded

* As to Sir Colin feeling that 'the occupation of this position would . . . force the surrender of the entire force of the enemy,' as suggested by Malleson at p. 192, vol. iv., of his History, Colonel Malleson must have forgotten that throughout the whole war we never gave quarter to the mutineers, and it is not in the least likely that those more or less implicated in the massacres would have dreamed of surrendering under any circumstances whatever, certainly not on the scene of their crimes.

permission, Hope gave the order, 'Lie down, 93rd!' in a short, sharp, irritated tone of voice.*

As the enemy had now got our range beautifully, and our inaction was—as is invariably the case with all Orientals—giving them fresh courage, as was apparent from the fact that they were actually beginning to bring up infantry and cavalry amongst the groves of trees and enclosures along our front in support of their guns, even our obstinate and incapable commander began to see that the position we occupied, as a target for the enemy's artillery practice, would very soon be no longer tenable; for we still continued to lose men, and it seemed not impossible that they would even venture to attack us. Hope made no effort to conceal his annoyance, but, evidently owing to his previous offers of advice having been surlily received, he did not attempt to speak to Mansfield again. As to the feeling in the ranks and amongst the officers, the whole battalion was seething with rage, and the men were giving vent to their opinions of Mansfield's inaction in no measured terms, with very uncomplimentary wishes that the respective destinations of the round-shot that knocked poor Stirling and the lance-corporal over and the shrapnel bullet which hit Mansfield might have been reversed. Mansfield now ordered us, the 93rd, to rise, and, the bugles sounding the advance, our men responded with a cheer, imagining, of course, that at last we were to be let slip at the enemy. It must have been about five o'clock p.m. when we thus resumed our advance, the Rifles and our artillery easily clearing our front as soon as the enemy thought we meant business. Mansfield, however, did not mean business, for we had not continued to advance far beyond the tank and get amongst the houses and enclosures of the ruined cantonments when we were

* Poor Stirling died of his wound in the field hospital a few days afterwards. Major Stirling of the 64th, who was killed serving with Windham's force on November 28, was the husband of Lieutenant Stirling's sister.

again ordered to halt, this time, however, free from any annoyance from either the enemy's artillery or even infantry fire, as, doubtless, their leaders had not realized that it could possibly be the deliberate intention of a British General to allow the whole rebel forces now hemmed in within the city to escape at their leisure, horse, foot, and artillery. Yet so it was, for in Major-General Mansfield's own despatch to the Commander-in-Chief we read: 'Their guns might have been taken, but I refrained from giving the necessary order, being aware that it was contrary to your Excellency's wish to involve the troops among the enclosures and houses of the cantonments.' Yet the writer of such a despatch was, some years afterwards, entrusted with the chief command of the army in India, with results which I shall leave the historian to record,*

* In Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. iv., pp. 192, 193, he thus sums up Mansfield's character and attainments: 'General Mansfield was in many respects a remarkable man. Tall and soldierly in appearance, it was impossible for anyone to look at his face without feeling certain that the man before whom he stood possessed more than ordinary ability. Conversation with him always confirmed that impression. Mansfield was a man of more than ordinary ability. He could write well, he could speak well, he was quick in mastering details, he possessed the advocate's ability of making a bad cause a good one. He had that within him to procure him eminence in any profession, excepting one: he was not, and could never have become, a great soldier. Possessing undoubted personal courage, he was yet not a general at all, except in name. The fault was not altogether his own. Nature, kind to him in many other respects, had denied him the penetrating glance which enables a man to take in, on the instant, the exact lay of affairs in the field. His vision, indeed, was so defective that he was forced to depend for information regarding the most trivial movements upon the report of others. This was in itself a great misfortune. It was, in the case of Mansfield, made irreparable by a haughtiness and innate reserve which shrank from reliance upon anyone but himself. He disliked advice, and though swayed, perhaps too easily, by those whom he loved and trusted, he was impatient of even the semblance of control from men who were brought in contact with him only officially and in a subordinate position.' The correctness of this summary of General Mansfield's character is unlikely to be challenged by anyone, not on his personal staff, who ever had the misfortune to serve under him.

and in 1871 was made a Peer by Mr. Gladstone for political services, certainly not for any distinguished military qualifications.

That night five companies of the regiment bivouacked in a grove of trees near the Subahdar's Tank, the Light Company and No. 2 occupying a house on the north side of the Bithur road as an outlying picket, and consequently blocking that road for retreat from the city (*see plan*). My company, No. 6, under Captain Burroughs, occupied the outhouses of one of the numerous ruined bungalows in the civil station nearer the river, and in the course of the night the outlying sentries of No. 6 reported to me that they were continually being called upon to challenge rebels both on foot and horseback, who tried to pass out of the town in their flight along a road in a rather deep cutting. Across this road Burroughs had received instructions not to go, with the object, apparently, of leaving it open for fugitives from the city, but I contrived to advance a double sentry across it, and placed another double sentry in the road itself, with orders to all of them to blaze away at everybody coming from Cawnpore, thus effectually blocking *that* bolt hole. I did not deem it necessary to report this redistribution of the sentries to my Captain, however, who, as he was the responsible commander of the picket, might, perhaps, have felt constrained to carry out Mansfield's orders more rigidly. I quote this incident as an illustration of the intensely hostile distrust of Mansfield felt by all ranks. All night long we were exasperated by hearing the rumble of guns and tumbrils, and the dull murmur of a fugitive multitude fleeing from the city by the one or two remaining roads now left open to them between us and the Ganges. Yet there we were, tied by Mansfield's orders not to interfere with their retreat.

The Light Company and No. 2 were fortunate enough to find a well-furnished house, originally belonging to some British civil officer before the Mutiny, which had escaped

being burnt, and afterwards had been used by the rebels as a hospital. Brigadier Hope made it his headquarters, and such large quantities of native-made rose-water were discovered, that the officers quartered there for the night were enabled to refresh themselves with rose-water baths. No meat rations were served out to the men, but I think that at regimental headquarters, as well as at our two outlying pickets, we all managed to capture bullocks or calves to make a meal of, while the five companies with the regimental headquarters of the 93rd found under the trees where they bivouacked the little cooking-places of the Sepoys, with fires still burning, and plenty of boiled rice and chapatis ready for them. Both No. 6 Company and the Light Company with No. 2 were able to add some pigeons to the stew. The two last-named companies, with Hope's headquarters, also found an immense store of brandy and other spirits, champagne and other wines ('hospital comforts,' in short), which it was unfortunately necessary, in the interests of discipline, to have destroyed there and then, as there was no means of either locking it up for the night, or of removing it to camp next morning. Tosh, like Tommy Atkins, can be safely entrusted with the care of boundless wealth—in gold and silver coin—but hardly with a wine-cellar. The men of No. 6 were fortunate enough to find a calf, and with the pigeons and a quantity of very good asparagus I found in the garden of our ruined bungalow, we soon had a tolerably palatable 'sort o' a hash' ready. The cooking was done in some of the excellent cooking utensils we found about the place, over a fire which we lit inside one of the outhouses, so as not to attract the enemy's attention. The repast was served to officers and men on some very beautiful French china, quantities of which were littered about, the spoils, no doubt, from the house of a senior civilian, whose owner had probably been murdered at the outbreak of the Mutiny.

Although our picket could not boast of a supply of rose-

water sufficient to bathe in, like the Light Company and No. 2, we were able to indulge in a most refreshing wash in abundance of good clear water, before we sat down to our meal. We were preparing to enjoy it after that wash, when an unforeseen difficulty confronted us. It was discovered by Burroughs and myself, to whom the men had politely handed the first plates of soup, that salt was badly wanted, neither meat nor vegetables having been seasoned with any during the cooking. After searching my sporran, where I usually carried a reserve supply, and asking everyone near me if they could oblige, it was found that there was not enough salt amongst us to make the otherwise savoury mess eatable. I do not think there was an officer or man present who would have believed, till he tried, how absolutely impossible it is to eat flesh, fowl or vegetables cooked without salt. Without saying anything to anybody, I cautiously essayed with my broth some gunpowder out of a cartridge; it looked very unpleasant, but was otherwise a complete success—'villainous saltpetre' no longer—and we thus all surmounted the difficulty and appeased our hunger, opening up some cartridges for salt-cellars. The crowning luxury that night was the construction of delightfully soft beds for both officers and men to lie on, out of great quantities of tow we found, over which everyone had, in addition, handsome wadded Indian silk quilts to spread and to cover himself with. Since quitting the camp at the Alambagh on the morning of November 27, we had slept—the officers on their 'little truckle beds' and the men on the ground—fully dressed and accoutred, so the contrast was most agreeable.

Although the defeat of the right wing of Tantia Topi's force, composed of the Gwalior contingent, had, under the Commander-in-Chief's personal directions, been complete and overwhelming, the victory was rendered indecisive by the extraordinary tactics of Major-General Mansfield in dealing with the centre and left of that force, composed of the

LIEUT: COLONEL THE HONBLE ADRIAN HOPE,

93RD HIGHLANDERS

followers of the Nana, and permitting them to make good their retreat, with all their guns, ammunition and stores, on Bithur. Major-General Mansfield had mistaken his profession: he should either have been a lawyer, a politician—he owed his peerage to his politics—or perhaps a permanent official at the Treasury, but never a soldier.

On the morning of December 7 the pickets of the 93rd were withdrawn, and the regiment reassembled on ground marked out for our tents near the captured camp of the Gwalior contingent. Early in the morning a force was sent into the city of Cawnpore to patrol it in every direction, and found that the enemy had entirely evacuated it, and had, of course, availed themselves of Mansfield's inaction to carry off all their guns, war material, and stores of every description, without the loss of a man. Thus only one half of Tantia Topi's army had been vanquished and dispersed, and the remainder, owing to the Chief of the Staff's bad generalship, remained to be dealt with. But as the whole of Sir Colin's Lucknow force had been, so to speak, under arms night and day from the time we struck our tents at the Alambagh on November 27 till now, it was necessary that the troops should have a good night's rest before any of us could be detached in pursuit of those whom General Mansfield had so obligingly let pass.

Advantage was taken of this halt, after our tents came up from Cawnpore, and were pitched in the afternoon by the regimental Quartermasters, to supply the non-commissioned officers and men whose kits had been burnt in Cawnpore, as previously recorded, with such substitutes for their own shirts and socks as had been captured in the pursuit of the enemy down the Kalpi road and in the camp of the Gwalior contingent. The 42nd Highlanders were detailed to relieve the 93rd and 53rd of all brigade duties for that night, as Sir Colin had decided that Brigadier the Honourable Adrian Hope's command should furnish the infantry for the flying column which was to start in pursuit next day. The troops detailed for this

duty, therefore, were the 53rd Foot, the 42nd and 93rd Highlanders, the 4th Panjab Rifles, 551 mounted troops, Remmington's troop of Horse Artillery, Middleton's Field Battery, and 100 sappers. About noon on the 8th the Chief ordered a parade of Hope's brigade, and, calling the officers of each regiment to the front, informed us that we had now to undertake a forced march to overtake the Nana and Tantia Topi, who, with their followers and guns, had escaped to Bithur; that we might even have to go further before we overtook them, but that after the night's rest we had had he looked with confidence to our doing so. On the parade being dismissed, the men had their dinners, and then struck tents, and loaded them and the baggage on the camels and elephants, and started, under the command of Brigadier Hope, about one o'clock in the afternoon.

By sunset we had reached the junction of the Grand Trunk Road with the road to Bithur, 13 miles from our camping-ground. Here a spy* met Brigadier Hope Grant by appointment, and reported that the Nana had slept at his own palace, but, hearing of our approach, had continued his flight with all his guns, and was then at a ferry called the Sarai Ghat, some 13 miles further on. As we had come at a much quicker pace than that at which infantry are expected to march, in our endeavour to keep up with the cavalry at their walk, Sir Hope Grant allowed us to rest for some three hours here. Fires were lit, a meal, with tea, cooked, grog served out, and the horses fed and watered. Then we started again, and marched at an even quicker step in the dark till midnight, when another halt was called, grog was again served out, and we were allowed a rest of about half an hour. Having had to carry all my kit myself,† I was beginning to

* For history of this man's remarkable career, see Lord Roberts's work, vol. i., p. 375.

† As I have previously explained, the native grooms of all my brother officers who had ponies were allowed to carry their rolled great-coats,

feel the pace and the length of our march by this time, and, lying down by the roadside the moment we fell out, slept for some twenty minutes of the time allowed us. Between this time and daylight, and more especially just before sunrise, I have always experienced myself and noticed in the men near me the greatest difficulty in keeping awake on the line of march. On this night, as on many an occasion afterwards, men would stumble against me, saying, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I must have been asleep'—a sensation which I would undergo myself in every night march, particularly before daylight, when I am quite sure that I have often walked some 12 or 14 paces, perhaps more at times, quite asleep, until some inequality in the ground would make me stumble against one of the men and wake me up again. The positive agony of these struggles against sleep I can never forget. Yet I do not know that I have seen it even alluded to in any description of night marches I have read. When doing duty with irregular cavalry in India afterwards, I have also experienced it on the line of march, but nothing nearly so painful as when on foot; for in my cavalry saddle I am sure I have been able to get perhaps five minutes' sleep at a time before I would wake up, overbalancing myself.

At Sheorajpur, a village 3 miles from the Sarai Ghat, we left the Trunk Road, and struck across country about daybreak, orders being left to stop the tents and baggage there—which we had far outmarched—when it came up. (*See the plan of the Battle of Cawnpore, inserted at p.* 172). The seasoning which the 53rd Foot and 93rd Highlanders had by this time obtained in the way of marching was very clearly exemplified by the way we walked away from the 42nd Highlanders, who had only joined us before the battle of Cawnpore of December 6, and had not had the march to Lucknow and back to get them into training. When we

claymores, revolvers, haversacks and water-bottles for them when marching 'at ease.'

reached Sheorajpur, at the heels of the cavalry and Horse Artillery, they were not in sight down the Trunk Road.

About a mile from the Trunk Road the track became very sandy, and dreadfully fatiguing to tired troops; but even before we reached Sheorajpur we had begun to come up with abandoned country carts, and even a treasure-cart now and then, which cheered us on a bit. When, however, we reached the sand, the trail became much clearer, and we soon heard the sound of our own Horse Artillery guns, two miles in front of us, speaking out to the rebels on the question of crossing the ferry, which made us equal to another 'spurt.' Better still, we came suddenly, at the end of the dry sand, upon a series of quicksands, in which one of the first things we saw, stuck fast, and heeling over on one side as if sinking, was a 24-pounder gun which had previously been captured, it turned out, during the pursuit on the Kalpi road on the 6th, but had, somehow or other, mysteriously disappeared again. Several of the poor gun-bullocks, too, were stuck fast in the quicksand, and evidently sinking. One of the largest elephants of many of those huge and most useful beasts of burden captured that morning was also seen not far from the 24-pounder, sinking fast; but we afterwards heard that he had been cleverly rescued by having fascines made up and thrown to him, which the sagacious brute gathered up with his trunk, and kept thrusting under his feet till he managed to make a pathway with them to terra firma. It was darkly whispered by our native camp-followers that before our arrival on the scene he had, in his terror, when he got into the quicksand, unseated his own mahout with his trunk, and thrust him under his feet to help save himself. Our crossing these quicksands was a most curious experience; it was like walking—or, rather, running, for we doubled across them—over a huge jelly, the sand undulating under our feet, where, if you stood still for a moment, you began to sink; yet the Horse Artillery and

cavalry had preceded us, and Middleton's Field Battery crossed within sight of us. The whole length of the enemy's trail across these quicksands was dotted with abandoned native carts (*hackeries*), some of great size; some loaded with ammunition, others with plunder from the city of Cawnpore. The poor bullocks attached to these were gradually sinking out of sight under our eyes; but they had got all their guns, except that 24-pounder, down to the bank of the Ganges, and some of them even into boats.

Hope Grant* thus describes what took place after we left the highroad:

'As soon as we came within 1,000 yards of the enemy, a tremendous fire opened upon us; but Lieutenant Warren, a fine young fellow, who commanded the leading guns, never stopped until within 500 or 600 yards of the rebels, when he opened fire on them. In a few minutes Captain Middleton joined him with the remainder of the battery. Captain Remmington now galloped up with his troop, and came into action in an excellent position behind a bank, at a range of 200 yards or less. This concentrated artillery fire told with such terrible effect upon the enemy, crowded into a mass, with their guns, bullocks and baggage, that they gave way, and retreated as fast as possible along the river bank, where it would have been difficult to pursue them in force, owing to the marshy state of the ground. However, the irregular cavalry managed to overtake and to cut up some of them. My gallant regiment, the 9th Lancers, was in support of our batteries. We captured fifteen of the enemy's guns, with the finest bullocks I ever saw, belonging to the Gwalior contingent.' Here I may add that, in addition to great quantities of shot, shell, and musket ammunition, we made a most important capture of a great many elephants, which the rebels had not been able to induce to swim the Ganges,

* Afterwards General Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B., in his book, 'Incidents in the Sepoy War.'

and, of course, could not ferry across in their rather rickety boats. 'We were only just in time, for, as we came up to the ferry, we found the rebels preparing to embark the guns in some boats which they had collected for the purpose.' As Malleson says, Hope Grant's forced march and the prompt movement which followed it 'enabled him to repair to a great extent the mismanagement at the Subahdar's Tank on the 6th'—by General Mansfield.

For all these operations, counting from the day we reached Cawnpore (November 28), until this crowning victory on December 9, the troops under Sir Colin received absolutely nothing in the way of reward or distinction, except perhaps the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, which, as usual, were so liberally thrown in on all great occasions that few of us noticed them, and I fancy none of us valued them overmuch.

Our camp was pitched about a mile from the ferry, and a mile off the Trunk Road, on the afternoon of December 9; that is to say, the men's tents were all pitched, but, owing to the baggage camels of the officers getting blocked in the narrow country lane leading from the Trunk Road to the camping-ground, I, in common with the majority of my brother officers of the 93rd, slept on the ground under the 'flys' of one of the men's tents that night, after our march of, I believe, quite 36 miles to the Ghat, and back the mile to the camping-ground. I eventually got into my tent about ten o'clock next morning, the 10th.

Our camp being near the Ganges, our men were marched down by wings to the river that morning to bathe, which of course they all greatly enjoyed. On the 11th the whole force marched about one p.m. for Bithur, which was found evacuated, but did not reach our camping-ground there till ten p.m. Owing to the difficulties of the road, only two companies of the regiment had their tents and cooks with them, all the other companies and all the officers being without food or shelter for the night, which was very cold. My tent, with

my soldier and native servants, appeared about ten a.m. on the 12th. The 38th Foot marched into camp this day from Cawnpore to escort the guns, etc., back there, which we had captured. On the 13th, Brigadier Hope Grant and his staff returned to Cawnpore, with the 9th Lancers and 38th Foot escorting the captured guns, etc., leaving Brigadier the Honourable Adrian Hope in command at Bithur, with his own brigade, some native cavalry, Remmington's and Middleton's guns, and the Engineers. On the 14th we had to shift camp in consequence of one of the huge elephants we had captured at the Sarai Ghat having died in camp of poison that had been administered to him by the enemy when they found they had to abandon him. As it was impossible to move his carcass, we tried, by heaping earth on the top of him—two or three hundred men working at this job every day—to prevent the carcass becoming disagreeable; but it was of no use, and he fairly drove us off the ground and obliged us to find another camping-ground to windward of him. It was believed that an attempt had been made to poison all the elephants before we captured them, but only this one, a gigantic beast, died.

The sappers commenced the destruction of the Nana's palace, temples, etc., and the best buildings in Bithur, the day after we reached the place. Owing to the immense strength of the walls and tenacity of the native mortar, it was a work of considerable difficulty. Another object of our visit to Bithur was to recover, if possible, a large amount of treasure from the great well of the Nana's palace. This proved to be an even more arduous task than blowing up the palace and its temples; for the well—an admirably built one of great size—was very full of water, and the sappers had no mechanical appliances to pump it out. On the 14th, therefore, they applied for working parties of the infantry to assist them, completing that day their erection of four strong wooden frames over the mouth of the well. Four huge leathern

skins, attached to iron frames, were then slung by stout ropes, which passed over pulleys to allow of their being easily lowered into the water, and all was ready for operations to begin next day. A squad of 25 men was told off for each 'bucket,' making thus 100 men for the four, with another 100 as a relief, who, with a proportion of officers, worked *day and night*, from the morning of Tuesday, December 15, till the evening of Saturday, December 26, Sundays and Christmas Day included, for three hours at a time. The 53rd Foot, and 42nd and 93rd Highlanders, supplied these working parties, and the Bengal sappers supplied the men who worked in the water down the well, these latter requiring to be relieved every hour. At first all the four skins (or 'buckets') had to be kept going for a whole day and night before any impression could be made on the quantity of water in the well; then the sappers thought they had come to the bottom of it, but discovered that they had only reached some water-logged beams of very heavy wood such as teak. Two buckets were then stopped, and the huge and exceedingly heavy beams were run up one by one with great difficulty out of the well.

"This laboriously hard convict labour, which could scarcely be included amongst the works which become duties to the officer and private soldier in time of war, was, however, most cheerily carried on by all ranks, the officers working away with the men; for our Brigadier and the staff officers had all given it as their opinion that there could be no doubt that whatever we recovered from the well would be lawful prize of war, as it undoubtedly was, to be divided amongst the force that were working so hard for it. As soon as these heavy beams of wood were removed, a great quantity of silver plate —solid silver, be it understood—was brought to light, which, owing to the action of the water, came up jet black. Among these silver articles, the State howdah of the ex-Peshwa, in solid silver, was fished up, besides quantities of gold plate and other valuables. Below the plate, which was merely

deposited loose in the water, as if in a hurry, the sappers came upon an immense number of ammunition boxes tightly packed with native rupees and gold mohurs (each gold coin being worth 16 rupees at least), the value of the coin alone being currently reported in camp on December 27 to be over £200,000, in addition to the value of the gold and silver plate and the ornamental jewellery.

My countrymen of to-day will scarcely believe that the Calcutta Government, on behalf of the East India Company, claimed the treasure on the plea that it was what had been carried away from Cawnpore by the mutinous Sepoys when they broke into open rebellion; whereas, in addition to the coin being from native mints, it was notorious that the Government treasure had been promptly divided amongst the rebels the day the Cawnpore treasury was looted. The plate and other valuables were also claimed as Government property, the troops receiving nothing, except a second lesson in the shabby bad faith of the local Government, plus, on this occasion, twelve days *and nights'* hard labour!

Even in the Crimea we used to receive 'working pay' for road-making during the winter of 1855-56, but here we had to work twenty-four hours, instead of only eight to ten, at a stretch, and received nothing. From my circumstantial account, it will be observed that Lord Roberts has been misinformed on this point, as he records at p. 381, chapter xxviii., of the first volume of his work, how at Chobipur, two marches from Cawnpore, Hope Grant's force, with the Chief himself, were joined by us from Bithur, and goes on to state that 'they' (we of Hope's brigade) 'had not succeeded in discovering any considerable quantity of treasure, some silver vessels of various kinds being the only result of their labours.'*

* General Shadwell, in his 'Life of Lord Clyde,' vol. ii., p. 55, writes: 'After completing the destruction of the Nana Sahib's residence *and recovering a large amount of treasure concealed in a deep well* . . .' The italics are mine.—W. G. A.

On December 16, the fifty men of Captain Sprot's company, with the Subaltern of that company, who had been left behind at Portsmouth when we sailed thence for China on the previous June 17, rejoined us at Bithur.

I find from my diary that I spent Christmas Eve on outlying picket in the ruins of the Nana's Hindu temple, for in addition to the 200 men constantly kept working at the well, which was close to the temple, we had a strong picket day and night in the deserted town of Bithur, as well as pickets all round the camp of the brigade. Thus we were pretty well tied by our various duties. Those officers, however, who had brought their guns and rifles with them up-country, when we marched from Chinsurah, instead of storing them with their heavy baggage at Calcutta as I had done, managed to find time for shooting, the neighbourhood of Bithur, in those days, abounding with game, such as wild boar, various kinds of deer, brown hares, pea-fowl, florican, red-legged partridges, and wild geese and ducks, where to-day, I believe, there is no shooting of any kind; for as railways have spread across the great plains of India, game of all kinds has disappeared from their vicinity.

Up to the time of our encamping at Bithur, the whole army had experienced great difficulty in procuring native servants, such as cooks, water-carriers, and washermen for the troops, and the other servants required by the officers. The whole native population held back, waiting to see who was going to get the best of it; but they now began to realize that it was certainly not the mutineers, and offered themselves in numbers. Not only was the servant difficulty thus surmounted, but supplies, such as milk, butter, eggs, etc., which had hitherto been withheld by the villagers, were now freely brought into camp, especially when the wily Hindu discovered that he was allowed to charge pretty well as much as he liked for everything, the policy of which, when dealing with Orientals, is decidedly open to argument.

CHAPTER XIII.

ADVANCE ON FARRUKHABAD AND ACTION AT THE KALI NADI.

After the success of Hope Grant in retrieving at the Sarai Ghat on December 9 the mistakes caused by the deplorably bad generalship of Major-General Mansfield, Sir Colin's movements had been hampered by the question of carriage.

Having left Outram at the Alambagh, with ample means of moving out of it in case of necessity, the Commander-in-Chief had exhausted his comparatively slender resources in providing for the huge convoy composed of the ladies and children from the Residency, with the sick and wounded, the State prisoners and treasure, which he had to send to Allahabad. He could not, therefore, move his own force any distance until the empty carts and unladen camels returned from Allahabad. This return transport did not reach Cawnpore till December 23. Sir Colin with his staff set out for that Muhammadan centre of rebellion, Fathgarh, on the 24th. The Pathan Nawab of Farrukhabad had joined the rebels the previous month of June, and shortly afterwards murdered, in cold blood, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, nearly 100 of our countrymen and countrywomen. For instance, some English ladies, being stripped naked, were tied by their ankles and dragged at a gallop, face downwards, through the town of Farrukhabad at the heels of horses.

Sir Colin had, whilst awaiting the arrival of the means of transport for the army under his own immediate command,

despatched Walpole with a brigade from Cawnpore on December 18, to sweep the country to the south-west viâ the Kalpi road to Akbarpur, Itawah and Mainpuri, where Brigadier Lieutenant-Colonel Seaton, C.B., with a strong force, which had left Delhi on December 9, escorting a large convoy of grain and stores, covering some 18 miles of road, had been directed to wait for Walpole. Seaton fought some three or four important actions with various bodies of the enemy, defeating them with great slaughter and capturing their guns on each occasion, before he joined Brigadier Walpole on January 3 at Bewar, 15 miles from Mainpuri on the road to Fathgarh, upon which town the Commander-in-Chief was moving by the direct road from Cawnpore. Sir Colin, leaving Cawnpore on the 24th, halted at Chobipur for Christmas Day, and until we of Hope's brigade, marching on December 28 from Bithur, joined him on the 29th. Two flying columns had been thrown out by Sir Colin on leaving Cawnpore, one on his left, to clear the country up to the Kalpi road by which he had sent Walpole; and the other on his right, to seize and destroy all the boats they could find on the Ganges, to impede, as much as possible, the passage of rebels across the river into Oudh.

On the 30th we reached Mirankisarai, where the gallant Hodson arrived in camp at four in the morning with important despatches from Brigadier Seaton for the Commander-in-Chief, having ridden 55 miles in ten hours without changing horses, through a country teeming with rebel Sepoys and hostile villagers. He started on his return journey at eight p.m., after dining with the Chief. On the 31st we reached Gursuhaganj (*see key map to action of Kali Nadi facing p.* 200), where the road to Fathgarh branches off from the Grand Trunk Road at five miles' distance from a stream called the Kali Nadi, which was spanned by a suspension bridge. Some 300 yards from the end of the bridge on the other side of the stream there stood a village called

Khudaganj, from which the fight is sometimes named. On muster parade at nine a.m. on January 1, 1858, the 93rd, with the rest of Adrian Hope's brigade, received orders to be ready to march immediately to take possession of this bridge, as on the previous night the enemy had sent a working-party to destroy it, and so offer an obstruction to our advance on Fathgarh, an obstruction which could be rendered very formidable should they oppose our passage of the stream in force. Had they worked all night, the bridge might have been completely destroyed before we arrived, but, as usual, the Hindustani being a bad hand at night-work in the cold weather, they slunk back to their encampment when night fell, and when we of Hope's brigade approached the bridge about 10.30 a.m., their working-party fled. They had removed a good deal of the planking on which the roadway was built, but nothing that our Engineers and sappers could not put right again, or at least make practicable for cavalry and guns, as well as infantry, in a few hours.

With Adrian Hope's brigade Sir Colin sent two 24-pounders and an 8-inch howitzer, under Lieutenant Vaughan of the Naval Brigade, some sappers, Engineers and cavalry. Hope's instructions were to drive away the enemy and repair the bridge, to be ready for an advance of the whole force next day. The bridge was immediately made so far practicable as to permit Hope to send a strong picket of the 53rd Foot across it, to protect the Engineers and sappers, who worked so well, assisted by Peel's invaluable sailors, throughout that New Year's Day, that by half-past seven next morning the bridge was fit for the passage of all arms, including the 24-pounders. Our brigade, encamped about a mile short of the bridge, were taking it easy and thinking of breakfast, after having dressed ready for parade and got everything packed and the tents ready to strike, when a staff-officer galloped back from the bridge, which Sir Colin and his staff had arrived to inspect a little beforehand from his headquarter camp at Gursuhaganj, and

shouted, 'Stand to your arms!' We had all fallen in on parade within ten minutes' time, and were on our way at the double to the bridge, where a fire of artillery and musketry had already commenced to make itself heard. The road to Fathgarh ran through the village of Khudaganj, to which it gradually ascended from the river-bank and to some little distance beyond. To the right of the village and on our left there was a grove of rather fine trees, and in front of it a small building which was afterwards found to be a toll-house. We learnt afterwards that the Commander-in-Chief had not long arrived before the enemy, who had hitherto been invisible, showed in considerable numbers, both cavalry and infantry, on the crest of the hill at the back of the village. This their infantry proceeded to occupy, and opened a heavy musketry fire not only on the 53rd picket at the bridge-head, but also on the Commander-in-Chief and his staff on our side of the river. In the course of the morning both Sir Colin and Brigadier Hope Grant were hit with spent bullets here. They also brought up two guns, and opened fire on the picket guarding the bridge-head, as well as on the bridge itself. Sir Colin then directed Brigadier Adrian Hope, who commanded this attack, to hold the bridge, but on no account to advance against the enemy until further orders, as the whole head-quarter force was by this time on its way from Gursuhaganj, and the Chief wanted to wait for its arrival before he advanced.

Hope ordered the remainder of the 53rd Foot across the bridge to reinforce the picket of that regiment posted there since the previous day, directing them to be extended along the river-bank, behind such cover as they could find, and to keep up a well-sustained rifle-fire against the village, but on no account to advance without orders. The headquarters 93rd with seven companies was held as a reserve, and lined the river-bank on our side of the stream, ready to dash across the bridge in support of the 53rd if required, and the remaining

RIVER GANGES
N
W
E
S
Enemy in Retreat
Sanghirampur
Shairpur Sarai
Gurgaspur
Kali Nadi
Baura
Three companies 93d Highlanders
BRITISH CAMP AFTER THE ACTION
9th Lancers
Greathed's Brigade
Hope's Brigade
Hale's Brigade
Panjab Cavalry
Patti
Village
Kangauli
53d
Amrauli
Greathed's Brigade 7 Companies 93d
Cavalry Brigade
Khudaganj
Panduapur
Suspension Bridge
Bhysanpur
Greathed's Cavalry Brigade
53d & Seven companies 93d
Ruins of Villages
Village
Kali Nadi
Camp
Jahangirpur
Village
Malikpur
Cavalry Brigade
Greathed's Brigade
Raipur
SKETCH
of the ACTION of the
KALI NADI
Fought on the 2nd of January 1858
by the troops under the command of
GENERAL SIR COLIN CAMPBELL G.C.B.
Commander in Chief in India
AGAINST THE REBEL TROOPS
of the
NAWAB OF FARRAKHABAD.
REFERENCE
1 Artillery Park 2 Head Quarters
3 Sappers 4 Field Hospital
5 Commissariat
Scale of Miles
0 1/4 1/2 3/4 1 2
Farrakhabad
Fathgarh Fort & Cantonment
Sandim
Yakulganj
To Muhammadabad
To Meerut
River Ganges
Kali Nadi
Khudaganj
To Meerut Delhi
Chabramau
Gursuhaganj
Hale's Brigade
To Delhi
To Cawnpore
BRITISH CAMP
Gursuhaganj
Scale of Miles
0 5 10 15 20
Kanu
To Cawnpore

three companies of the right wing of the regiment were detached with two Horse Artillery guns and a small native cavalry escort three miles down the stream to our right, to guard a ford there (*see plan*). A battery of our Field Artillery had now opened fire, with Peel's two 24-pounders and 8-inch howitzer under Lieutenant Vaughan, from our side of the stream upon the village of Khudaganj, over the heads of the 53rd on the other side, and continued to play upon it until the arrival of the main column at noon from Gursuhaganj. On its arrival, the 64th and 8th Foot were sent across the bridge to reinforce the 53rd, and the 42nd Highlanders were ordered to relieve the seven companies of the 93rd Highlanders in reserve at the bridge, whilst we went back to camp, struck tents, packed them on their elephants and camels, and let the men have their dinners, after which we were informed that we were to cross the bridge and relieve the 53rd and the other troops at the front, in order that they also might dine, before the general advance of the whole force, which Sir Colin did not intend to order until Hope Grant, with all the cavalry and Horse Artillery, could get well round the enemy's left flank, and cut off his retreat to Fathgarh. When the 64th and 8th Foot were sent across to reinforce the 53rd, and we were sent back to our camp to pack up and have dinner, Lieutenant Vaughan crossed the bridge with his howitzer and two 24-pounders, and taking up his position close to the bridge-head, near what we had dubbed 'the yellow bungalow,' gave his serious attention to trying to silence the guns which the enemy had brought up in the morning, and were using with some effect.

Whilst Vaughan was thus occupied, and, aided by the fire of the field battery from our own side of the river, had managed to bring about a perceptible slackening in the enemy's artillery fire, their leader seemed to have been encouraged by the arrival of an 18-pounder between two and three o'clock p.m., to try to restore the balance which had

thus gone against him, by posting that big gun under cover of the toll-house I have already mentioned as being situated on the road a little in advance of the village. The fire of this gun proved most damaging, for its gunners had got the exact range, the 8th Foot, for instance, losing six men killed and wounded by one round-shot; it completely swept the bridge, too, and was served with splendid pluck by its gunners. Vaughan now proceeded to tackle this formidable gun himself, with the result thus graphically described by an eye-witness:* 'His first shot struck the roof of the house; his second struck the angle of the wall about half-way down, and a third dismounted the gun and destroyed the carriage. Captain Peel, who was standing by, said: "Thank you, Mr. Vaughan; perhaps you will now be so good as to blow up the tumbrel." Lieutenant Vaughan fired a fourth shot, which passed near it, and a fifth, which blew it up and killed several of the enemy. "Thank you," said Captain Peel, in his blandest and most courteous tones; "I will now go and report to Sir Colin." '

Our cavalry and Horse Artillery had also crossed the bridge whilst the 93rd were dining, but their passage had taken some time, as at one narrow place the cavalry horses had to be led over, and the Horse Artillery teams passed it with difficulty. They were all drawn up under cover well to the left of the bridge after crossing, and dismounted. It must have been getting on to four o'clock when the 93rd, having loaded up their baggage and tents, commenced the passage of the bridge. As we passed on to it, the bugles of the 53rd sounded the 'advance' and the 'double,' and in spite of all the orders they had received to the contrary, the men dashed from their cover at the bridge-head, and cheering madly, charged up the road to the toll-house, where the 18-pounder of the enemy had just been so effectually silenced by Lieutenant Vaughan of H.M.S. *Shannon*.

Sir Colin and his staff, with Hope Grant and his staff, were

* 'The *Shannon's* Brigade in India,' by E. H. Verney.

all seated on their horses in a group near the bridge-head, waiting for the 93rd to cross, when the 53rd thus broke away, a gallant young volunteer, by the way, riding with them—Lord Seymour, a son of the Duke of Somerset—who had been permitted by Sir Colin to attach himself to our force when we advanced to the relief of the Residency at Lucknow, and had always been to the front throughout all our operations. The 53rd Foot was then chiefly composed of Irishmen, and having learnt that there was a chance of their not being told off to lead the attack on the village—for Sir Colin had a great idea of always sending his men into action with full stomachs, and the 53rd had been fasting all the time they had held the bridge-head—they took the law into their own hands, and reached the village just as the enemy, disheartened by his want of success in barring the bridge against us, had begun to withdraw. Sir Colin, who was very angry at having his plans upset in this way, could not, of course, now postpone his forward movement; so ordered Hope to follow up the 53rd along the road with the rest of his brigade, Greathed's brigade to move in line with us to the left, Hope Grant with the cavalry being on the extreme left. As the 93rd passed the toll-house, I noticed that apparently all the rebel gunners had died at their guns, as indeed we found throughout the campaign that the regular native artillerymen of the East India Company's mutinous army generally did. I also noticed that the 18-pounder which had done us such damage, and had been so cleverly overthrown by Lieutenant Vaughan, was painted light-blue, with bands of yellow round it at intervals, as were the other two 18-pounders captured that day.

Sir Colin rode after the 53rd and pitched into everybody; but the men kept interrupting his lecture by calling for 'Three cheers for the Commander-in-Chief, boys!' and giving these cheers with a will, and so effectually drowned the Chief's voice that he turned away from the men laughing,

and addressing his staff, and shaking his hand at them, said, '*You* would cheer, too, if you weren't afraid of me.'* There is no doubt that the rebel leader actually believed he would be able to withdraw from in front of the bridge-head, and retire on Fathgarh in good order, and had commenced that retreat before the 53rd charged; and as Sepoys in retreat go much faster than our regulation pace, even when retaining their formation, as these men at first did, the 53rd were soon following them at the double, and the rest of the infantry at a running walk. The enemy began his retrograde movement in good order, covered by his light guns, although at a swift pace; but Hope Grant, with the 9th Lancers leading, and the Panjabi squadrons of Younghusband, Gough, and Probyn following, pressing on at a trot, soon gained the flank of the enemy's retiring infantry, driving before them the small bodies of the enemy's cavalry which ventured to dispute their passage. The rebel force consisted of about four battalions of the East India Company's mutinous native infantry, including the 41st Bengal Native Infantry,† and a large body of cavalry with eight guns, three of which were the painted 18-pounders before alluded to. The artillerymen and the native infantry Sepoys were all dressed in their old blue or scarlet British tunics, with loin-cloths, however, instead of trousers, and Oriental shoes. There were also a few of the

* This anecdote of Sir Colin was afterwards related to me by one of the Headquarter Staff who was present.

† This regiment had mutinied at Sitapur, in Oudh, in June, and, marching on Fathgarh, had led the attack on the fort, where over 100 British fugitives, of whom only thirty-three were able-bodied men, had taken refuge. They had pursued and overtaken some of the fugitives from the fort when it was abandoned, whom they carried back prisoners to the bloodthirsty Nawab of Farrukhabad, who inaugurated his rebellion by the slaughter of more than forty Europeans of both sexes and all ages, taken in various civil stations in the district, the 41st taking part in the murders, and afterwards assisting in the murder, under even more atrocious circumstances, of the British whom they had captured in the boat on the Ganges and taken back to Fathgarh.

East India Company's old regular native cavalry, dressed in light-blue uniform, who retained their trousers. As in all the stations where they had originally mutinied they always took the lead in the murdering of officers and ladies, so, in the field against us, they were always the first to fly, and were seldom caught; but on this occasion, before Hope's brigade was halted, we had the gratification of seeing that several of these burly cutthroat cowards had been overtaken by our avenging horsemen, and had paid the penalty of their crimes. Advancing through mango-groves and fields of sugar-cane, Hope Grant got close upon them before he was seen, and at 300 yards he sounded the 'charge,' and in a minute our men were in the midst of them before they could attempt to form squares.*

Our infantry could render no assistance in the rout that ensued, as we were by that time a good mile in rear and out of sight, even at the pace at which we had been pressing on from the bridge. We had advanced almost at a run, hoping we might perhaps yet catch up the flying Pandies, when we were halted at about three miles from Khudaganj and twelve miles from Fathgarh. We were afterwards moved on another half-mile before the camping-ground for the night was decided upon.

Not the least curious, and indeed striking, sights to European eyes in routs such as that of the Sarai Ghat and this affair at Khudaganj was the thousands of Oriental shoes which, in all such flights for life, the rebels on foot—whether Pandies, the armed country people, or their camp followers—stepped out of when it came to running. With these they not only strewed the roads, but the country on both sides of the roads for miles. I should think our camp followers set them-

* In this pursuit Lord Roberts, then Lieutenant Roberts of the Bengal Artillery, serving on Brigadier Hope Grant's staff as a Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General, earned, *and obtained*, the coveted Victoria Cross for capturing a Native Infantry colour.

selves and their families up in shoe-leather for life, for they carefully collected these spoils of war for their own use. Our march that day had been a very short one, so I did not feel, first another half-mile for outlying picket duty, nor some two miles more with 40 men of the picket along the Fathghar road, to bring in some captured guns from where the cavalry had given up the pursuit, making only some nine or ten miles for my party altogether that day. An officer of the 9th Lancers told me that it was computed that the cavalry had overtaken and killed some 300 odd rebels in addition to the Pandies killed in the morning by our artillery and rifle fire.

It was just six p.m. when I rejoined my Captain's picket with several cartloads of ammunition-boxes we had picked up, and two guns, the guns being sent back into our camp. I found the picket had been strengthened by a troop of the 9th Lancers and two Horse Artillery guns, and as the tents and baggage would take all night to cross the only partially repaired suspension-bridge, we had all, officers and men, to content ourselves with some hard biscuit and our 'tot' of rum before we lay down to rest. I do not think that civilians quite understand that on occasions of this sort British officers very properly and most cheerfully always fare worse than their men. On this occasion, for instance, as the camels could only cross the bridge that evening in single file, no officer's tent or baggage (with the exception of those belonging to the Commander-in-Chief, the Brigadiers and their respective staffs), was allowed to pass until all the men's tents, etc., and field-hospital tents and baggage had filed over. Thus, on a night like this, where perhaps all the men and sick and wounded would be housed before daylight next morning, not only would none of the regimental officers be under cover, but, as their native servants of course had to accompany their baggage, none of them would get anything to eat. In this case I did not myself see my tent or baggage till ten o'clock the following night, January 3, at Fathgarh.

During my tour of two hours' duty as the Subaltern of the picket to remain awake, I had to pass on several spies to the Headquarter Staff, who brought intelligence that Fathgarh was deserted, and that the enemy, in their hurry to cross into Rohilkhand, had lost many drowned in the Ganges, in consequence of their trying to swim the river there when the bridge of boats became blocked with the panic-stricken crowd of fugitives. A Sikh sowar arrived in the night who confirmed these stories, and explained that he had been held a prisoner in the fort during four months, but had succeeded in escaping that afternoon in the confusion. We of the outlying picket heard next morning, when we were relieved and marched into camp at seven a.m., that the cavalry had received quite an ovation when they returned from the pursuit the evening before.

Throughout the day our total losses had been very small, amounting to 10 men killed, and 2 officers and 30 men wounded, of whom one officer, poor Younghusband of the Panjabi Cavalry, and two men, died of their wounds. Next morning, January 3, the column started for Fathgarh at eleven a.m., after the last of the baggage and stores had cleared the bridge. We found that during the night the villagers had been busy burying the enemy's dead, after stripping them, and we also found that some of our Panjabi horsemen must have ridden some two and three miles past the place where Hope Grant stayed the pursuit of his main body, for we saw dead Pandies within eight miles of Fathgarh,* which we reached about four p.m. The trading community in this part of the country seemed very glad to see us, and lined the roads, carrying vessels, some full of milk and some of water, which they offered to our thirsty men as we marched along. The natives everywhere we went were much impressed by the costume of the 93rd and 42nd, and whether we were on the

* Fathgarh is the British civil station within three miles of Farrukhabad, on the Ganges, the native town.

march or in camp they crowded to look at us. Where, for instance, crowds would watch us on parade in camp, they would take no notice of any of the other troops, and we learnt from our native servants that they had invented fearsome stories of the ferocity of the *Gogra-wallahs—i.e.*, 'Petticoated-men'—imputing to us a particular liking for curried black babies, especially if we could catch them ourselves, and break their backs across our bare knees!

On the 4th the 93rd were suddenly ordered about 2.30 p.m. to parade in fighting order, to force the native town of Farrukhabad to open its gates, which the inhabitants had closed against us on our occupation of the civil station the day before, at the instigation of a rebel chief called Najir Khan, who had taken a prominent part under the Nawab of Farrukhabad in perpetrating the atrocities on British fugitives at the outbreak of the rebellion in June. An ultimatum had been delivered to the town that morning by Mr. Power, the Civil Commissioner attached to the army, informing them that not only must they open their gates, but that unless they also delivered up Najir Khan, their town, which was a very rich one, would be given over to the army to be sacked, as a punishment for their having connived at the barbarous murder of nearly 100 Europeans of all ages and both sexes in the previous month of June. But we had not marched a mile on the road from the ruined civil station before a staff officer met us, and informed Colonel Leith Hay that, as all Sir Colin's terms had been complied with, we were not required. Mr. Power was very popular in the camp, and was nicknamed 'Hanging Power,' from the expeditious manner in which he conducted the civil trials of the fugitive scoundrels who had taken part in the atrocities in June, with whom the district was teeming. Exception has been taken to the manner in which the execution of leading murderers like Najir Khan was carried out under his orders. I have dealt with this in an Appendix.

In the dilapidated fort, itself a monument of the culpable shortsightedness of the East India Company's advisers for years previous to, as well as at the time of, the outbreak of the rebellion, Government property of the value of over £100,000 was found, consisting of immense stores of seasoned wood for the use of the great gun-carriage factory there, guns of all calibres, stores of soldiers' clothing, tents, and ordnance stores of all sorts, all of which had been left for years previous to the mutiny of the Sepoys in this indefensible fort under a Sepoy guard, in the heart of a district described by Malleson as 'of a peculiarly turbulent character, given to murder and rapine beyond their co-religionists in other provinces.'* If they had enjoyed the benefit of the rule of such a man as 'Hanging Power' for some twenty-five years previous to the rebellion of 1857, they would in all probability have been less 'given to murder and rapine' when the Sepoy Mutiny broke out, even if the General Officers of the East India Company had still not thought it necessary to put such an important fort in a proper state of repair, and under the guardianship of European troops.

The rebels had established in the fort both a gun, shot, and shell foundry and a powder manufactory; but not only had none of them thought of blowing up the place, but when the Commander-in-Chief entered the fort on the evening of the 3rd, from the ramparts of which fugitive rebels could still be seen crossing the river in boats, it was also discovered that the bridge of boats itself had not been cut adrift, as it was even then covered with flying stragglers into Rohilkhand. The bridge was, of course, immediately secured by strong pickets being posted that evening at the bridge-head on the opposite bank. Brigadier Seaton, having effected his junction with Walpole at Bewar, as already stated at p. 198, on January 3, marched into Fathgarh on the 4th, escorting a huge convoy with large supplies of camp equipage, transport, etc., and

* Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. iii., p. 224.

joined the Commander-in-Chief's camp, thus raising the numbers of our force to more than 10,000 men, of whom 1,800 were cavalry, but still leaving us most woefully deficient, especially for such warfare as we had now entered upon, in that most important arm of the service. I find noted down in my diary on January 5 that the 93rd were marched down to the Ganges after morning parade to discharge their loaded rifles towards the opposite bank in line, a good illustration of one of the inconveniences of the old muzzle-loader, not to speak of the dangers to everyone of hundreds, sometimes thousands, of rifles being always kept loaded in camp when any fighting was expected. On this occasion an unrehearsed effect of our volley into Rohilkhand was that the whole of the herd of baggage elephants from the camp, which were bathing and being scrubbed by their mahouts in the stream, were very much frightened by the noise, and, amidst much splashing and trumpeting, numbers of them bolted back to camp straight across country, at their shambling 'double,' to the great amusement of the men.

CHAPTER XIV.

LONG HALT AT FATHGARH — PACIFICATION OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

At four o'clock on the morning of January 6, 1858, Hope's brigade, with the exception of the 53rd Foot, but reinforced by a squadron of the 9th Lancers, Hodson's Horse, a battery of Horse Artillery, and some of Peel's guns, were roused to strike their camp; but we were kept hanging about, and did not actually march off our ground till about 11.30 a.m., on a punitive expedition to a Pathan district, the principal village of which was called Mau, some twenty miles from Fathgarh.

Our road led us through the town of Farrukhabad, which really consisted of little more than one long street, some three or four miles in length, with a wall and gateway at each end. Notwithstanding its very Oriental appearance, the men of the Highland regiments immediately compared it to the 'lang toon o' Kirca'dy' (Kirkcaldy) in Fifeshire. The inhabitants were a particularly fair race, like those of Delhi, more light yellow than brown, with quite Circassian features, associated by Europeans in India with the family of the Moghul Emperors—at the time of the Mutiny titular kings of Delhi. Of course I allude to the men only, the women being invisible, or having their faces veiled up to their eyes. Our feather bonnets and kilts seemed to excite great interest and astonishment amongst them, and they literally bowed themselves to the ground without ceasing, in the narrow, densely-crowded

streets. Their women also crowded on the house-tops, salaaming profoundly, as we marched along, wondering, no doubt, if that story of our predilection for curried native babies *could* be true of these cheery, laughing lads in petticoats swinging past them. The principal industry of the place was then tent-making, but, as at Delhi, skilled gold and silver smiths were to be found amongst them.

As our little force left the highroad a little distance beyond Farrukhabad, we made very short marches each day, the country roads being so bad that our tents and baggage could not keep up with us. On the 6th we only marched eight miles, and on the 7th only five miles, encamping close to the large and somewhat important village of Shamsabad. From this large fatigue-parties were sent out with the sappers to destroy, under the directions of Mr. Power, the Commissioner, houses and property belonging to the fugitive Nawab of Farrukhabad. On the 8th we had another short march of eight miles to Mau (Mhow), twenty-one miles from Fathgarh, quite a town, with well-built, large brick houses (not to be confounded, however, with the town and cantonment of that name within thirteen miles of Indur, the capital of Holkar's State, in Central India). The brick houses were studded all over the small town at considerable distances from each other, the intervening space being occupied with irregular streets of the usual style of village mud-hut, all with flat mud roofs, and not infrequently of one or two stories. These brick houses were loopholed for musketry, as were also some of the two-storied mud houses, and if the inhabitants had elected, as we had hoped, to make a stand against us, they could doubtless have caused us considerable loss, which would, however, have been counterbalanced by the nest of hornets we would thus have had an opportunity of destroying; for the whole district through which we had passed, and for miles all round this Mau (Mhow), was peopled with those 'Muhammadans of a peculiarly turbulent character' who had elected to evacuate

their town at our approach. At each halting-place Mr. Power held a court of summary jurisdiction, and condemned to death scores of the truculent traitors who had been concerned in the atrocities at Fathgarh the previous June. Here, at Mau itself, nearly 100 of such mutineers and rebels, caught hiding in the town and in the surrounding villages during our halt there till the morning of January 11, were summarily tried, and hanged upon the branches of a great pipul-tree in the square in the centre of the town.

We started on our return march to Fathgarh on Monday, January 11, and reached fresh ground, near the ruins of the Presbyterian Church, about a mile from our former camping-place there, on the afternoon of the 12th, having made the return march in two, instead of three, stages. We now found that from sunset till about seven o'clock in the morning the weather was very cold indeed, the mornings bracing, and even in the middle of the day the sun was not oppressive. The Commander-in-Chief and his staff had their tents pitched in a delightful grove of mango-trees, which, in the North-West Provinces, is, during the cold weather, an ideal situation to live in, the trees throwing a grateful shade by day, and affording protection from the cold at night, not only for one's self, but for the horses, baggage-animals, and native servants.

On January 18 the officers of the 93rd Highlanders, having succeeded in procuring a mess tent, were able to establish a mess, and greatly appreciated it, not only as putting an end to the scant and uncertain meals we had endured ever since we left Chinsurah on our march up-country, more than four months previously, in the beginning of October, but because we felt it was a return to civilization; for picnicking which lasts for over four months is apt to pall upon the most enthusiastic votaries of that exceedingly uncomfortable mode of feeding. Of course, the table appointments were of the roughest description, for, to save carriage, each officer brought his own knives,

forks, plates, glass, and even chair, to the mess table; but the native catering and cooking were excellent, and the advantages of being thus all able to meet at dinner every night and renew the bonds of good fellowship, which are inclined to relax when all are divided into little coteries of twos, and threes, and fours, were indisputable. No one, for instance, could fail to benefit by daily intercourse with such a charming influence as that exercised by our Brigadier, Adrian Hope, who was a member of our mess as a Lieutenant-Colonel of the 93rd, an influence felt by all with whom he came in contact.

The establishment of good messes for the officers on the one hand, and for the sergeants on the other, throughout the British army, has been of the greatest consequence in maintaining that *esprit de corps* which only exists in a very diluted form in any of the great armies of the Continent, is perhaps hazily understood by a few such urban volunteer corps as the London Scottish, but is absolutely unknown to, and incomprehensible by, the rest of the volunteer force in Great Britain, though without which it must always continue to be a rather expensive and worse than useless crowd of 'men with muskets.' That sentiment of noble emulation which makes all ranks do and dare and suffer all things simply 'for the honour of the corps' to which they belong, with no idea of even entertaining the question, 'What shall *I* get by it?' is of prime importance in the field. Both in the French and German armies every encouragement is given in these days to the formation of officers' messes, although they are a long way behind our model—at the very time, too, that those dear 'Rads' of ours advocate either the abolition of the mess altogether, or its reduction to a meal of beef and greens and small beer.

On the 25th I went on guard, under Captain Macdonald, at the Nawab of Farrukhabad's fort and palace, overlooking the city, taking over the custody of two State prisoners, one a cousin of the Nawab, and the other a low-caste man who had acted as the Nawab's Prime Minister. Both had been con-

demned to death for complicity in the wholesale murders of Europeans in June, but were awaiting the confirmation of their sentence by Lord Canning. That confirmation having been received by Mr. Power on the evening of the 25th, I was detailed by Captain Macdonald to see the sentence carried out forthwith. Mr. Power inaugurated the use of a properly-constructed gallows, erected in a large square in the centre of the town just off the one long street, by the execution of these two ruffians. As the place of execution was more than a mile from the Nawab's palace, which occupied high ground overlooking the town at its west end, I had to carry my prisoners—who were allowed to occupy two State palanquins covered with gilding, and otherwise handsomely equipped—through a densely-packed crowd of the inhabitants, lining the narrow streets and swarming on the flat roofs of the houses on either side, and in addition to 25 men of the 93rd Highlanders had a troop of Sikh cavalry placed under my command as escort. Before we started, I had it explained to the Nawab's cousin, a man of Moghul race, almost as fair as a European, that, in case of any attempt at rescue on the road, my instructions were to shoot him with the revolver I carried in my hand. The low-caste Wazir was also informed that he would be shot by the non-commissioned officer who walked at the door of his palanquin. I walked at the door of the other, so as to regulate the pace of the whole procession.* The well-bred and well-born fair Moghul retained his self-possession throughout; but the other fellow, a low-caste villain, who was very black, turned a sort of pale purple from fear of death, and never ceased to whine and weep and cry for mercy from the time we

* The Nawab himself, Tafuzal Husen Khan, escaped condign punishment, the death penalty he had incurred having been remitted by the unauthorized action of a British subordinate official; but the Government feeling bound by the plighted word of their subordinate, this monster of iniquity was transported for life to the Andaman Islands, instead of expiating his crimes on the scaffold.

started till the drop fell, ignoring the fact that he was being accorded a swift and painless death for crimes which included the torture and mutilation of our countrywomen. The only remark made by the Nawab's cousin was to prefer a request to me that his toilet for execution should not be performed by the low-caste Hindu sweepers who acted as the executioners, but I had to inform him that that was part of his punishment. The whole proceedings were conducted with great ceremony, so as to impress the inhabitants who crowded the tops of the houses surrounding the square, and the whole square itself, close up to my infantry guard; for I drew up the troop of Sikhs at the back of the gallows, which was erected at one end of the square, that as many of the crowd as possible could witness the execution. After the bodies had hung for half an hour, we escorted them back to the palace, and buried them there in the presence of some of the chief men of the district, who had been ordered by Mr. Power to attend.*

On the return of our guard to camp next morning, January 26, we found that the 93rd Highlanders were to relieve all the guards and pickets of Adrian Hope's brigade, and take over charge of the brigade camp, which was to be left standing, Hope's brigade, with the exception of the 93rd, being ordered to parade at 9.30 p.m., without tents or baggage, 'for particular service.'† Strengthened by Remmington's and Blunt's troops of Bengal Horse Artillery, two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, and half of Hodson's Horse, this flying column marched, under Brigadier Hope's command, shortly after ten p.m., to attack a formidable body of the enemy which had crossed the Ganges from Rohilkhand at a ferry called Suraj Ghat, some 12 miles above Fathgarh, and re-

* See Appendix for disproval of certain scandalous stories regarding this execution and other matters repeated by Dr. Russell in his book 'My Diary in India.'

† Malleson, in his History, vol. iv., p. 219, incorrectly includes the 93rd in this expeditionary force.

occupied the village of Shamsabad, whence all their armed men had been withdrawn when we approached and occupied it on January 8, as previously related.

On the return of our brigade on the 12th from the expedition to the Mau district, Sir Colin had despatched Walpole's brigade, with artillery, cavalry and sappers, to the banks of the Ramganga river, a tributary of the Ganges on its left bank, to a place seven or eight miles from Fathgarh, opposite the town of Allahganj, where he learnt a force of some 15,000 rebels had assembled. Walpole's orders were to make a show of an intention to cross the Ramganga by appearing as if he would repair the bridge which they had broken down there; and, to assist in the deception, Sir Colin himself rode out with his staff, and, with much display, carefully reconnoitred the place. For twelve days Sir Colin succeeded in keeping the whole of this force at Allahganj watching Walpole's brigade, when they detached a column, 5,000 strong, with five guns, and crossing the Ramganga above the broken bridge, guarded by Walpole's brigade, crossed the Ganges and re-occupied Shamsabad as already related. Hope marched all night, and found the enemy waiting for him half a mile from Shamsabad. Their artillery opened fire as soon as our men were within range; but Hope did not reply till close upon them. At about the fifth round from Remmington's and Blunt's guns, which Hope had placed on his flanks, the rebels broke and fled, when the 9th Lancers and Hodson's Horse were let loose on them at once. Their cavalry on this occasion fought well, and four of our cavalry officers, including Hodson, were wounded; Hodson's gallant second in command, McDowell—who had been his trusty companion in that adventurous ride from Seaton's camp to Sir Colin's and back—mortally. Their camp was captured, and in the pursuit, which was kept up for nine miles, four of their guns were taken.

The Chief was much pleased with Adrian Hope's conduct of this little expedition, which had read the rebels such a

lesson that they were not likely to attempt another raid from Rohilkhand for some time to come. When the force returned to the headquarter camp, they were full of one of those acts of daring for which the splendid Bengal Horse Artillery was renowned amongst us. According to the story, as I heard it from Lieutenant A. Butter of the 93rd—Hope's aide-de-camp —Hope had directed Remmington to move his troop forward to some higher ground on the British right flank, not seeing, owing to the lie of the ground, that there was a deep and wide ditch between the old and the new position; indeed, as matters turned out, it appeared as if the enemy had relied on the existence of this ditch as a protection to their left flank. What must have been their astonishment and consternation, therefore, to see Remmington's troop charge and clear this ditch, horses, guns, tumbrels and all, land safely on the other side, and open fire at once within easy range, and with crushing effect! When Adrian Hope explained to Remmington that he was, of course, not aware of the existence of the formidable ditch, Remmington is reported to have modestly replied that, as the troops were advancing at a gallop before he saw it himself, he thought it would be safer to charge it than attempt to swerve on one side. It was the general belief at the time that this astounding feat had a great deal to do with the enemy breaking their ranks and taking to their heels after the fifth round.

Apropos of the prowess of the Bengal Horse Artillery, I heard a characteristic story of Sir Colin, told by one of his staff about this time. When Sir Colin was in command of the Peshawar Division, and conducting in February, 1852, some operations against a hill-tribe, mustering some 5,000 men, who had invaded and were raiding our territory —as usual without the slightest provocation, but just for the fun of the thing—he cut in, with only two Bengal Horse Artillery guns and two troops of native cavalry, between them and a village on British territory he wished

to save, leaving his small force of native infantry far in rear. Having attained his object of creating a diversion, and drawing the fire of the hill-men on his own small party, he retreated, 'fighting' the guns himself, and was so pleased with the pluck of a Horse Artilleryman during this retreat on his main body, that he exclaimed to those around him, 'Splendid fellow that! magnificent chap! I'm an old man now; but if I live to have a son, by G—d! I'll make him a Bengal Horse Artilleryman!' Advocates of the 'backward' policy on our Indian Frontier will please note that forty-five years ago, before an acre of these hill-men's territory had been annexed or interfered with in any way, before Chitral was heard of, these turbulent tribesmen were continually raiding our territory, just for the fun of the thing; and that, as they have continued to do so ever since, it looks as if the 'backward,' or at least stationary, policy had been a total failure, and that it was now time to take possession of their country, and disarm them for good and all.

Whilst Sir Colin Campbell had desired to attack Bareli, and, clearing Rohilkhand of the rebels, go into quarters for the hot weather, thus saving his men from exposure to the terrible heats of an Indian summer, and in the meantime perfecting his preparations for the siege and capture of Lucknow in the cool weather of the succeeding autumn, the Governor-General, for political reasons, considered these plans inadmissible, and that the first and most important object was the reduction of Lucknow. Having received orders to that effect, it became necessary to call a halt in the main operations, to give time for a suitable siege-train and stores to be collected for the advance into Oudh. The siege-train had to be brought up from Agra, and the 68-pounders of the *Shannon* from Allahabad, besides ammunition, provisions, and carriage, and the artillery and engineer parks. For the three weeks required to complete all such preparations, Sir Colin decided to post himself at Fathgarh, to cover the

concentration of these resources at Cawnpore, and at once keep in check the, as yet, unsubdued forces of the enemy, and at the same time overawe the re-conquered territory; hence his misleading tactics on the banks of the Ramganga, and the long halt at Fathgarh. The army wondered, but enjoyed that rest of nearly a month; and the Indian press, with the self-confidence of pressmen all over the world, daily abused the Commander-in-Chief; but it must have been a matter of intense gratification to him that their perfectly sincere abuse assisted in misleading the enemy as to his immediate intentions and future plans.

Lord Canning had written: 'Every eye is upon Oudh, as it was upon Delhi. Oudh is not only the rallying-place of the Sepoys, the place to which they all look, and by the doings in which their own hopes and prospects rise or fall, but it represents a dynasty; there is a King of Oudh "seeking his own."' No doubt Lord Canning was right. Then, again, Jung Bahadur, Prime Minister and practical ruler of Nipal, with his 10,000 Gurkhas and 24 guns, who had come with alacrity to our assistance and had placed the whole military resources of his kingdom at the disposal of the Indian Government, would not consent to remain during the hot weather in the plains; therefore, to secure his co-operation in the siege of Lucknow, it was important that that enterprise should be undertaken without delay. To guard the district about Fathgarh which had been reoccupied by the British, the Commander-in-Chief selected Brigadier Seaton, leaving with him a 9-pounder field-battery, 350 newly raised native cavalry, two weak English regiments, and the 7th Panjab Infantry; but a small force to hold in check the 15,000 men whom the rebels had assembled within seven miles of Fathgarh; but Seaton's masterly advance from Delhi to Bewar had proved that he could be depended on.

Sir Colin and his staff, with an escort of cavalry and Horse Artillery, left Fathgarh on February 1, and, making

forced marches, reached Cawnpore on the 4th. Here the old soldier chafed at the necessity, for political as well as material reasons, of awaiting the arrival of Jung Bahadur, whose army, combined with the British force under General Franks, would give him a reinforcement of 12,000 infantry.

CHAPTER XV.

FATHGARH TO LUCKNOW—SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

We of Hope's brigade started from Fathgarh on February 1, 1858, the same day as the Commander-in-Chief, under the command of Hope Grant, with the artillery, cavalry and ordnance park, and proceeded by regular marches to Cawnpore, which we reached on Sunday, February 7. On the 9th, our trusty comrades of the 53rd Foot were removed from Hope's brigade, our kindly-hearted Brigadier bidding them farewell in a gracefully-worded brigade order of the day.

On the 12th and 13th, the 93rd reached Unao by wings, as escort to the siege-train, and remained there until February 26. During our halt at Unao Sir Colin rode into our camp on the morning of the 16th, when I was at breakfast in our mess tent, and Brigadier Hope was sitting at a side-table set apart for the newspapers, of which we had recently been able to procure a regular supply. Hope drew Sir Colin's attention to a cartoon in *Punch*, which represented him as presenting a chained Bengal tiger to Lord Palmerston as a New Year's gift. Sir Colin, for some reason, did not seem to like it.

Sir Colin, shortly after his arrival at Cawnpore from Fathgarh on February 4, had proceeded to Allahabad to consult with the Governor-General on the situation, and on his return to Cawnpore on February 10th, had issued a general order redistributing the army, and detailing the

regiments, staffs and General Officers who were to take part in the siege of Lucknow. The infantry portion were divided into three divisions, commanded by Major-General Outram, Brigadier-General Sir Edward Lugard, and Brigadier-General Walpole; Brigadier-General Franks's column, consisting of three British and six Gurkha battalions, with twenty guns, which afterwards joined us at Lucknow on March 5, being made a fourth division; Hope Grant, having been promoted to Major-General, was placed in command of the cavalry division; the artillery under Major-General Archdale Wilson, and the Engineers under Brigadier Robert Napier.* The 93rd had the good fortune to be left under the command of Brigadier Adrian Hope, together with the 42nd Highlanders and our old comrades the 4th Panjab Rifles, and formed part of Sir Edward Lugard's division. Altogether, the army eventually gathered together which took part in the siege of Lucknow, composed of Engineers, artillery—including Peel's splendid Naval Brigade, his 24-pounders changed for 68-pounders from H.M.S. *Shannon* — cavalry, infantry, commissariat and transport trains, numbered in all, with the Nipalese force under Jung Bahadur, about 31,000 men, with 164 guns, forming the most efficient force which had ever been then brought together on the plains of India under the British flag. To oppose us, however, it was computed that, including the undrilled armed followers of the talukdars, or landowners, there were not less than 120,000 armed men, with about 130 guns.

At p. 155 of this volume I have recorded how, on November 27, Sir Colin, with the garrison withdrawn from the Residency and a huge convoy, set out for Cawnpore, leaving Major-General Sir James Outram, with nearly 4,000 men of all arms, and twenty-five guns and howitzers, to occupy the Alambagh. This post was situated on the right of the road coming

* Afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala.

from Cawnpore, about two miles from the suburbs of Lucknow, its right resting on the fort of Jalalabad. Outram held this improvised fort with only a small detachment and a few guns, pitching his camp in the open about half a mile behind it, covered on all its sides by batteries, trenches, abattis and other obstacles, and two or three conveniently situated swamps. After the drubbing they had experienced at the Sikandarbagh and Shah Najaf, the enemy left Outram severely alone until December 2, from which date up to December 22 daily attacks were made upon the British position, but always from the front. On that date, however, they sent a force of the three arms to Banni Bridge, with orders to entrench themselves there, and so sever the communications from Cawnpore; but the project having been betrayed to Outram by his spies, he endeavoured to turn the tables on them by trying to sever their communications with Lucknow. Although Outram did not succeed in doing so, as their force had not quite relinquished its touch with the Dilkusha, now reoccupied by them in force, he inflicted a loss upon them of more than fifty killed, and four guns and an elephant, losing only one man killed and ten wounded himself. This so damped their ardour that, with the exception of a long cannonade one day, they did nothing until January 12, when, having previously learnt through their spies that Outram had detached 450 infantry, 80 cavalry, and 4 guns, to protect a convoy of empty carts he was sending to Cawnpore to be laden and returned, they came out of Lucknow in force—to the number, it is estimated, of 30,000—but were put to flight again, principally owing to the splendid dash of Captain Olpherts,* with four Bengal Horse Artillery guns, supported by a detachment of the Military Train acting as cavalry. By

*Now General Sir William Olpherts, V.C., K.C.B., Colonel-Commandant Royal (Bengal) Artillery. For his cool *sang froid* under the heaviest fire, where he generally contrived to occupy the most exposed situation, he was known to the whole army as 'Hell-fire Olpherts,' and was as much an idol of the 93rd Highlanders as he was of his own splendid corps.

four o'clock in the afternoon the enemy were in full retreat, and must have lost considerably, whilst Outram's loss amounted to only three wounded.

On the 16th, the Maulavi, with a large force, and favoured by a dust-storm blowing towards the direction of Cawnpore, attempted to intercept the convoy returning with supplies; but again Olpherts, with two guns and a detachment of the Military Train, afterwards increased to six guns, the rest of the Military Train, a detachment of Wales' Horse and the 90th Foot, fell upon the enemy, killed or dispersed them, and nearly captured the Maulavi* himself, who was wounded. About nine o'clock a.m., another force, led by a Brahmin dressed up to personate the Hindu god Hanuman, who takes the form of a monkey, commenced an attack on Outram's whole position, which lasted till after dark; but they were again repulsed with great loss, the monkey god himself, to the great amusement of our men, being captured alive, with only one man killed and seven wounded on our side. On January 22, Outram learnt through his spies that the troops of the Maulavi and those of the Begam of Oudh had engaged in a fight amongst themselves, with a loss of about 100 men killed. On January 23, Outram received a reinforcement of ten guns, escorted by the 34th Foot from Cawnpore, the war-worn 75th Foot, who had served through the siege of Delhi and could barely muster 300 men, being sent to enjoy a well-earned rest at a hill station in the Himalayas, on February 14.

On the 15th the enemy again made an attack, but after some well-directed rounds from Olpherts' guns, poured into them within 400 yards, broke and fled, the British loss being

* His name was Ahmad Ullah, or Ahmad Shah, a talukdar (land-owner) of Faizabad, Oudh, and one of the only three capable rebel leaders. He had been arrested in April, 1857, for sedition, and was tried and condemned to death at Lucknow; but before the sentence could be executed Oudh broke into rebellion, and he regained his liberty. He then became the confidential adviser of the Begam of Lucknow.

only one man killed and one wounded. On the 16th they again made a show of attacking—shouting, yelling and tomtoming—but kept at a distance, with a loss to themselves of sixty killed and wounded. They now determined to make another effort to drive Outram out of the Alambagh before Sir Colin arrived with his great force and rendered it impossible, and fixed on an early hour on Sunday morning, February 21, for this—one of their greatest efforts—having learnt from their spies the hour when the large majority of the officers, including the General and his staff, and the men, would be on church-parade. In effect, they managed to advance within 500 yards of the British position before all the troops were posted ready to receive them, but by 10.15 a.m. they were in full retreat upon the city, and admitted a loss of 340 men killed and wounded, whilst ours was only nine men wounded. Before their last, most desperate, and best-fought attack on February 25, Outram had received some valuable reinforcements in the shape of Remmington's troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, the 7th Hussars, Hodson's Horse, and the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. Early that morning large bodies of the enemy were observed streaming out of Lucknow, and it was afterwards ascertained that they numbered between twenty and thirty thousand men, with a proportion of artillery, the latter arm commencing the attack by a heavy cannonade against the Alambagh at seven o'clock in the morning. The Begam herself accompanied her troops, attended by her Prime Minister and numerous nobles, the whole of the court, mounted on elephants, remaining with the troops in reserve. In the course of Outram's manœuvres to cut off the retreat of the whole force, he came into sharp contact with this body, but when within 700 yards, Olpherts, as usual to the fore, opened fire with four guns upon them, with the result that the Begam and her court, not wishing to have anything more to do with that daring artilleryman, turned their elephants' heads homewards, and Remmington at that moment coming up at full

gallop and opening fire from four of his guns also a little in advance of Olpherts, the pace of the Begam's elephants was hastened into a shambling run, and the reserve deemed it necessary to cover her flight by executing a strategic movement to their rear also. The main body, however, not only kept the fight going all that day, but day had dawned on the 26th before they gave up this their last and despairing attack as hopeless.

As Malleson points out, the natives of India of all creeds and races are absolutely deficient in all original thinking power; they are essentially creatures of habit and custom. 'When set to repeat a task already once accomplished, they follow implicitly the lines previously trodden.' As, in attempting to relieve the Residency, neither Havelock, nor Outram, nor Sir Colin had crossed the Gumti, the rebels drew the conclusion that the courses previously pursued would be followed again, notwithstanding the very strong hint they had received from Sir Colin, by his not having followed the same line of advance as Havelock, that there might again be a deviation from previous plans. So they piled up ramparts and bastions across our former lines of advance, and left a back-door wide open. Sir Colin detected their mistake at once, and proceeded to profit by it. He was now so strong that he could venture to divide his forces, especially in the face of such a shortsighted foe.

On the morning of March 2 the Commander-in-Chief commenced his operations for the capture of the rebel city. The 93rd formed part of the 4th Brigade of the 2nd Infantry Division, and the details of our whole force which marched that morning were as follows: In addition to the whole Headquarter Staff, the headquarters of both the artillery division, with Major-General Sir Archdale Wilson, and of the cavalry division, under Hope Grant, accompanied him; also three troops of Horse Artillery, two 68-pounders and two 8-inch howitzers of the Naval Brigade, and two companies of

sappers and miners; of the cavalry he took Little's Cavalry Brigade, composed of the 9th Lancers, two Native Cavalry regiments, and a squadron of a third; the whole of Major-General Sir Edward Lugard's division of infantry, comprising two brigades; the 3rd Brigade, under Guy, including the 34th, 38th, and 53rd Foot; and the 4th Brigade, under Adrian Hope, with 42nd and 93rd Highlanders, and the 4th Panjab Rifles. We swept past the Alambagh force behind the Jalalabad fort, driving in the enemy's pickets and capturing a gun, took possession of the Dilkusha once more, and occupied it by an outlying picket. But the enemy had the exact range of the plateau round that summer palace, and until batteries could be established to keep down his fire we were unable to pitch our camp in the park, and were withdrawn as far back as possible, bivouacking in the open for the night. The nights were still cold, but the sun by day was beginning to be exceedingly hot, and any sort of shade more than grateful to us all.

That night our right picket lay in front of the Dilkusha, and our left occupied the Muhammadbagh. During the night our batteries were established at the Dilkusha and the Muhammadbagh (*see the plan of Relief of Lucknow on p.* 50), and very shortly after they opened fire on the morning of the 3rd the enemy were forced to withdraw their guns, with the exception of one, which continued to fire from a corner of the Martinière College until the place was captured on the 9th, when it was discovered that, in addition to being protected by a strongly-built earthwork, the rebel gunners had rapidly run it back behind a corner of the building after every shot, and so defied the efforts of Peel's sailors to knock it over, even with a 68-pounder, although the effects of some of these huge round-shot astonished the enemy not a little, we heard from our spies; for, as we ourselves saw after we captured the building, some 68-pounder shots had gone through two and even three

partition walls, stoutly built of stone, some two feet thick each, on the ground-floor.

This morning, March 3, the 42nd and 93rd Highlanders were moved about a quarter of a mile to the right rear of the Dilkusha, and pitched tents in and about a village called Bibiapur, facing the Martinière, close to the river Gumti. I have a note in my diary on the picturesque aspect of the 93rd mess that night, the table being spread in the courtyard of the deserted house of a well-to-do *ryot* (small farmer), which had been taken possession of by us, and utilized as a mess-house. After breakfasting and pitching camp, the 93rd marched to the Muhammadbagh, relieving the pickets of the other brigade of our division there. The enemy kept up a continual fire of round-shot on this post, bowling them all day through amongst the fine trees, the shade of which was most grateful, but I do not think we had any casualties.

In a footnote at p. 164 of vol. i. of Lord Roberts's book he mentions how, at the siege of Delhi, the British were so badly off for ammunition that they offered a reward for every 24-pounder shot brought into camp, that they might fire it back again. Now, here, at the very commencement o the siege of Lucknow, the rebels seemed to be equally badly off for artillery projectiles, for they sent out old women, knowing we would not fire at them, to pick up both their own or any of our round-shot which fell short between their pickets and ours, until, on the afternoon of the following day, we took to cutting off these old ladies' retreat, capturing them, and bringing them prisoners into the Muhammadbagh. They told us that they only received four annas (sixpence) for every round-shot of any size they carried in, and that the shot were then hammered down to fit smaller guns, their story being so far corroborated by the extraordinary whistling sound made by numbers of the enemy's round-shot, due to this hammering, and not unlike the whistle of a shell. These old women, however, became a great trouble to this picket, for they refused

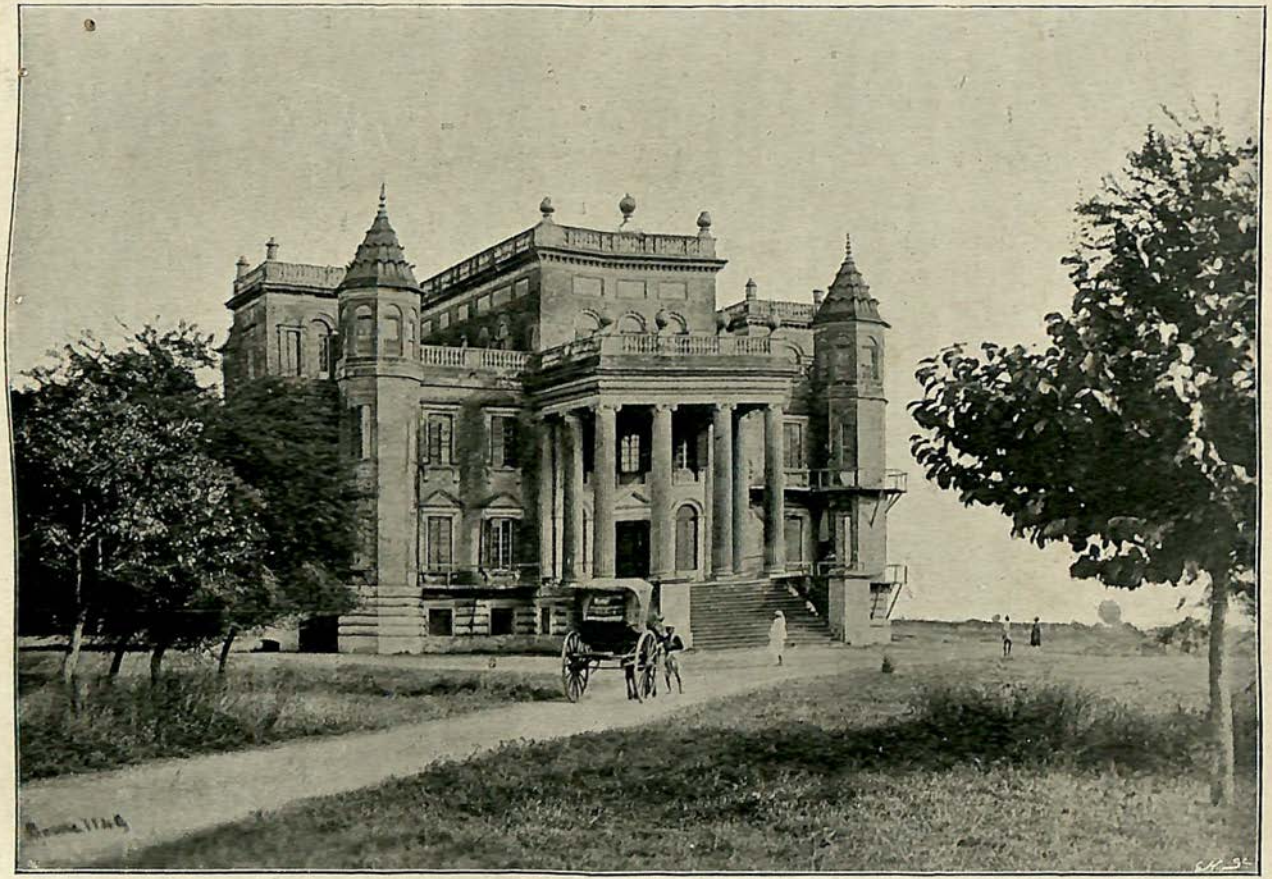

Photo by] [*Bourne and Shepherd.*

THE DILKUSHA, LUCKNOW.

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either to eat or drink anything we gave them, as it would break their caste, so that they were all in a more or less weakly state when the army advanced on the 9th, and they were left to their own devices.

The 93rd was relieved from picket duty at seven p.m. on the 3rd, and we slept in camp that night. On the morning of the 4th the sappers commenced the construction of two pontoon bridges, made of empty barrels, across the Gumti opposite Bibiapur, and a little below the Dilkusha. The 93rd, a squadron of the 9th Lancers, and a battery of Field Artillery, formed a covering party for the sappers; but the enemy did not molest us, except from the gun I have before alluded to as being fired from a corner of the Martinière, and, as the day was very hot, the men were allowed to bathe in the river by companies, and returned to camp that night much refreshed. Before day dawned on the 5th one of the pontoon bridges had been completed, and a strong picket was sent across, and at once commenced to throw up an earthwork to defend the bridge-head. The enemy, in their lazy, unenterprising, Oriental fashion, having at last realized that some important operation was going on here, showed in some force near a village about 1,000 yards off, and two of Peel's 68-pounders and some howitzers were brought down to the river-bank to check their fire, should it become troublesome. The enemy's fire, however, did not interfere with the construction of the second bridge and its approaches—these approaches, on both banks of the river, being laborious pieces of cutting; for not only was it intended to pass across the bridges troops of all arms, including heavy guns, but their baggage, camp-equipment, and stores of all descriptions, on elephants, camels, and country bullock-carts.

By midnight on the 5th the sappers and miners had, with untiring energy, not only completed the second bridge, but the embankments and cuttings connecting both with the level ground on both sides of the river. During the 3rd and 4th

the remainder of the siege-train, left by the Commander-in-Chief at the Alambagh, together with the 3rd (Walpole's) Division, comprising the 5th and 6th Brigades—5th Brigade under Douglas, of the 79th Highlanders, with 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 79th Cameron Highlanders, and 1st Bengal Fusiliers; 6th Brigade under Horsford, of the Rifle Brigade, with 2nd and 3rd Battalions Rifle Brigade, and 2nd Panjab Infantry—had joined the Headquarter Camp at the Dilkusha. On the morning of the 5th Brigadier-General Franks also arrived with his gallant little force of Nipalese and British European and Native Infantry, which in thirteen days had marched 130 miles, beaten immensely superior forces of the enemy in four pitched battles, and captured thirty-four guns, with the loss of only thirty-seven officers and men killed and wounded. The British position now stretched from the village of Bibiapur, on the Gumti, on the right, through the Dilkusha Park towards the fort of Jalalabad on the left, but short of that post by two miles, that interval being filled up by Hodson's Horse.

The two bridges being now complete, Sir Colin had ordered Outram to cross to the left bank of the Gumti with a strong division of all arms at two o'clock on the morning of the 6th, in pursuance of the following plan: Whilst this division under Outram marched along the left bank, taking all the enemy's strong positions in reverse, and rendering them untenable by artillery fire from that side of the river, he, at the same time, would advance with the main body of the army, would cross the canal after its defences were rendered untenable by Outram, and move by the Hazratganj on the Kaisarbagh.

Outram's force began to cross the bridges of boats about four o'clock on the morning of the 6th, where Sir Colin had been fuming since two a.m., the hour he had ordered the crossing to begin; but, owing to the badness of the roads from the Alambagh and the darkness of the night, the troops had experienced much difficulty in finding their way. Outram's

command consisted of Walpole's (the 3rd) Division of Infantry, the 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays), the 9th Lancers, the 2nd Panjab Cavalry, a squadron of the 1st and another of the 5th Panjab Cavalry, D'Aguilar's, Remmington's, and Mackinnon's troops of Horse Artillery, Gibbons's and Middleton's field-batteries and some heavy guns, with Hope Grant as his second in command.

Before the day broke the whole of this force had crossed the river, their place at the Alambagh being occupied by Franks's division. At daylight the division moved off, and after marching about two miles, came in sight of a large body of the enemy, which broke and fled on our artillery opening fire at 1,000 yards. The Bays pursued the rebels in their retreat, but did little damage, owing to the ground being intersected with deep ravines in every direction, and therefore totally unsuited for a cavalry pursuit.

I witnessed this charge of the Bays from the roof of the house in the village of Bibiapur which I have previously spoken of as having been occupied as a mess-house by the officers of the 93rd. From the first, none of us who had been watching the fight through our field-glasses could understand what cavalry expected to do on such ground; and we were hardly surprised to observe presently the numbers of troopers, some hurrying and some walking back quietly to their rear, who had evidently not only been dismounted, but had lost their horses and saddlery. We afterwards heard that there was a large proportion of men in that regiment who had been only half trained in the riding-school, and that the Chief was very angry at the loss of horses and saddlery, most of the animals, when they had thrown their riders, galloping after the flying rebels. Major Percy Smith was killed in this pursuit, and his body found next day (Sunday the 7th), stripped and *headless*. A few days afterwards it was reported in camp that his head, with plumed helmet and uniform, on a pole, was paraded through the streets of

Lucknow as the head of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief!

No further opposition was encountered by Outram's force that forenoon, and it encamped at noon in front of the village of Chinhat, about seven miles from the Residency on the Faizabad (Oudh) road, to the north-east of the city, with its left resting on that road. The 7th and 8th were spent by Outram's troops in skirmishing with the enemy, who, in a half-hearted manner, would now and then make a show of attacking, and by his staff in selecting positions for the siege-guns which were to take the enemy's works in reverse.

On the 8th, by Sir Colin's orders, Outram sent back the 9th Lancers and D'Aguilar's troop of Horse Artillery, receiving during that night twenty-two siege-guns, from which he armed two batteries, within 600 yards of the enemy's first line of works, before daybreak on the 9th. The key of the rebel position, on the left bank of the river, was a large building we called, from the colouring on its walls, the 'Yellow House' (Chakar Kothi). This was attacked and taken in the forenoon of the 9th, and the Regimental colour of the 1st Bengal European Fusiliers uncased and planted on the top, to announce to the Commander-in-Chief that it was in Outram's possession.*

After the capture of this building, Outram's force, which had been divided for the attack, effected a junction on the banks of the Gumti, its right securely resting on the Badshah-bagh, and opened a heavy fire on the rebels lining the walls and in the gardens. Under cover of this fire three heavy guns and a howitzer were placed in such a position on Outram's extreme left as to enfilade the first great line of defence-works along the canal, and another battery of two 24-pounders and two 8-inch howitzers was erected not far from and higher up the river, to keep down the fire from the

* This makes the third of the only three occasions on which a British colour was uncased in the presence of the enemy during the Mutiny campaigns.

Photo by] [*Bourne and Shepherd.*

THE MARTINIERE COLLEGE, LUCKNOW.

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city, at the same time enfilading the city up to the second line of its defences. A party of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, under the command of Captain Fred. Oct. Salisbury,* a very gallant and efficient officer, with Lieutenant Thomas Adair Butler as one of his subalterns, were protecting the battery on the left. The guns had been unlimbered preparatory to opening fire, and sweeping the first formidable line of the enemy's defences, when the Engineer officer in charge of the work observed that it looked as if the rebels had not waited to test the effects of this flank fire, but had already evacuated their first line of defence.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and Sir Colin had carried the Martinière, and was preparing to advance up to the canal; some men of Hope's brigade being distinguished by Butler at not more than 600 yards from the river-bank on the opposite side, he, with four privates, went down to the edge of the stream and tried to attract their attention, but without success. As it was of great importance that communications should be at once opened with Sir Colin's attack, and the fact definitely ascertained whether the enemy had really abandoned their first line of defence without waiting for our assault, Lieutenant T. A. Butler, taking off his coat, fearlessly plunged into the river, about 60 yards wide there, with a strong stream, and succeeded in landing in rear of the enemy's defences, to find them abandoned, and, mounting on one of the parapets, soon attracted the attention of the 4th Panjabis. Butler waited till he saw the 4th Panjabis in possession, and then, plunging once more into the stream, swam back and rejoined his own corps. For this act of magnificent daring and cool courage Lieutenant Thomas Adair Butler was most justly awarded the Victoria Cross.

Outram being now firmly established in the position

* Now Major-General Salisbury, C.B. He greatly distinguished himself when in command of his fine regiment during the Umbeyla campaign on the North-West Frontier of India in 1863.

assigned to him by the plans of the Commander-in-Chief, who, with his Chief of the Staff, had crossed the river during the forenoon of the 8th, and had an interview and consultation regarding their joint operations, we must return to Sir Colin Campbell. On the night of the 8th he had directed the establishment of a battery of 68-pounders and mortars on the Dilkusha plateau, which, early on the morning of the 9th, opened a very heavy fire on the Martinière. This fire was kept up till past two o'clock, when Sir Colin, seated at his look-out post on the roof of the Dilkusha, caught sight of the Regimental colour of the Bengal Fusiliers flying at the top of the 'Yellow House.' We had struck our tents early, and packed them with our baggage ready for an advance, the men dining quietly and comfortably at noon. Whilst watching from near the Dilkusha the effects of the fire of a two-gun 68-pounder battery, directed by Peel himself, with a group of my brother officers of the 93rd, a little commotion was observed round one of the guns, and presently, to our great grief and consternation, we saw Peel being carried up the hill towards us, evidently badly wounded. Our Brigadier, Adrian Hope, went forward to speak to him, but of course the rest of us held back, and could only notice that he gave a cheery answer to Hope, as his sailors bore him tenderly into the palace, which was used as a hospital. We then learnt that he had been wounded by a musket-ball in the thigh.

A little after two o'clock Lugard's division fell in; and the 42nd Highlanders, supported by the 93rd Highlanders, the reserve being composed of the 53rd and 90th Foot and 4th Panjabis, accompanied by a battery of Horse Artillery, emerging from the shelter of the buildings, outhouses and woods round the Dilkusha, advanced down the hill upon the Martinière. As there was some emulation between the 42nd and 93rd, a race took place between them as to which should reach the College first, a race of which the main body of its garrison did not wait to see the finish, for, before the 42nd

reached them on the right, with the 93rd in support, not a bad second, by the front of the building, they were in full flight, and did not stop till they had put the canal between them and these dreadful *gogra-wallahs*.

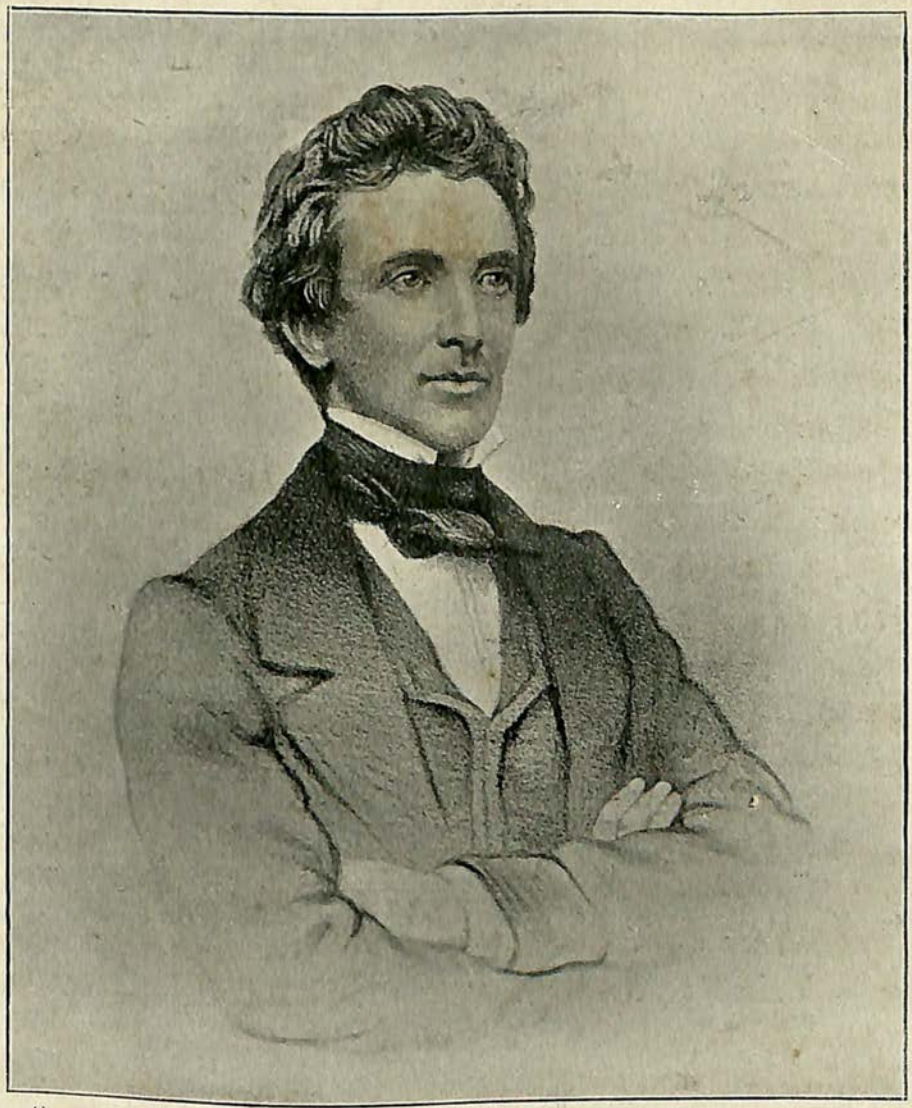
For some reason Sir Colin, who of course had been informed of the evacuation of their first and very formidable line of defence by the enemy by two o'clock in the afternoon, did not wish them occupied that night, and gave strict orders to the officer commanding the advanced pickets that they were not to make any forward movement during the night, bearing in mind, no doubt, the unauthorized rush of the 53rd at the Kali Nadi. But now occurred a somewhat similar incident, played out, however, in a different way. As already related, Lieutenant Butler of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, after discovering that the canal line of works had been abandoned by the enemy before Outram's heavy-gun battery had time to open fire and enfilade them, did not swim back across the river till he had left a party of the 4th Panjabis in possession of these works nearest the river. This party of the 4th Panjabis, in the course of the afternoon, felt their way, *without orders*, on the responsibility of their own officers, cautiously along the enemy's ramparts for some distance in the direction of Banks' House (unaccompanied, however, by any men of either the 93rd or 42nd Highlanders, as stated by Malleson), and returned to the bastion nearest the river for the night, leaving the whole of the rest of these works unoccupied in accordance with the orders of the Commander-in-Chief. Colonel Malleson's statement, therefore, in vol. iv., p. 264, of his History, that, 'The 4th Panjab Rifles, gallantly led by Wylde, supported by the 42nd Highlanders, climbed up the entrenchment abutting on the Gumti, and proceeded to sweep down the whole line of hostile works till close to the vicinity of Banks' House,' is misleading. Colonel Malleson is quite correct in stating that, 'Not content with the capture of the Martinière, Adrian Hope's brigade pushed onwards'; but we

only pushed on to occupy the ground between the Martinière and the right bank of the canal; for, with the exception of the party of the 4th Panjabis who occupied one bastion next the river for the night, as already described, there was not a British soldier within the enemy's works when the sun set.

That night, pickets from the 42nd Highlanders were posted along the edge of the canal, supported by the rest of that regiment bivouacked in line some little distance in rear, and the 93rd Highlanders, also in line along the outer wall of the Martinière park. Next morning we learnt that, notwithstanding Sir Colin's orders, a picket under a Subaltern had crossed the canal during the night, and, not having heard that the enemy had deserted their works, established itself in one of the deserted bastions, under the impression that they had captured it. We heard that Sir Colin was very angry, and pointed out, on the morning of the 10th, to those concerned, that the position had been abandoned the day before, and that he knew it. As in the case of the 53rd Foot at the Kali Nadi, however, it now became necessary to follow up this advance, although made contrary to Sir Colin's orders. This was accordingly done, the 42nd being directed to occupy the first line of works early on the morning of the 10th.

I have previously recorded how Captain Burroughs and Colonel Ewart of the 93rd had indisputably earned the Victoria Cross at the storming of the Sikandarbagh, but did not receive it; how Sergeant Paton, 93rd, received it for what, as described in the *Gazette*, he did not do; and at p. 235, how Lieutenant Butler of the Bengal Fusiliers most gallantly earned it, and was fortunate enough to receive it. I have now to show how the Cross was sometimes received when there was not the shadow of a claim to having earned it!

There can be no doubt whatever that the formidable works along the banks of the canal to within a short distance of



From an Oil Painting] *[in 1857.*

CAPTAIN SIR WILLIAM PEEL, R.N., K.C.B.

To face page 238.]

Banks' House, constituting the enemy's first line of defence, were evacuated before two o'clock in the afternoon of March 9, yet a claim was preferred by the officer commanding the regiment to which the Subaltern belonged who had led his picket into these abandoned works,—contrary to orders, too—*during the night of the 9th*, for the bestowal of the Cross upon him; and it will hardly be credited—but there stands the record in the *Victoria Cross Gazette*—that Sir Colin must have passed on that claim, if he did not actually support it, doing so, no doubt, on the principle which had guided his restricted bestowal of it at the relief of Lucknow, that each regiment should have its share of Crosses, *whether individual officers or men had opportunities of distinguishing themselves or not.* The young officer now referred to not only received it, but in a collection of pictures exhibited in London and provincial towns for many years, called the 'Victoria Cross Gallery,' he was depicted leading, sword in hand, a storming-party up a formidable loopholed wall, defended at the top by fierce and truculent turbaned warriors, in a storm of shot and bursting shells (three or four bursting all about his head!)—shells which would certainly have done as much damage to the defenders, who were supposed to have fired them, as to their British assailants.

Early on the morning of the 10th I was sent out in command of a subdivision of my company, as a covering party to the sappers detailed for the construction of No. 3 battery of the left attack, destined to breach Banks' House, with the assistance of No. 2 battery, constructed about a mile away on our left flank. Whilst the sappers were at work, and before the guns and mortars were mounted, my men made some very good shooting at the Pandies who tried to retard the work. On rejoining my regiment, when the battery was completed, we moved on again within the first line of defence, and, with the 42nd Highlanders, occupied the gardens of the ruined European bungalows near the barracks and the ground

opposite the Begam Kothi. During the afternoon of this day (the 10th) Banks' House was stormed and occupied, with little loss, by some of the troops of our (Lugard's) division, and when the officers of the 93rd were gathering for lunch under the trees in one of the compounds of the ruined bungalows, Captain C. W. Macdonald, 93rd, was slightly wounded by a piece of one of our own shells. I have already related how the enemy, being deficient in round-shot, offered sixpence for every cannon-ball carried back to them; but we had also discovered that, from the commencement of the siege on March 2, their shells were very badly loaded, hardly any of them bursting in the air, and very few even after they reached the ground.

My own company, No. 6, under Captain Burroughs, went out shortly after sunset to relieve a company of the 42nd, posted amongst some mud huts within 250 yards of the Begam Kothi, a position which they had occupied since the evening before, and we were told by the officer in command of them that during that time they had had one officer and fifteen men wounded. The enemy kept up a fire of musketry on us all night, which was only dangerous when the officers were visiting the outlying sentries, and when these sentries were being relieved. At daylight on the 11th they were withdrawn, and from that time until we, in our turn, were relieved about three p.m. we had some exciting shooting. We were in front of the spot where the left breach was being hammered by the heavy guns of the Naval Brigade in the wall of the Begam Kothi, while opposite to us there were one or two breaches in a wall to its left, which the rebel Sepoys kept passing and repassing all day to and from other points in the city, giving us opportunities for shooting them down at that short range, of which we largely availed ourselves. Yet it never seemed to occur to them that by hanging canvas screens across these openings they could have rendered our aim mere guess-work, but all they did was to rush singly across the two openings at

speed; even then we managed every now and then to knock some of them over. Our picket did not lose a man the whole time we were there.

I had studied all the length of the palace wall right and left of the breach which was being made in it, and of course the approach to the breach itself, in the course of that morning and afternoon, and found the knowledge of the ground I had thus acquired very useful to me during the assault that evening. On our side of the river another portion of Sir Edward Lugard's division had occupied that morning, without opposition, the Sikandarbagh, the Kadam Rasul Mosque, and the Shah Najaf Mosque and tomb. As the last-named building was barely 200 yards from the enemy's second line of entrenchments, which ran in front of the Moti Mahall, the old Mess-house, and the Tara Kothi, the Engineers lost no time in rendering it defensible on the side next the enemy.

We must now return to Outram, on the other side of the Gumti, whose enfilading fire had hitherto rendered our work on the right bank a mere march-past with bullets in it. On the 10th the rebels had attacked in force a picket of the 79th Highlanders, but were repulsed with loss. During the day Hope Grant's cavalry had several little 'affairs' with small parties of the rebels, in one of which a European officer of the 5th Irregular Cavalry was killed, while Nos. 2 and 3 batteries of his right attack poured shot and shell (shell which *did* burst) into the Hazratganj suburb and the Kaisarbagh.

During the evening and night of the 10th Outram established more batteries to play upon the buildings within the second line of defence, and on the morning of the 11th he attacked the positions covering the iron bridge leading to the Residency, and that covering the stone bridge leading to the Machchi Bhawan. On the way from the iron to the stone bridge the camp of Hashmat Ali, a village chief, was surprised and captured by Outram's right column, by whom our own mutinous 15th Irregulars were also trapped and many of

them slain, two guns and the standards of the 15th being likewise taken. Finding that the head of the stone bridge was commanded by the enemy's guns and a musketry fire from the opposite side of the river, Outram retired to a safer position, to await the development of events. His left column, though it succeeded in occupying the houses down to the river's bank and the head of the iron bridge, suffered a considerable loss in both officers and men. The positions thus taken up at the heads of the iron and stone bridges on the 11th were maintained by Outram till the 15th. During the whole of that time he kept up a tremendous enfilading fire on the positions which the Commander-in-Chief was attacking on our side of the river, and erected additional batteries, to play first on the Kaisarbagh, and afterwards on the Residency and other buildings on the right of the iron bridge.

Leaving Outram, we must again return to the left attack under Sir Colin, and to what he designated in his despatches as 'the sternest struggle which occurred during the siege'—namely, the storming of the Begam Kothi by my regiment, the 93rd Highlanders, supported by the 4th Panjab Rifles.

CHAPTER XVI.

CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE STORM AND CAPTURE OF THE BEGAM KOTHI BY THE 93RD HIGHLANDERS.

As Colonel Malleson eloquently records at p. 269 of the fourth volume of his History, 'Fortunate in their splendid discipline, in their tried comradeship, in their confidence each in the other, the 4th Panjab Rifles and the 93rd Highlanders enjoyed the additional privilege of having as their leader one of the noblest men who ever wore the British uniform—the bravest of soldiers and the most gallant of gentlemen. Those who had the privilege of intimate acquaintance with Adrian Hope will recognise the accuracy of the description.'

The Begam Kothi, which we were told off to storm, consisted of a straggling series of buildings, divided by courtyards and gardens, occupying a considerable area, which might be included in the enemy's second line of defence, but the capture of which would unquestionably take that line in reverse. None of these buildings had a first-floor, but all had accessible flat roofs, of which those abutting on the exterior wall of the palace were provided with extemporized mud breastworks all round, whence a musketry fire could be directed against any assailants. Along the whole front facing the British line of advance there was a ditch about 10 feet deep and 18 feet wide at top, the earth from which was used to form a properly constructed, substantial breastwork on its inner side. There cannot be said to have been *an* outer

courtyard, for there were, perhaps, five or six gardens or courtyards surrounding an inner and larger court, in the centre of which there was a handsome building, approached by a flight of steps, in which there were some very fine rooms, this building itself being apparently set apart for the women—the zenana, in fact. The whole palace had been prepared for a defence *à outrance*, for we found every gateway or passage leading from one court to another barred by traverses made of sun-dried mud, admitting only one man at a time. During the 10th, and up to four p.m. on the 11th, the guns from our heaviest batteries poured shot and shell into every corner of the enclosure, and yet, when we effected our entrance, the Begam herself, with more than 100 of her ladies, was still occupying the zenana in the central court, where our Grenadier company very nearly caught her when they rushed straight through the palace to the gate leading into the city on the west side.

At three p.m. in the afternoon of the 11th the pickets of the regiment were relieved by the 90th Foot, and my company found, on our rejoining the regimental headquarters, in one of the gardens to the rear, where they had bivouacked for the night, that we were detailed to storm the Begam Khoti that evening. All the officers were summoned to receive the Brigadier's instructions, and we were then told by Adrian Hope himself that the regiment was to be divided into two—the right wing, under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, was to assault the main gateway, where a breach had been made in the outer wall of the palace at one side of it, and that the left wing, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon,* was to enter by the breach my company had been opposite to all day, in a part of the outer wall considerably to our left of the gateway. The Brigadier explained to us of the left wing, after we had been moved away from the right wing more to our left to be nearer the corner from which we should emerge from the friendly shelter of the low mud walls of the ruined huts and outhouses

* The late Lieutenant-General C. H. Gordon, C.B.

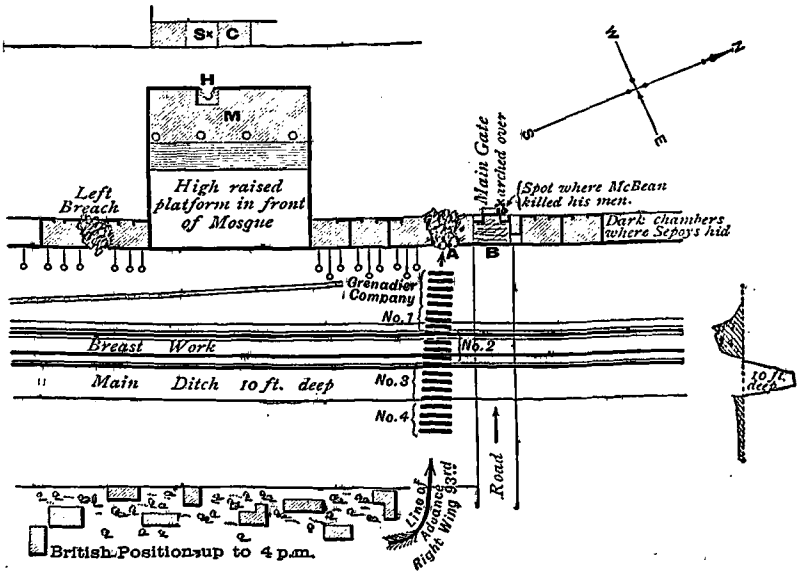
to deliver our assault, that we should see the breach we had to storm to our right front, not immediately in front of us, and bade us be sure to keep our left shoulders up. As only two battalions of his command were detailed for the assault, and the major portion of his brigade remained in reserve, the Brigadier did *not* lead either of the storming parties, although Malleson, at p. 270 of the fourth volume of his History, records: 'At four o'clock in the afternoon *Adrian Hope led his men to the assault.*'

Both storming-parties—each wing supported by a wing of the 4th Panjabis, and 500 of Jung Bahadur's Nipalese, and accompanied by Sikh sappers bearing powder-bags—were drawn up out of sight of the enemy, as near the positions from which they were respectively to emerge as possible, by about a quarter to four p.m.; the moment the heavy batteries ceased firing, on the stroke of four, we simultaneously emerged from our cover, and in column of sections made for our *respective** breaches at the double.

The right wing of the 93rd was composed of the Grenadier company, led by Captain W. G. A. Middleton, with Lieutenant E. S. Wood, a very tall fellow, as his subaltern, also Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 Companies, which were accompanied by the regimental headquarters, comprising the colour-party (the colours being, of course, cased as usual), the Adjutant, Lieutenant William McBean, the sergeant-major, the pipe-major, John MacLeod (who began playing his pipes in the ditch, as I have been recently informed by Lieutenant E. S. Wood), and other staff sergeants; the whole under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, commanding the regiment. Owing to the rapidity of the advance, which took place the

* 'About half-past three o'clock in the afternoon *a breach* was effected which opened *a way* to stormers. *The breach*, indeed, was so narrow, and the defences behind *it* were so strong, that *if the men who lined them* had been animated by a spirit similar to that which inspired the assailants, no General would have dared to attempt an assault' (Malleson, vol. iv., p. 269). The italics are mine.—W. G. A.

instant our guns ceased firing, the Sepoys had no time even to think of manning either of the breaches, therefore the head of the right column got into the ditch, and the Grenadiers out again and within the walls, without the breach itself being defended. Lieutenant E. S. Wood was one of the first to get hoisted out of the ditch on to the berm (*see plan No.* 1),



THE STORMING OF THE BEGAM KOTHI (LUCKNOW) BY THE 93RD HIGHLANDERS, MARCH 11, 1858.
Plan of the Right Attack (*No.* 1).

REFERENCES.

A. Right Breach.
B. Main gate, blocked with traverses and barricaded.
C. Dark room which Lieutenant W. G. A. blew up.
S. Spot where Sergison was killed.
H. Door at foot of stair up to mosque where Hodson was mortally wounded.
M. Mosque built on a lofty platform.

where he and Captain Middleton, having obtained a footing, commenced to pull up the men of their company. The ditch, Wood tells me (when I submitted this account of the doings of the right wing to him for correction), could not have been more than 10 feet deep. From a ditch only 10 feet deep the tall men of the Grenadier company of the 93rd Highlanders,

in those days, had not much difficulty in clambering out very quickly, pulled up by their officers on the berm, and hoisted up by their comrades in the ditch. A musketry fire was opened upon them from such loopholes as had not been in the line of fire of our great guns, but none of the enemy attempted to defend the breach itself, and no attempt was made by the garrison in any part of the building to meet our men face to face and hand to hand in the open.* As at the Sikandarbagh in November, so on this occasion, when the garrison was computed to number quite 5,000 men, they only fought when their retreat was entirely cut off by the rush of our men past the rooms, archways and passages, where they were concealed, whence, as they could not escape, they kept up a deadly fire on our people, as long as they lived and their ammunition lasted. Seeing that the highest computation of their killed did not reach 700 men, the remaining 4,300 must have fled very precipitately, to have been able to get out of the building before being overtaken or having their retreat cut off by us; for, as I have mentioned at p. 244, the Grenadier company, after getting clear of the obstructions near the gateway and their breach, rushed straight through the palace to the gate at the opposite side of the building leading into the city, nearly capturing the Begam

* '*The Sepoys*, not yet daunted, *met their assailants in the breach, and for a short time their greatly superior number offered an obstacle difficult to overcome*' (*Malleson*, vol. iv., p. 270).

With reference to the above quotations from Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' where the *italics* are mine, I would state most positively that *two* breaches, not '*a breach*,' were effected; *none of the enemy attempted to defend either of the breaches*, therefore there were no '*obstacles*,' '*difficult*' or otherwise, '*to overcome*' once the ditches had been passed by us and the breaches mounted. It turned out afterwards that the right breach was mined, but fortunately the mine did not explode until some time after the right stormers had all passed over it, no mention of which is made by Colonel Malleson. When it did explode it did no damage, for by that time the entrance by the gate itself had been made practicable, and it was unnecessary for even camp-followers, bent on plunder, to scramble over the right breach.

herself, and cutting off the retreat of some eighty ladies of the harem (to Sir Colin's comical embarrassment), who were made prisoners. Brigadier Adrian Hope entered by the main gate on horseback, which he managed to do a very short time after the Grenadiers surmounted their breach, the obstructions under the archway being quickly cleared away and the ditch rapidly filled in by the sappers. The captured 'lights of the harem,' with their female and other attendants, were all collected together and placed under a guard of the 93rd, in whose costume they evinced great curiosity, and when they found that 'the Lord Sahib' had taken them under his special protection, they laughed and chatted amongst themselves as if nothing had happened.

All the fighting done by us of the 93rd, and by the 4th Panjabis, and all the losses we incurred, occurred in exterminating these six or seven hundred men, whose retreat was cut off, and who, as a rule, took refuge in dark rooms all over the building, and shut the doors. Captain C. W. Macdonald* of the 93rd was killed in an attempt to enter one of these rooms in the courtyard, or garden square, into which the main gate opened and the right breach led, being shot down on the threshold of the room, of which the door was wide open, and either shot again or bayoneted as he lay there, before the occupants of the room were all killed. Macdonald, a particularly handsome little fellow, was a great favourite with both officers and men. He was very quiet and reserved in his manner, and very youthful in appearance, full of zeal for his profession, a perfect gentleman, as brave as a lion, and as tender as a woman. He always went into action with his drawn dirk in his left hand—which, alas! was no protection against bullets—when most of us discarded it as merely an ornamental weapon; and one day at Bithur he illustrated

* A son of Lieutenant-General Alastair M'Ian Macdonald, of Dalchosnie and Dun Alastair, now Colonel of the Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians).

to me how the Highlanders used to use it, not only as a weapon of offence, using it then with its point turned outwards, but as a shield and buckler to protect the head and the whole body against sword-cuts, with the broad back of the blade pressed against the forearm, point towards the elbow and edge turned outwards, always, of course, using the left hand. He had the same predilection for illuminating his rooms at night as the Lord Seymour who died in 1837 was credited with, for in his barrack-rooms at Dover Castle, 'Judy' Macdonald, as he was affectionately called by his brother officers, would, when we were quartered there on our return from the Crimea, have half a dozen oil-lamps and any number of candles burning every night.

Lieutenant and Adjutant William McBean, who had followed the plough in Inverness-shire, I believe, before he enlisted (he eventually succeeded to the command of the regiment, and died a Major-General), entered with the right storming-party, and was credited in the *Victoria Cross Gazette* with cutting down eleven men with his own sword (the heavy cavalry sword which he wore as a mounted officer, not a claymore, which is worn only by the unmounted officers in a Highland regiment) '*in the main breach.*' Now, I was told at the time by an eye-witness that he actually cut down thirteen men as they emerged one by one from the main gateway, in an endeavour to escape, after finding their retreat cut off by the entrance of the stormers through the right breach. But they were not killed in defending the breach, as the wording of the announcement in the *Gazette* would lead everyone to believe. McBean, who was a powerfully-built, fine-looking Highlander, and esteemed by his officers, both when in the ranks and as a non-commissioned officer, performed this feat of strength on some one of the officers calling out to him, as the Sepoys began to bolt one by one from the gateway: 'Now, McBean, let's see how many you can cut down by yourself!' McBean, without a thought of the Victoria Cross,

or of seeing his feat described as having been performed 'in the main breach' upon men defending it, proceeded in a dogged and methodical manner to cut these fugitives down one by one. In point of fact, there was no *main* breach, both left and right breaches being of equal importance, and there having been no hand-to-hand defence of either. There were, however, 'wheels within wheels' here, for the whole brigade considered that he, with Drummond Stewart, Burroughs and Ewart, had won the Victoria Cross at the Relief, when, for quite two hours, he continued to carry Sir Colin's orders to different parts of the field, through a most fearful fire of grape and round-shot plus musketry, after many of Sir Colin's staff had had their horses disabled. McBean performed this dangerous duty in his quiet, emotionless, determined manner, at a funny tit-uping amble affected by his powerful-looking charger, just as he would ride about on parade, and as if the shower of iron and lead projectiles he found himself under was an April shower of rain. Sir Colin having practically refused to give the officers of the 93rd more than one Cross at the Relief, although four were recommended for it, it was thought useless to recommend McBean for it then, but the deed for which he did receive it, as recorded in the *Victoria Cross Gazette*, was never performed.

I believe that the institution of the Distinguished Service Order in November, 1886, must have done much to remove the temptation from commanding officers to stretch the meaning of the Victoria Cross warrant, by recommending favourite, and perhaps deserving, commissioned subordinates for that decoration for services to which it was never intended to apply, in default of being able to reward them in any other manner. The institution of a similar order for the non-commissioned officers and men would, I believe, act as a check on the indiscriminate distribution of the Crosses to them also for services such as that rendered by Sergeant Paton (*see p.* 120). I never could understand how army doctors

have been recommended for, and received, the Victoria Cross for dressing wounds under fire. If the doctor refused to dress men's wounds under fire, he would deserve to be shot; then, why give him the Victoria Cross for simply doing his duty? Under certain peculiar circumstances the doctor might be entitled to receive the Distinguished Service Order, but seldom, if ever, the Victoria Cross, for the simple performance of his medical duties under difficulties. Our surgeon, William Munro, and all his assistants in the 93rd, attended the wounded under fire when necessary, as a matter of course, and would have imagined one was laughing at them if the Victoria Cross had been suggested! In 1857 no officer under field-rank ever received a C.B., and there was no 'Distinguished Service Order,' so it was the Victoria Cross or nothing.

No. 2 Company 93rd was led by Captain Drummond Stewart (who had been awarded the Victoria Cross for the capture of a gun and the Barracks at the Relief) from court to court and out into a street of the city at the back of the Begam Kothi, where, assisted by his subaltern, C. W. Losack, they captured an 18-pounder gun, and fired several rounds from it up the street on the enemy; but owing to the heavy fire poured upon his party from the neighbouring houses, he had difficulty in maintaining his position, and although a company of the 42nd Highlanders was sent to his support from Banks' House, he was obliged to retire within the walls of the Begam Kothi, dragging in the gun in triumph with him, however.

Another incident of the right attack worth recording is how Pipe-Major John MacLeod, being hoisted up out of the ditch amongst the first who followed Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, Captain W. G. A. Middleton, and Lieutenant E. S. Wood, tuned up his pipes and commenced playing the moment he was within the walls, and continued playing for some time afterwards, thus verifying the wish expressed in some lines presented along with a pipe-major's banner to the regiment, shortly after its return from the Crimea, by two

young Scotch ladies. For, although the colours were never uncased, the pipe-major carried his banner throughout every fight we were in during the suppression of the Indian Mutiny.

These lines were addressed

TO THE NINETY-THIRD OR SUTHERLAND REGIMENT OF HIGHLANDERS

WITH A PIPE-MAJOR'S BANNER.

A LION and a Mouse, the fables tell,
Were bound in friendship's strictest ties together.
'What earthly use,' demands a kilted swell,
'Could one of these two beasts be of to t'other?'
Listen, young gentleman: It came to pass
That the grim Monarch of the forest slept;
And stealthily, as serpent on the grass,
A hunter to the noontide thicket crept,
And bound the slumbering giant, neck and limb,
Till death or dearth should do their work on him.

His humble friend was watching by the while,
With all a mouse's caution in her eye;
And when she judged that fully half a mile
Was placed between her and the enemy,
She stole to where the lion, black with sweat,
And roaring like a cataract in flood,
Lay tumbling in the meshes of the net,
And gnashing till his fangs ran red with blood.
But mice can nibble nets as well as cheese,
And ere the day was done the lion was at ease.

Ye gallant NINETY-THIRD, whose valour stayed
The charging squadrons rank'd in triple tire,
Who stood in order of exact parade—
'The thin red line'* of tartan, plume, and fire—
Ye are the lions of old Scottish might;
We are the little mice, your humble friends.
And if, which God forefend, once more to fight
In Freedom's cause a grateful country sends
Your plaids and bonnets to some distant shore,
This banner may be borne your ranks before,
And the poor trembling needle help the wild claymore.

* Alluding to the well-known description of the 93rd at Balaclava by Mr. Russell (now Sir William Russell, LL.D.), the *Times* correspondent in the Crimea.

We must now turn to the proceedings of the left storming-party, which I accompanied as a subaltern of No. 6 Company. As I have before mentioned at p. 244, our Brigadier, Adrian Hope, had explained to our wing that when we emerged from the cover of the ruined mud buildings which then sheltered us, we should find that our breach was not in front of us, but towards our right; he also admonished us to keep our formation—column of sections—our left shoulders up, and our eyes on the breach.

The left column was composed of four companies only of the 93rd Highlanders, because No. 7, under Captain Dawson, had been detailed as a Guard of Honour at the Darbar then being held at the Dilkusha to receive Jung Bahadur and his two brothers, who had joined Sir Colin's army that day with 15,000 men; the Light Company, under Captain S. Molyneux Clarke,* who had been transferred to it on the death of Captain Dalzell at the Sikandarbagh in November, with Lieutenants Ewen H. D. Macpherson,† and Maxwell W. Hyslop as his subalterns; No. 5 Company, led by Lieutenant Richard Cooper; No. 6 Company, led by Captain F. W. Burroughs, of which I was the senior subaltern; and No. 8 Company, under Captain R. S. Williams; the whole under the command of Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Gordon, who, owing to the dearth of field-officers with the 53rd Foot at the Relief of Lucknow, had been placed in temporary command of that regiment during the operations there in the month of November, but had now rejoined the 93rd.

On the stroke of four, our little column, *des enfants perdus*, moved off from the left of companies, in column of sections, the Light Company leading, and I have noted in my diary how, after we started and had to swing round our sheltering

* Now Lieutenant-General Somerset Molyneux Wiseman-Clarke, C.B.

† Now Colonel Ewen H. D. Macpherson, of Cluny, Chief of the clan Macpherson.

mud-buildings out into the open at the double, we first heard great laughter in the sections in front of us, and then section by section joined in it, as we became aware of the cause. Some distance to the rear of where we had been drawn up under shelter, we saw, as we wheeled first to our left rear and then past them to our right and front out into the open, the 500 men of Jung Bahadur's Ghurkas who were to act behind the wing of the 4th Panjabis as our supports. They were all squatted on their hams, in column of companies, dressed in very bright scarlet tunics, and it looked, as we doubled past, as if every man had an umbrella in addition to his rifle, and a tame green parrot seated on his shoulder. Probably there were not more than twenty men in each company, besides all the officers, who had an umbrella and a parrot, but the idea of going into action thus equipped was so very funny, that it made us all forget the serious business before us, and elicited from all ranks peals of laughter as we swung round into view of the enemy. The enemy gave both the breaches—which our heavy guns had been pounding at for so long before—a wide berth, while our sudden appearance the moment the guns ceased firing gave them no time to think of manning them. Moreover, they knew that the right breach was mined, and perhaps ours of the left attack was mined also. Still, they had a good many guns from which they could fire grape, and many loopholes for musketry, commanding the ground we of the left attack had to traverse. With these they opened a pretty hot fire upon the heads of our column as we showed ourselves, and made matters lively for us right up to the breach.

With regard to our experience on the left attack, it was peculiar: The Light Company, led by Captain Clarke and Lieutenant Macpherson, and accompanied by Major Macdonald (who had rejoined us at Bithur from a staff appointment with the Chinese Expeditionary Force), reached, surmounted, and entered the breach without serious opposition;

but Lieutenant Richard Cooper seems to have forgotten Brigadier Hope's injunction to keep his eye on the breach, for when, after crossing the first deep and wide ditch—which, of course, threw us into some confusion—we of the left wing encountered a second, but quite shallow, ditch, which we had not been warned off (*see plan No.* 2, *p.* 258), he seems to have brought up his *right* shoulder, and, instead of climbing the breach, which was formed by the brick outer wall of the palace having been knocked down, part outwardly and part inwardly, he turned off to his left, and, missing the breach altogether, led his men to the outside of the palace wall on the south-east side.

As it was no easy task to get the men into their places after emerging from the big ditch, and required an officer's whole attention, words of command being difficult to hear in the din of the cannonade and musketry, the moment one forgot to keep one's eye on the breach one was apt to lose one's way. Thus my Captain, with the two leading sections of No. 6 Company, seeing, when he emerged from the 10-foot ditch, Cooper and his company moving to the left, followed them. When I was hoisted out of the big ditch, I remembered our Brigadier's injunction, and looked for the breach, and, seeing those in front of me making for their left, halted the leading men of my sections as they emerged from the ditch, and, by dint of shouting and gesticulating, stopped any further advance till I got the whole of my two sections landed clear of the ditch and in their places; I then sent Corporal Steele, who was the left-hand front-rank man of my leading section, back to the officer leading No. 8, to warn him of the mistake in front, that there was a second shallow ditch in front of us, and that he had to keep his left shoulder up. Steele, who was a very cool, fine young fellow, came back in a few minutes to say it was all right, and No. 8 would follow us. When I started at the double with my two sections in the direction of the breach to my right, Cooper's company, and

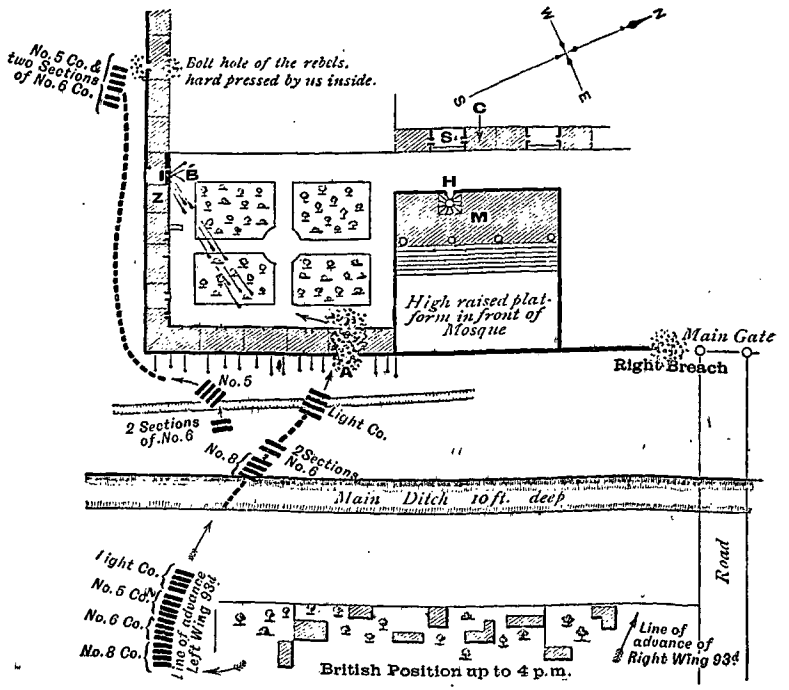
the two leading sections of my own company, had disappeared round the corner of the outside wall of the palace to my left. (*See plan No.* 2.) There was a good deal of musketry firing from loopholes, but I think that after we crossed the big ditch we got out of the zone of grape and round-shot fire.

The second shallow ditch, not far from the wall, was perhaps not more than 4 or 5 feet deep, but if you forgot to keep your eye on the breach, this second ditch was apt to throw you cut as to the direction to take. Beyond the fire from the walls right and left of the breach, there was no opposition to our mounting it, and at the top I met Major Macdonald in a very excited state, who asked what had become of the rest of the storming-party. I hurriedly explained, and Macdonald then pointing to a corner of the garden-like court we found ourselves in, and saying that support was required there by the Light Company, I formed my sections into file, and doubled up to the spot indicated by the Major, where we found the Light Company very hotly engaged with a body of some eighty of the enemy, which had retreated into a barricaded gateway built up on the outside, and were fighting like rats in a pit. They were able to fire straight out past one of their traverses in the gateway, and, following Major Macdonald's instructions, I unwittingly led direct for it, losing at once poor Corpora Steele, shot through the heart, and the other leading man of the file, also shot through the body. Steele, who was next to me as we ran, jumped a foot off the ground, I should say, throwing his rifle into the air, and ejaculating, 'Oh, my poor mother!' His was a valuable life thus lost. No. 8, I was glad to see, followed my lead all right, and did not diverge to the left, and the party of Sikh sappers, with powder-bags and scaling-ladders—and, I believe, the wing of the 4th Panjabis—duly followed No. 8. Had this mistake happened with a European foe, the consequences, as far as the left attack was concerned, would have been disastrous; for the Light Company would certainly have been annihilated, and

the rest of us disposed of in detail; but those who opposed us at all inside the Begam Kothi were only those who, retreat being cut off, were bent on selling their lives as dearly as possible, and then only behind the shelter of doors and windows and parapets. The mistake of Lieutenant Cooper proved one of those happy accidents in war which often turn out advantageously to the side which makes them, for, missing the left breach in the manner I have described, he led his company to the left, outside the wall of the palace nearly opposite Banks' House, and came upon a hole the Sepoys had made in the south-east wall, to facilitate escape, probably, from which they were just commencing to emerge one by one when Cooper arrived, and was joined in a few minutes by Captain Burroughs, with the two leading sections of No. 6 Company. As the hole took the shape of a very narrow and very low outlet, the mutineers had to bend their heads as they came out, and were easily shot or bayoneted as they emerged, crowding one after another, to escape from those of us who were inside. Of course, these six sections did great execution.

The outer courtyard into which the left breach gave admittance was of considerable extent, and was dotted with low trees or bushes, in tubs, I think, not unlike the Sikandar-bagh. The accompanying plan (No. 2) will give a good idea of it. On surmounting the breach at A, I was directed by Major Macdonald to the gateway at B, and lost the two leading men of my subdivision as we doubled in file straight up in the line of fire of the Sepoys who had retreated to that corner. Major Macdonald told me it was a force trying to break in, but we soon discovered that it was a body of some eighty Pandies, who had taken shelter there the moment the Light Company topped the breach, and that they could not get out because the gate was built up with masonry on the outside; in our direction it was defended by three mud traverses. As we lost some five or six men shot dead, including Corporal

Steele, before it was realized that they could not be rushed (there being only room for one man at a time to enter between the traverses), by the time I came up a sergeant of the Light Company had been sent with a crowbar on



THE STORMING OF THE BEGAM KOTHI (LUCKNOW) BY THE 93RD HIGHLANDERS, MARCH 11, 1858.

Plan of the Left Attack (No. 2).

REFERENCES.

A. Left breach.
B. Built-up gateway blocked with traverses on inside.
C. Dark room which Lieutenant W. G. A. blew up.
S. Spot where Sergison was killed.
H. Door at foot of stair up to mosque, where Hodson was mortally wounded.
M. Mosque built on a lofty platform.
Z. Spot whence Lieutenant W. G. A. saw Hodson enter the left breach.

to the roof of the room on the left of the gateway as you would go out, to commence boring a hole to drop a 50 lb. or 60 lb. bag of gunpowder, with fuse attached, on to its defenders; but a few minutes after I reached the corner I

was told he had been killed, so mounted to the roof myself, and saw him stretched out quite dead, shot through the head by the men on the opposite side of the gateway, in consequence of his having, no doubt, incautiously raised his head whilst working the crowbar at point lettered *Z* on plan. To test the question, I raised my feather bonnet on the point of my claymore just above the edge of the roof, and immediately several bullets were sent through it. I then lay down flat on my face, and worked the crowbar round and round, first with one hand and then with the other, in the hole he had commenced. As it was boring down solely by its own weight, I nearly lost it when the hole was through. The Panjabi sappers, with the powder-bags, had now arrived, and I resigned my post to two of them to enlarge the hole. Backing on all fours out of view of the Sepoys in the gateway, I stood up and took a look round.

The flat roofs on which I stood were those of rooms all round the outer wall of the place, with rather high, sun-dried, loopholed mud parapets as an outer defence. I have shaded these roofs on the plan. Commencing close to the right of the breach A, where we had entered, a platform of brick or stone, on the level of where I stood, running back at right angles to the breach, formed the opposite side of the courtyard, and on this platform there was a small mosque, facing outwards to the south east (*marked M on the plan*), raised slightly higher than the platform itself, with a small dome and dummy minarets, and reached by a broad flight of steps, running from one side to the other of the platform. Turning to my left and looking across the gateway we were attacking, with my back towards the outer wall we had breached, that side of the court was formed by what appeared to be a high wall dividing it from the next court; on the continuation of the outer parapet, however, on which I was standing, but divided from us by the gap formed by the gateway we were then besieging, there were Jung Bahadur's

Nipalese—500 of whom we had seen as we moved on to the assault—clad in scarlet, and seated on their hams, umbrellas and parrots complete, gazing lazily down into the courtyard they overlooked, exactly like a lot of monkeys on a barrel-organ. These troops must all have entered by the right breach behind the right wing, notwithstanding that 500 of them had been told off to support the left attack, for none but stray staff officers entered by the left breach after our column, including the sappers, crossed it.

As I turned round again towards the breach, I noticed two officers, whom I took to be on the staff, clambering over it, and when they reached the bottom on the inside, proceed arm-in-arm to skirt the wall of the platform on which the mosque stood, and, merely glancing at the firing going on in our corner, make for the passage or lane which led to their right. Believing that this lane was bordered by rooms harbouring desperate fellows in concealment, similar to those at the gateway we were then dealing with, I called to a man of my company below to run towards these two officers, one of whom I had just recognised as Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, and warn them to be careful. As I was descending the ladder to terra firma, a tremendous explosion made me pause and turn round, to witness what was evidently the explosion of the large mine at the breach where the right wing had entered.

Lord Roberts makes the same mistake as Malleson in speaking of *one* breach only, and at p. 403 of the first volume of his work mentions how, having obtained leave to go to the Begam Kothi after its capture, 'he was obliged to dismount, for even on foot it was a difficult matter to scramble over *the* breach.' (The italics are mine.) As the main gate must have then been open, the ditch filled up, the gateway passable, and the mine under right breach probably exploded before Lord Roberts reached the Begam Kothi, he must have entered by the same way as Hodson, that is to say, by the left breach.

The man I had sent across the court to warn Hodson was the 'funny man' of No. 6 Company, called John Dougherty, a Glasgow Irishman, a member of one of those colonies of Irish to be found in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and some other Scotch towns, who retain many of the customs and a good deal of the Irish brogue, mixed with a Lowland Scotch accent, although they themselves, and sometimes their fathers and grandfathers, have been born in Scotland, and none of them seen Ireland. He was a low comedian in appearance, by no means what one could call either stalwart or good-looking, but a plucky little chap. As there was no further need of me in that corner, and my men of No. 6 Company were only hanging about waiting for the Sepoys penned into the gateway to be blown up, I called out to them, when I had descended the ladder, to follow me, and doubled across the courtyard after Hodson and his friend. Dougherty, unfortunately, did not catch them up, and before they had gone many yards down the passage, which ran along out of our square at the back of the Mosque, Hodson turned into the first doorway he came to on his right (the only doorway on that side of the passage), which opened into the foot of a narrow, short staircase (*marked H on the plans*) leading up into the mosque above. Immediately one or two shots were fired, and Hodson staggered back. Dougherty never stopped, but ran in to the door and pinned the man who shot Hodson with his bayonet before he had time to reload.* There was only one other Sepoy in the

* Colonel Malleson, at p. 271 of his fourth volume, thus records Hodson's death: '*He had joined the storming-party*, had entered the breach with Robert Napier, *and had been separated from him in the mêlée*. He was not wounded during the storm; but after the breach had been gained, *he rushed forward to seek for Sepoys* who might be concealed in the dark rooms and recesses of the palace.' I must here draw attention to the facts, which I can personally vouch for and have recorded in the text, which traverse all the statements put by me in italics in the above quotation. Major Hodson did *not* join our storming-

doorway, and he was bayoneted too; and when they were both hauled out into the roadway, I noticed the stair up which two more of my men mounted step by step, prodding with their bayonets above them till they ascertained there were no more Pandies in hiding there.

When I re-emerged from the staircase, Hodson had been borne away, and his friend, who, I afterwards heard, was our Chief Engineer, Brigadier Robert Napier,* had also disappeared. The lane or passage into which this back-stair opened was formed on the right, when coming out of the court where the left breach was, by the wall supporting the platform on which the mosque stood *(marked M on plan)*, and on the left by a series of sets of two dark rooms with doors facing, not into the lane, but into a small veranda between them, these verandas being raised about a foot and a half above the level of the ground. I have marked these sets of rooms, and their relative position to the staircase

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party, and could not have found any position in it if he had; he was in no *mêlée*, but walked in quietly arm-in-arm with his friend, Brigadier Napier, over the left breach, and therefore 'rushed' nowhere.

As Colonel Malleson has recorded in his History his own opinion that the execution by Hodson himself of the 'Princes of the House of Taimur' was 'needless slaughter,' I here venture to assert that he would not have found two men amongst the magnificent heroes of the Delhi besieging force, nor three amongst Sir Colin Campbell's relief and siege of Lucknow forces in 1857 and 1858, who would have agreed with him.

As to the unsupported assertion by the author of 'The Life of Lord Lawrence,' Professor Bosworth Smith, that Hodson was 'killed in the act of looting in a house in Lucknow,' Mr. Smith never answered either my challenge, published in the *St. James's Gazette* and dated May 23, 1883, nor the challenges of other eye-witnesses of Hodson's death, which appeared in other London newspapers, including the *Daily News*, about the same time, denying the base accusation—challenges which certainly called for the production of the evidence upon which such a charge could be based by Mr. Smith; or, failing that, for an ample apology for having ventured to make such a charge. Mr. Smith ought not only to have admitted that he had been misinformed, but to have apologized for having propagated such a slander. He did neither.

* Afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala.

where Hodson met his death, by the letter C on my plans. In India the windows, when there are any, are seldom, if ever, glazed, even in native palaces, and the rooms where the great man's retainers sleep never have any windows at all, the only light and air entering by the door, when open. Throughout the building here, at the Begam Kothi, as at the Sikandarbagh, all the defenders who were not caught on the tops of the parapet or out in the courts and passages, and who found their retreat cut off, made for such rooms and closed the doors, and wherever the doors were incautiously burst open, those inside fired point-blank at their assailants, and, one may say, almost invariably killed or mortally wounded them. But where these rooms, or positions like the gateway marked B on my plan (No. 2), in which even large parties of the enemy had taken refuge—where, I say, such places were cautiously approached, and powder-bags with a fuse attached either dropped through holes made in the roof or thrown into the room when the door was open, no lives were lost on our side.

On emerging from the door where Hodson had been shot, I saw the body of a fine young private of the Grenadier Company, who had come in at the other breach, lying dead on his face in the first of one of these verandas between two of the rooms above described, exactly opposite to the door where Hodson was shot, but on the other side of the lane. As far as I could learn from another man of the Grenadier Company who had also wandered away from the right wing in our direction, no shots had been fired from the other room to our left as one looked into the veranda; but when the Grenadier had pushed at the door of the room to our right, a shot was fired which killed him on the spot. Ordering the men to stand back from any part of the lane where they could possibly be seen by the occupants of this dangerous room, I managed to get hold of the poor follow's leg, and we dragged his body out of the veranda into the lane.

Some of the Sikh sappers now coming up, who seemed to be adepts at this kind of warfare, I made them, by pantomime, understand the situation, and one of them went to fetch a bag of powder, whilst I myself, and perhaps some twenty or thirty of my own company, watched the door of the dangerous room till his return. Whilst doing so, officers and men of both wings passed backwards and forwards, and, looking up the lane to the blocked corner gateway which the Light Company had been besieging (*marked B on my plan*, No. 2), I had the satisfaction of seeing the place blown up and our men rush in with the bayonet, and I learnt afterwards that some eighty Pandies had been killed there.

As soon as the Sikh sapper arrived with the powder-bag for me, he explained how I was to hold it in my left hand—for the door into which I was to throw it was on my right—with the long rope-like sausage containing the train with fuse attached coiled round my left arm. Looking round, he saw the door where Hodson had been shot on the other side of the lane, and made me understand that the moment I had thrown the bag into the room, I was to take shelter in that doorway, light the fuse and shut the door. His two comrades then crossed the door with a bound to the corner of the veranda opposite me and placed a crowbar under it, making me understand that, when they pressed the crowbar, the half of the door—for, though small, it was a folding-door—would come off its hooks, being only hung on, and fall inwards; then was my time with the powder-bag.

Just as all this had been arranged a hot-headed young subaltern, much my junior, Lieutenant C. W. Sergison, of No. 8 Company, came down the lane from the direction of the left breach, and, pushing past the sergeant I had sent towards the courtyard there, as I had also sent another to the other end of the lane to keep everyone back till the explosion occurred, came up to me and asked what was going on. I explained, and ordered him to stand back. Making some

exclamation of 'Oh, nonsense!' or something like that, he mounted the step on to the veranda, and going back as far as its limited space would allow him, ran at the door and kicked down the half of it, under which the Sikh's crowbar was already inserted, with ease. As it fell some shots were fired out of the room, one of which entered under his chin and came out at the top of his head, killing him on the spot. The two Sikhs, who were thus left pinned into the corner on the other side of a now open door, briskly jumped over Sergison's body before the mutineers inside had time to reload, and we were all placed in a totally different situation, for they could now see any of us who showed our noses round the corner of the open door, whereas they remained invisible in the pitch-dark room; the difficulty of throwing in the powder-bag with safety was considerably increased, too. I could not venture now to take my eyes off the door, keeping the men well on one side of it, as it was impossible to say how many Sepoys were in the room, or what would be their next move. They commenced, however, to fire out at the hinge of that half of the door next to us which was still standing, and sent some shots up the lane in the direction of the left breach courtyard. Then I directed a non-commissioned officer to go for Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, who had commanded our left column, as I required his authority to blow the room up now that Sergison's body lay so close to the door, in fact, one of his feet was on the threshold, and every attempt we made to reach and drag him away was met by a shot from the room. On Colonel Gordon's arrival, I told him that I wished the support of his opinion that Sergison was quite dead before I blew up the room, but the sooner it was done the better, now that its occupants could see down the lane into the left breach square. He pronounced Sergison to be quite dead, of course, and gave me permission to go on. I had a sort of idea that when the Sepoys divined my object they would either fire into the bag to blow us up, too, or charge out upon us when I was

hampered with it in my left hand, but in effect they did nothing. I had to get a little swing on it before I could let it go, for it was decidedly heavy, landed it by good luck well into the room, and then, watching all the men get under cover up the lane in every direction to be out of harm's way, took the train and fuse into the staircase, lit the fuse and held my door shut till the roar and shock told me my venture had succeeded. The 93rd men came doubling back, and rushed into the ruins to bayonet any survivors of the party which had killed a private and an officer and wounded others of the regiment. *They found two men only who had done all the damage!*

This sort of thing cannot be fairly described as 'desperate fighting.' The moment the stormers mounted the two breaches some four thousand odd of our enemy fled into the city, for the largest number of killed given as having been found in and about the palace was, as I have said, 700, out of a garrison of 5,000. Those who found their retreat cut off shut themselves into holes and corners, where they interfered with no one who did not attempt to get at them. With organized leadership our loss should have been trifling, for these holes and corners could have been blown up in detail* without the loss of a man after we entered the place.

After blowing up the room in the lane behind the mosque, I collected my subdivision of No. 6 Company 93rd, and moved on to ascertain where our further services might be required. The firing was now nearly over within the walls of the palace, and as I still pushed on to find our headquarters I was stopped in the centre square and directed to take charge of the principal rooms in the centre building, and prevent any further destruction of the 'furniture and fittings' (to quote the

* In point of fact, most of these places of retreat *were* blown up in detail, but not till we had lost a good many officers, non-commissioned officers and men, both killed and wounded, by attempting to storm such places.

house agents' advertisements) by irresponsible avengers. As the Oriental's idea of a magnificent apartment is one of which the walls are covered with mirrors, and the ceiling hung with crystal chandeliers as close to each other as they can be packed, the effect of our people having passed through such a suite of rooms about an hour before, firing as they went, was decidedly suggestive of chaos. All through these state apartments, too, the floors were strewn with the shoes of the flying junior Begams, just as we had before seen the fields strewn with the shoes of the flying fighting men.

Having been officially placed in charge of this building, I was able to think of taking a rest, after posting my sentries. It must now have been nearly six o'clock, and the sun had set. The loss of the 93rd Highlanders in the capture of the Begam Kothi amounted to 2 officers and 13 non-commissioned officers and men killed, and 2 officers and 45 non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

Whilst we were storming the Begam's palace our camp had been pitched, under the superintendence of our Quartermaster 'Jy, Jy,' in the park in front of the Dilkusha by our native followers, and was in charge of Captain Dawson and No. 7 Company as an inlying picket. They had been acting that day as a guard of honour at the Darbar the Commander-in-Chief was obliged to hold, during the fighting, for the reception of Jung Bahadur. The old Chief, hardly disguising his impatience at having to go through this ceremonial reception —attired, too, in the full dress of a British General Officer, and surrounded by as many of his staff as could muster full-dress uniform also for the occasion—showed his impatience most distinctly when our batteries ceased firing, and the patter-patter-patter of the musketry and our rifle fire told that the attack was going on. When, therefore, Captain Hope-Johnstone, aide-de-camp to Major-General Mansfield, Chief of the Staff, strode into the Darbar tent in fighting kit, begrimed with dust and gunpowder, and reported that the

93rd Highlanders were well into the Begam Kothi, Sir Colin, rising, abruptly brought the proceedings to a close after announcing the news to his guest, and explaining that the regiment of hill-men, of whom the guard of honour was a company, had effected the capture, adding that the Queen had just made him Colonel of that regiment. Jung Bahadur, with courtly tact, immediately replied that he remembered having inspected the regiment at Edinburgh in 1850, when he had been much impressed with the magnificent appearance of the men. His Highness did not add that after the inspection in the Queen's Park, Edinburgh, in that year, he had offered to purchase the regiment as it stood on parade, and transport it to Nipal for his (nominal) Sovereign's service.*

As soon as Sir Colin could bow the Ghurka Princes out of the tent, he hurriedly resumed his fighting costume, mounted his horse, and galloped to the front to see how we were getting on.

I had, as I hoped, settled down for the night in charge of the state apartments of the Begam, and had prepared a very comfortable bed composed of a pile of wadded silk quilts, rather too heavily scented, however, to sleep on, which I had collected on the terraced steps leading to the rooms under my charge, when an order came for the left wing of the 93rd to evacuate the palace, leaving the right wing and

* This was three years before the 93rd joined the camp at Chobham Common (in June, 1853), when the rank and file were the tallest and most stalwart infantry soldiers in the whole British army, occupying more space in the ranks than even any battalion of the Guards did at that time—a time, too, when the whole British army, with its long-service twenty-one years' men, were giants as compared to any army we have ever had since. *Punch* of that day had a very good sketch of an old Cockney dame visiting the 93rd camp at Chobham. She is depicted asking a 6 ft. 2 in. sergeant, standing at the door of the regulation bell-tent with his feather bonnet on: 'How many on ye sleep there, now?' 'Sixteen, mem,' the sergeant with truth replies. At which the old dame exclaims in amazement: 'Sixteen of ye in that gig-umberella of a thing? Gir a-long with ye!' She could not believe it possible.

the 4th Panjabis alone in occupation of the whole building. We unfortunates of the left wing were, for what military or other reasons I never could ascertain, marched to a huge sarai adjoining the palace crowded with our dead and wounded, many of the latter dying, and 1,000 Nipal Ghurkas who had been amongst our supports that day. It was simply a huge enclosed square with open sheds all round, the whole place having been occupied by the enemy's elephants, camels, and bullocks during the day, and was in an indescribably filthy condition, a sorry substitute indeed for the perfumed silk and satin quilts we had left behind us in the palace. Surely the wounded, too, would have been in better quarters there? With the exception of our tot of rum, we had nothing to eat or drink that night, and although the days were now fiercely hot, the nights were still very cold.

I myself passed a most miserable night, having found in one of the *dhulis*, amongst the 'hopeless cases' of mortally wounded men whom the doctors had no time to attend to, a poor fellow of the Light Company in great agony with a bullet in his abdomen, but clear-headed and intelligent to the last. He constantly cried for water, which I obtained for him from the hospital water-carriers at intervals throughout the night. He begged me continually either to shoot him, or to lend him my revolver to shoot himself. I was so dreadfully fatigued that I two or three times fell asleep with my head on his shoulder, and he woke me on one of these occasions by trying to reach my revolver, which I had thrust round to my back to prevent him laying hold of it. Towards sunrise I had again fallen asleep, and when I afterwards awoke he was dead, after enduring quite ten hours of excruciating agony. Why, in such hopeless cases, might not the surgeons of regiments be authorized to put the sufferer, *at his own request*, out of pain?

Our wing remained in this filthy hole till about five p.m.

next day, March 12, when we joined the headquarters of the regiment on its way to camp, the medical staff, with the surviving wounded, having preceded us early in the morning. On reaching my own tent, I thoroughly enjoyed a tub and change, and something to eat at the mess, not to speak of the luxury of a night in bed, an article of domestic furniture I had not seen for five nights. The funeral next morning, March 13, at seven a.m., of our officers and men killed in the Begam Kothi was very impressive, Sir Colin, with some of his staff, attending. Poor little Macdonald looked—everyone who saw him said—so wonderfully beautiful in death, that many officers in the camp who had known him, besides his own brother officers and nearly all his own company, obtained permission to go and see his body before he was buried.

CHAPTER XVII.

FINAL OPERATIONS AND OCCUPATION OF THE CITY OF LUCKNOW.

THE 93rd Highlanders remained in their camp, giving large pickets, however, for such places as the bridges of boats across the Gumti, until March 20. The capture of the Begam Kothi on the 11th carried the British attack inside the enemy's second line of defence. As Sir Colin said in his despatches, 'Thenceforward he'—Brigadier Napier, the Chief Engineer—'pushed his approach with the greatest judgment through the enclosures, by the aid of the sappers and of heavy guns, the troops immediately occupying the ground as he advanced, and the mortars being moved from one position to another as ground was won on which they could be placed.' On the 11th, the Nipal troops, to the number of 1,000, had been utilized as a support to the two wings of the 93rd Highlanders, and on the 12th the whole of Jung Bahadur's army, numbering 15,000 men, with twenty-two guns, were brought into line to hold the front of the canal to the left of Banks' House. On the 13th, the Nipal force crossed the canal and occupied the enemy's attention by threatening the suburbs along the whole front still more to the left of Banks' House. On the evening of that day, all the intermediate buildings having been sapped through, the heavy batteries which had been pounding away at the walls of the lesser Imambarah (the next large building between the Begam Kothi and the Kaisarbagh, not to be confounded with the great Imambarah between

the Machchi Bhawan and Musa Bagh, close to the river Gumti), at a distance of only 30 yards, had effected a breach in the massive walls which it was hoped would be practicable early the next morning. Accordingly, about nine a.m. on the 14th, when it was deemed to be so, Franks's division, which had relieved us of Lugard's division on the 12th, supplied a storming-party consisting of sixty men of the Sikh regiment of Feruzpur—better known as 'Brasyer's Sikhs'—and two companies of the 10th Foot, supported by the remainder of Brasyer's Sikhs and the remainder of the 10th and the 90th Foot. The defence was half-hearted, the defenders quickly turned and fled, and the Imambarah was in our possession. Brasyer's Sikhs, keeping close to the heels of the flying foe, managed to effect an entrance within the third line of works, and through the gallant exertions of the Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General of Franks's division, Captain Henry Havelock,* reinforcements were hurried up, and the Kaisarbagh, the key to the position of the third and last line of defence, as the Begam Kothi was the key to the second line, was also captured by our troops. Not only was the Kaisarbagh itself, which the enemy regarded as their citadel, in our possession by nightfall, but all the other buildings in its vicinity, the Mess-house, the Tara Kothi, the Mothi Mahall, and the Chatar Manzil, had also been occupied, after trifling resistance and small loss on our side.

Sir William Russell, LL.D., in his most fascinating book, called 'My Diary in India,' has described, in his usual eloquent manner, the scene of plunder which followed the capture of the King's palace. Fortunately for the good name and discipline of my own regiment, there was no plunder either in the Sikandarbagh or in the Shah Najaf at the Relief, and at the capture of the Begam Kothi our hands had been so full with the work of hunting out and exterminating our

* The late Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Marsham Havelock-Allan, Bart., V.C., K.C.B., Colonel of the Royal Irish Regiment.

concealed foes, that no one had had time to think of 'loot,' so I never witnessed any such scene as that described by Sir William Russell.

On the right bank of the river the 15th was devoted by the Commander-in-Chief to consolidating his own position and planting mortar and other batteries to bombard the positions, including the historic Residency, still held by the rebels, and the heart of the city itself. On the left bank, Hope Grant, with a mounted force of 1,100 cavalry, European and native, and two batteries of Horse Artillery, was despatched, too late, to pursue the fugitives of the day before, along the Sitapur road. Brigadier Campbell was also directed to take his infantry brigade, some field guns, and 1,500 cavalry from the Alambagh along the Sandila road. But the enemy had taken neither of these roads. On the 16th, Outram was directed to cross the Gumti to the right bank, by a bridge of casks thrown across opposite the Sikandarbagh; he took with him the 5th (Douglas's) brigade, consisting of the 1st Fusiliers, the 23rd Foot, and the 79th Highlanders, leaving Walpole's brigade in position on the left bank, watching the iron and stone bridges. On crossing, Outram was joined by the 20th Foot and Brasyer's Sikhs, and was met by Sir Colin, who personally instructed him to advance through the Chatar Manzil and capture the Residency. This he accomplished in less than half an hour. That is to say, that the post which, when defended by a handful of British soldiers aided by a few Asiatics, successfully held out for eighty-four days against overwhelming numbers of rebel Asiatics, was captured in thirty minutes by a handful of British soldiers and loyal Asiatics, led by British officers.

The 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, followed by Brasyer's Sikhs and the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, pursued the flying enemy, and taking their river defences in reverse, captured first a gun which had commanded the approach to the iron bridge from the left bank, and immediately afterwards the batteries

between the two bridges. A battery of Madras Field Artillery from the Residency opened a heavy fire on the Machchi Bhawan, till relieved by two very heavy shell guns of the Naval Brigade, which speedily cleared a way for the 1st Bengal Fusiliers and Brasyer's Sikhs, so that, after a feeble resistance, not only the Machchi Bhawan, but the great Imambarah, fell into their hands. One of the numerous accidents which occurred from the explosion of gunpowder during the operations, both at the relief and capture of Lucknow, happened at the capture of the great Imambarah, when, owing to the regimental staff-officers of the 79th Highlanders noticing that the road by which the regiment was advancing was literally strewn with gunpowder, all the company water-carriers were ordered to the head of the column, and directed to water the road in front of the battalion as they advanced. Unfortunately, in addition to the powder thus strewn along the road, quantities had been left in native earthenware water-vessels all round a very large well, into which doubtless large quantities had been thrown by the rebels before their flight. Some energetic head man of the 79th native water-carriers, having thrown one of these vessels down the well, it is supposed that it must have struck the brick sides of the well, and, emitting a spark, was the cause of a terrific explosion, in which the whole of the poor water-carriers were either killed or mortally wounded, entailing enormous inconvenience, and even hardship to the battalion, until their places could be filled up.

During the progress of these successful operations on the right bank of the river many thousands of the rebels, fugitives from the Residency and other strong places, retreating across the stone bridge, attacked Walpole's pickets, evidently with the design of distracting attention from their projected retreat on Faizabad, which 20,000 of them made good; for Hope Grant, with about one half of the cavalry and Horse Artillery, had been sent on a wild-goose chase along the

Sitapur road, and Campbell, with infantry, field-guns, and the rest of the cavalry, along the Sandila road, the day before. On the 16th also, in addition to the escape of these 20,000 men, during the absence of the cavalry, and in consequence of Outram not having been permitted to storm the bridges and cross the Gumti on the afternoon of the 14th, a determined attack was made on the Alambagh, the garrison of which had been reduced to less than 1,000 men of all arms. Although the artillery fire, under the direction of Olpherts and Vincent Eyre, eventually drove the enemy off, yet its determined character may be inferred from the fact that, the attack having been commenced about nine o'clock in the morning, it was nearly two in the afternoon before the enemy's horse, foot, and artillery were in full retreat.

By the 17th Jung Bahadur, with his Nipalese, had taken in reverse all the positions from the Charbagh Bridge, in front of the Alambagh, right up to the Residency, capturing all the enemy's guns, and performing all the task allotted to him by the Commander-in-Chief in a most workmanlike manner, and with but trifling loss. On the 17th Outram, continuing his advance, had occupied the Husseni Mosque, and another royal palace called the Daulat Khana ('the house of happiness'), without resistance. In the afternoon of the same day he also occupied without resistance Sharif-ud-Daula's house, but here another terrible gunpowder accident happened. The force consisted of Middleton's Field Battery, two 8-inch howitzers, one company native sappers, a wing of the 20th Foot, a wing of the 23rd Foot, a wing of the 79th Highlanders, and Brasyer's Sikhs. In a courtyard immediately in the way of the column a number of native carts were standing, laden with gunpowder packed in tin cases and leather bags. Captain Clarke and Lieutenant Outram, of the Engineers, were directed to remove the carts, and throw the powder into an adjacent well—one of those very large and deep brick-lined wells which abound in all the great cities of

Hindustan. As in the case of the destruction of the native water-carriers of the 79th Highlanders previously related, where it is supposed that one of the earthenware vessels containing gunpowder struck a spark out of the brickwork as it descended the well, so it can only be conjectured that here also a spark was struck by one of the tin cases; but this catastrophe was more appalling, for both the above-mentioned officers, together with thirty men of the Engineers, lost their lives, many camp-followers and others being more or less seriously injured.

Although by the 19th most of the rebels had been expelled from the city of Lucknow, it became known to Sir Colin that some 8,000 or 9,000 of them, with many of the more prominent leaders of the rebellion, and the Begam and her son at their head, had taken up a position at the Musabagh, a large palace surrounded by gardens and enclosures, about 4 miles to the north-west of the city, and close to the right bank of the Gumti. On the morning of the 19th Outram marched against the Musabagh from the most advanced positions in the city, whilst Hope Grant was directed to cannonade the palace from the left bank of the river, and to prevent any attempt of theirs to cross the stream. At the same time Brigadier Campbell, of the Queen's Bays, with a strong force of the three arms, including 1,500 cavalry, was ordered to take up a position on the left front of the Musabagh, to cut off the retreat of the rebels when Outram expelled them from their position there. Further, Jung Bahadur's troops were directed to enter the city from the Charbagh. It was confidently believed that none of the garrison would escape this time. The enemy appeared in great strength as Outram pushed on through the suburbs, but when he threatened their flanks, whilst he vigorously cannonaded their front, they precipitately abandoned the Musabagh, leaving two guns behind them. These 9,000 men fled by the way where Campbell should

have intercepted them. Sir Hope Grant writes of this incident:* 'With his large force of cavalry and artillery, there was a splendid opportunity for cutting off the large masses of fugitive rebels, yet nearly all were allowed to escape.' Brigadier Campbell made no attempt to cut them off.

An officer who wrote an article in the *Calcutta Review* the year following says, with regard to the official explanation that Campbell lost his way, and thus arrived too late: 'But his errors appear to have partaken of wilfulness. He moved his force in utter disregard of the statement of his guides, in opposition to the protestations and explanations of all to whose information and advice he was bound to listen.' There can, however, be no doubt that to the escape of so many prominent leaders of the rebellion and of these 9,000 men, added to the 20,000 fugitives who made good their escape to Faizabad on the 16th, owing to equally bad management, must be attributed the success with which, throughout Rohilkhand and Oudh, the rebels were enabled to maintain a guerilla warfare with us for more than a year afterwards—a warfare mostly conducted during such hot weather that, where the enemy killed about 200, perhaps, more than 2,000 European troops were killed by disease. The Commander-in-Chief himself was officially responsible for the escape of the 20,000 to Faizabad, but Brigadier Campbell was alone responsible for the Musabagh fiasco. All the fugitives from the Musabagh, however, did not escape, for Outram had, fortunately, two squadrons of Hope Grant's splendid regiment, the 9th Lancers, under his own immediate command; these he had posted, in anticipation of the inevitable flight of the rebels, close to their left flank, and when they began to stream out of the Musabagh, he detached these two squadrons in pursuit. In spite of the natural difficulties of the country they had to traverse, intersected as it was with nullahs and

* Hope Grant's 'Incidents of the Sepoy War.'

ravines, they pursued the enemy for 4 miles, killing more than 100 of them, and capturing six out of the twelve guns which the enemy had possessed in the morning. Outram's Field Artillery and infantry, following in support, overtook the remaining four guns, and did some slight execution amongst the fugitive infantry. The success of this stern chase of Outram's proves what terrible execution could have been done by Brigadier Campbell, if he had carried out his orders with promptitude and decision.

Lord Canning's Oudh proclamation was received in camp next day, and was unfavourably commented on as being premature; for, seeing that its terms deprived the majority of the leaders of the rebels of all hope of pardon, it could only incite them to hold out to the last, and to use their utmost endeavours to deter their armed followers from laying down their arms.* On March 20, the 93rd were again marched into Lucknow, and distributed amongst a number of palaces and other large buildings. On the morning of the 21st the right wing of the regiment, supported by our trusty comrades-in-arms, the 4th Panjab Rifles, and a detachment of sappers, were detailed to dislodge the Maulavi of Faizabad from a strongly-fortified sarai in the very heart of the city. The enemy made a most determined stand, leaving 150 odd dead behind them; the wing of the 93rd losing eleven men wounded, and the 4th Panjabis two officers and several men also wounded. There were, however, none killed on our side. On this occasion Brigadier Campbell managed to

* With reference to this proclamation, Dr. W. H. Russell writes, in 'My Diary in India'; 'Monday, March 22.—To-day I procured a copy of Lord Canning's proclamation, which I sent to London, where no doubt it will excite as much disapprobation as it does here. I have not heard one voice raised in its defence; and even those who are habitually silent now open their mouths to condemn the policy which must perpetuate the rebellion in Oude. In fact, unless there be some modification of the general terms of the proclamation, it will be but *irritamenta malorum* to issue it.'

intercept the retreat, and, pursuing them for six miles, inflicted considerable loss upon them; but the Maulavi escaped.

Measures were now taken to invite the well-disposed citizens to return to the town, which the whole of the inhabitants had deserted, fearing, no doubt, the just vengeance of their conquerors, also the unwarlike section amongst them being also no doubt terrified into flight by the hail of round-shot, and especially shells, which had been showered on the city itself in the concluding week of the siege. These must have done considerable execution; for during the eleven days the 93rd occupied the main buildings there we were continually discovering heaps of dead in courtyards and other open spaces, and I myself found, in a house near my post, several rooms full of dead in an advanced stage of decomposition. Many of the dead we thus found had, I believe, died of wounds received at the front, but there is no doubt that many also had been non-combatants, and were killed by our shells in the streets, and even in their own houses.

The left wing of the 93rd took no part in the expulsion of the Maulavi from the last rebel stronghold in the city, and the companies composing it were divided and subdivided to take charge of various posts. On the 21st I found myself in command of half No. 6 Company in charge of the palace of Nawab Musalm-ud-Daula, at some distance from the other posts of the regiment. The weather by day had now become exceedingly hot, and the flies were a continual torment, for, where there are no punkahs, Hindustani flies bite, besides settling so pertinaciously on your food that you are apt to swallow them if you relax your vigilance in watching every mouthful. By night, too, the plague of mosquitoes was so dreadful that I found it impossible to sleep, and, what with the mosquitoes by night and the flies by day, I was nearly dead with fatigue from want of sleep before I managed to get my mosquito-net from camp on the 28th. Thereafter I could defy both flies and mosquitoes. On the 27th my Captain,

Burroughs, who with the left subdivision of No. 6 company had been in charge of a post at the Barra Durri gateway of the Choke, was called upon to furnish a party to dislodge some Sepoys from a neighbouring house, who had commenced firing upon all the passers-by. Burroughs, observing that there was a good deal of gunpowder in the vicinity of the house, decided to endeavour to blow the place up, and, ascending to the flat roof by an external staircase for the purpose of reconnoitring, suddenly observed a puff of smoke, and, rightly believing that it preluded an explosion, ran for the staircase. On his way down, the staircase was blown from under him, and a brick struck his right leg and broke it. In the fall he broke it again, and fell with the ruins of the wall on the top of him. The surgeon of the 93rd, Wm. Munro,* opposed the amputation of the limb, and thereby probably saved Burroughs's life; for, during all my service in India, I never knew or heard of a case where the patient survived the amputation of a leg. Munro was one of the most skilful surgeons and most able physicians in the British army, and was beloved and trusted by both officers and men throughout his service with the 93rd Highlanders. It afterwards transpired that, unknown to Burroughs, a party of the 97th Foot had also been called by the Assistant Commissioner, Captain Bunbury, to dislodge these Sepoys, and, knowing nothing of the presence of Burroughs and his party, had succeeded in blowing up the rebels' place of refuge from another side of the building, just as Burroughs mounted on the roof.

Throughout the siege, the losses of the 93rd Highlanders amounted to 2 officers and 13 non-commissioned officers and men killed, 4 officers and 61 non-commissioned officers and men wounded, and 1 man missing. The total losses of the British army, from March the 2nd to the 28th, amounted to

* Afterwards Surgeon-General at headquarters, under Sir Wm. Muir, from 1874 to 1881, and an M.D., C.B., and LL.D., when he died in November, 1896.

about 150 officers and men killed, 625 wounded—of whom many died, of course—and 13 missing.

On March 22, Hope Grant had been ordered to march at midnight with two troops of Horse Artillery, two 18-pounders, two howitzers, four Cohorn mortars, 1,000 cavalry, and four regiments of infantry. The object of this expedition was to attack a body of the enemy, reported to be some 4,000 strong, at a small town 25 miles from Lucknow on the Faizabad road, called Kursi. Owing to the heavy guns and mortars, with their escort (the 53rd Foot), taking a wrong turn on the outskirts of the city, there was a delay of some hours, with the result that the enemy were warned in time, and evacuated the town before the column arrived. As soon as Hope Grant learnt that the enemy were in retreat, he pressed on himself, with all his cavalry and Horse Artillery, and soon came in sight of the enemy. To quote Lord Roberts, vol. i., p. 409, 'The cavalry commanded by Browne * was ordered to pursue. It consisted of Browne's own regiment (the 2nd Panjab Cavalry), a squadron of the 1st Panjab Cavalry under Captain Cosserat, and three Horse Artillery guns. At the end of two miles, Browne came upon a body of the mutineers formed up on an open plain. The cavalry charged through them three times, each time thinning their ranks considerably; but they never wavered, and in the final charge avenged themselves by killing Macdonnell (the Adjutant of the 2nd Panjab Cavalry), and mortally wounding Cosserat. . . . As soon as Browne could get his men together, the pursuit of the enemy was continued; no further opposition was met with, and fourteen guns fell into our hands.'

This action brought the operations in Lucknow and its neighbourhood to a close. To return to my post at the Nawab Musalm-ud-Daula's palace, where I had been on guard with half of No. 6 Company 93rd since the 21st: to give the men some exercise, I organized regular patrol parties, under

* Now General Sir Samuel J. Browne, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I.

non-commissioned officers, to patrol all the still empty streets and curious, narrow, winding lanes within a quarter of a mile of my post, reporting to the civil authorities when we found unburied dead or valuables in any of the houses within that radius. I also had the great courtyard cleared of lumber and thoroughly cleaned out, vainly hoping thus to abate the plague of flies. One night about ten o'clock, when the great gate was closed, and my double sentry posted outside, an old witch-like woman came, demanding to see the officer in command of the post. Our only interpreters, when thus detached from the headquarters of the regiment, were the men's cook-boys; for even when officers had their native servants with them, few, if any, of them spoke English. With a cook-boy as interpreter, therefore, I learnt that the old hag, who looked as if she had arrived from a witches' meeting and had left her broomstick outside, desired to conduct me to the concealed treasure-chamber of some magnate against whom she bore a grudge, and disclose its position. I was, of course, suspicious of a ruse to get me away from my post preparatory to an attack upon it; for we had no clear information as to the numbers of concealed enemies there might be all round us. I decided, therefore, to send a trustworthy sergeant with ten men, and, as the old woman said that tools would be required, I sent the company pioneer with a pickaxe and some other tools. My instructions to the sergeant were to follow her cautiously, taking every precaution against an ambush, and proceed to verify the truth of her story by partially opening up any place she pointed out as the entrance to the concealed chamber. If appearances bore out her story, he was to mount guard over it for the rest of the night, holding her a prisoner, and sending a corporal and two men back to me at daylight to show me the way there.

At daylight next morning the corporal and his party duly returned, and reported that there was no doubt about the

concealed chamber, whether it contained anything or not. On my reaching the house, quite a quarter of a mile from my post, I found that a few blows from the pick the night before had brought down great cakes of plaster from what had appeared to be a solid wall, but was in reality a lofty wooden doorway, cunningly covered with plaster, and corresponding with other similar doorways round the courtyard of the house, which was rather an imposing native structure. Under my own superintendence, the door was opened up and broken open. Within, I found a very dry storeroom about 14 feet square and rather lofty, fitted on three sides with shelves, at a distance of 3 feet apart, right up to the ceiling. These shelves were crowded with valuables, such as great cases containing the finest Kashmir shawls, silver-mounted and jewelled swords and other weapons, a solid gold casket, divided into compartments exactly like a British kitchen spice-box, which I carried myself, and handed over to the prize-agent, each compartment being quite full of gems, such as diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. The box, as the prize-agent informed me, was called a *pandan*, or receptacle for the ingredients necessary to preparing the *bítul-nut* for chewing purposes, as our sailors chew tobacco. Another curious find was that of numerous tiaras, equivalent to the coronets of our peers, studded with precious stones, including diamonds, but made of a flimsy sort of cardboard, covered with silk velvet of various colours. Sending a messenger to report my find to the prize-agent, I waited his arrival, and shortly afterwards made the acquaintance of himself and his assistant, my find being deemed of such value that both officials came to take it over. I obtained permission to retain a brass sword-cane as a souvenir, and accompanied the two officials to receive my receipt for the treasure, an acknowledgment which I insisted upon, although the prize-agent himself informed me that such receipts were never asked for. I pressed the prize-agent, however, to give

me a rough estimate of my prize, and he informed me that he thought it could not be less than three lakhs of rupees —£30,000. My own souvenir of the find was, perhaps, worth two shillings.

I have previously animadverted on the refusal of the Supreme Government at Calcutta to grant us either salvage or prize-money for saving the treasure of the Oudh Royal Family from the Lucknow mob at the Relief of Lucknow, and the meanness of the same Government in ignoring our claims for the recovery of the Nana Sahib's treasure, after the hard labour of many days and nights, from the well at Bithur; but both these acts of injustice were eclipsed by the mismanagement, to use the mildest expression, by the military authorities of the collection and sale of the loot of Lucknow itself, our right to which the Supreme Government at Calcutta did not venture to dispute, but took no trouble to look after in any way. Before the end of June the accumulated plunder amounted, according to successive estimates in the *Times*, to more than one million and a half pounds sterling. A private soldier, who had served at both the relief and capture of Lucknow, eventually received, in four or five instalments, spread over a year or eighteen months, the equivalent in rupees of about one pound fifteen shillings as his share! I, as a Lieutenant, received the equally munificent share of about £18 sterling! The question was universally put in the army, 'What became of the rest?' An officer of the Indian Commissariat Department, called Chalmers, was, on the refusal of the appointment by the Adjutant of the 93rd Highlanders, 'Wullie McBean,' appointed prize-agent by Sir Colin. It would be very interesting to learn from him, if he is still alive, what *did* become of it. I have said that our Adjutant, Lieutenant William McBean, refused the appointment. Unfortunately for the whole army of Lucknow, he was too sensitively conscientious, and told Sir Colin that, not being able to

speak a word of the language, he was afraid that he might be imposed upon by his native subordinates, to the detriment of the interests of the army at large. Even if his native subordinates had found it possible to impose on that sturdily honest, hard-headed, clear-sighted Briton 'frae yon't the Tweed,' of which I myself 'ha'e me doots,' I feel quite positive that my share of prize-money as a subaltern would, under his administration, have been at least £100, instead of only £18. For instance, he never would have sanctioned the sale by auction every morning, in the heart of the deserted city of Lucknow, to an assembly of all sorts of native camp-followers only, with a sprinkling of non-combatant British officers, whose presence was not required at parade—such as commissariat officers, transport train officers, paymasters, quartermasters, and a few doctors—of the most costly jewellery, precious stones worth thousands of pounds each, plate, arms, shawls, etc., when not one of the assemblage to whom they were offered could afford to give a fiftieth part of their value. Nothing but the rubbish should have been sold at Lucknow; the valuables should have been sent to Calcutta, or, better still, to London, or wherever the best prices could have been realized.

Sir Colin visited my post at Musalm-ud-Daulah's house, accompanied by many of his staff, on March 28, and, in the presence of the men, gave me very strict orders to prevent all plundering, and to see that everything was handed over to the prize-agents for the benefit of the whole army, jokingly adding that the only two licensed 'looters' in the army were the Colonel of my own regiment, and (turning to Colonel Anthony Stirling, who had succeeded Alison as Military Secretary, and was nicknamed in the army 'Old Gig-lamps,' owing to his wearing an enormous pair of coloured spectacles) 'this officer here,' in allusion to a report in the camp that they were both very fond of picking up 'bargains' in the way of loot privately acquired by any of the men who desired to

sell their finds. But Sir Colin's orders were very strictly enforced in the 93rd during this stay of eleven days in the city; for I myself was on a court-martial which sentenced two men to be flogged for secreting one or two valuable Kashmir shawls, instead of handing them over for delivery to the prize-agent. This strict discipline in the matter of 'looting' was most necessary and proper; but as the Commander-in-Chief gave his personal attention to the enforcement of his orders against individual plundering, it behoved him all the more to watch over the manner in which the prize-agents performed their duty towards the army, especially as to the strictness with which their inventories were made out, the methods they employed for the disposal of the prizes to the best advantage, and the exhaustive nature of the final accounts rendered to the military authorities. That none of these precautions were taken was a great scandal, the full effects of which we shall not realize until a British army has tarnished its reputation in some future great war by throwing discipline to the winds during the sack of some wealthy city.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HOT WEATHER CAMPAIGN IN ROHILKHAND — REPULSE OF GENERAL WALPOLE AT RUIYA, AND DEATH OF BRIGADIER ADRIAN HOPE.

THE 93rd Highlanders returned to their camp at the Dilkusha on the evening of April 1, having, by a general order which broke up the army of Lucknow, been detailed as part of a Highland Brigade under Brigadier Adrian Hope, with the 42nd and 79th Highlanders, to undertake a summer campaign for the subjugation of Rohilkhand, to expel those rebels who, owing to 'Sir Colin's own carelessness,'* had been allowed to escape into Rohilkhand. On reoccupying our camp after these eleven days' continuous guard-duty in the city, we found the heat very great, varying during the day from 100° to 110° in my tent. But I managed to mitigate it somewhat by having a '*tattie*' erected at the door of the tent facing the wind, made, however, of straw, not of the sweet-scented roots of the khas-khas grass, now so well known in Great Britain, which was not procurable in the enemy's country. These tatties are frame-works of bamboo thickly thatched with khas-khas, and kept continually wet by a native throwing water over them at intervals of a few minutes all day long, through which the hot wind blows fresh and cool. In my diary I find recorded, 'The dust and flies almost unbearable' on April 4; and on the 5th, 'Most dusty day I have yet

* Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. iv., p. 349.

experienced; quite impossible to eat, sleep, read, write, or almost think in camp to-day!'

Adrian Hope's brigade was, unfortunately for ourselves and our country, placed under the command of Brigadier-General Walpole, forming part of his division. That division was composed of the undermentioned picked troops, capable, if properly handled, of going anywhere and doing anything: the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders, with that splendid native regiment the 4th Panjab Rifles, formed the infantry brigade; with us there were the 9th Lancers and 2nd Panjab Cavalry, Tombs's and Remmington's troops of Bengal Horse Artillery; two 18-pounders, two 8-inch howitzers and some mortars; and a detachment of Engineers and sappers. As I might be accused of prejudiced criticism, in the remarks I may hereafter have to make, on the miserable and calamitous results of the twenty days during which Walpole held the command of his division without the supervision of the Commander-in-Chief, I shall preface them by quoting Colonel Malleson's opinion of Brigadier-General Walpole's capabilities as a commander:* 'The expedition upon which he was now about to enter was not one likely to test the qualities of a commander. It offered no difficulties. A fort here or there might require to be taken; a disorganized band of rebels to be dispersed. To carry it to a successful issue, then, demanded no more than the exercise of vigilance, of energy, of daring—qualities the absence of which from a man's character would stamp him as unfit to be a soldier. Walpole, unhappily, possessed none of these qualities.'

So much as a quotation from history and a preface to my account of this ill-fated summer campaign. Now to return to my personal narrative. We, the 93rd Highlanders, marched from our camp at the Dilkusha at five a.m. on April 7, having, however, been roused at three a.m., quite an hour before it was necessary, to strike tents and pack our baggage.

* Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. iv., pp. 352, 353.

Starting at five a.m., the division did not reach the neighbourhood of the Musabagh, barely nine miles from our camping-ground, until eight a.m., the sun beginning, even at that hour, to be uncomfortably hot. Through sheer bad management, we were kept in a grove of mango-trees until one p.m., and then marched in a grilling sun, with the thermometer at 135° to 140°, a distance of two miles further, and, although there was enough shade in the neighbourhood to shelter an army of 10,000 men, we had to pitch our tents out in the open, under a sun with which you could cook a beefsteak on a flat stone! The tents were not pitched till past two o'clock, when we retired to their *shade* with the thermometer at 140°! An ominously bad beginning for us under General Walpole. Properly speaking, of 'roads' there were none, until we again struck the British-made roads at Aliganj, our route lying across country very often, or along sandy tracks intersected by nullahs, generally dry. From the 7th to the 18th, I find from my diary that we encamped daily, according to the strictest rules of castrametation, out in the open plain, under a sun which generally registered on the thermometer 140° or more whilst we were pitching our tents, and never less than 108° for the day, when we got into them, whilst we were surrounded by magnificent groves of mango-trees capable of sheltering five times as large a force as ours, and there were no military reasons for our not taking advantage of them. Of course we lost men from sunstroke and heat-apoplexy almost daily. Owing to the strong representations of the senior surgeon of the 93rd, Dr. Wm. Munro, the stricter rules of castrametation were disregarded from April 18 inclusive, and we were allowed to seek the shelter of the mango-groves for our tents thereafter.

Brigadier Walpole's orders had been to penetrate into Rohilkhand by advancing from Lucknow along the left bank of the Ganges. For the first eight days we made short marches of from six to nine miles without meeting with

any opposition, but about daylight on the morning of April 15 we found ourselves close to a miserable little mud fort called Ruiya or Rhodamau, 51 miles west-by-north from Lucknow, and 10 miles from the Ganges. The keep, so to speak, was enclosed by a high mud wall, loopholed for musketry, with a broad and deep ditch on its northern and eastern faces, and approached on these sides through thick jungle. It had irregular bastions at the angles, and one gate on the western and another on the southern face. The western and southern sides were, however, so weak as to be incapable of offering any defence, being only covered by a large sheet of shallow water in front of the outer wall, which was here so low that an active man could jump over it; *in short, the cavalry could have ridden into the fort on either of these sides!* It was the castle and residence of a petty landowner called Nirpat Singh, who was only a half-hearted rebel, prepared to wage war with the British only so long as the rebel side seemed to be winning, but not in the least inclined to try conclusions with such a force as Walpole had at his back; for there is little doubt that his rag-tag-and-bobtail followers, amongst whom there were no Sepoys, hardly numbered more than 350 men. Of all this Walpole, unexpectedly, was fully informed on April 14, when one of the sowars of Hodson's Horse, who had been taken prisoner some time before, and confined in the fort, managed to escape to the British camp. This man not only gave Walpole a description of the defences of the fort and the real numbers of its garrison, but was able to inform the General that Nirpat Singh was only going to make a show of resistance 'to save his honour,' and was prepared to evacuate it in the afternoon. Walpole not only disbelieved the trooper's story, but he would not organize a reconnaissance to test its truth, and as to the numbers of the garrison, preferred to trust to the tales of our spies, who had magnified them to 1,500.

On the 15th we were under arms, our tents struck, and

with our baggage packed on the elephants, camels and carts by about 4.30 a.m. The division then moved cautiously through a country covered with low brushwood for about four miles, when the tents, baggage and camp followers were collected together and left under a strong guard of the three arms told off to protect it. We then moved on about ten a.m. some six miles further, through rather thick scrubby jungle, taking as our only baggage the camels with the troop and company cooking utensils, and commissariat supplies of rum, biscuit and living beef and mutton. The force came under the fire of the northern and eastern faces of the fort about eleven a.m. When the rebels found that not only was the British General advancing upon the strongest sides of the fort, but that no sign was being made of any attempt to cut off their retreat, their leader changed his mind about evacuating it after firing a few rounds, and settled down behind his mud ramparts to show fight. Walpole ordered two companies of the 42nd Highlanders to the front; they advanced through the brushwood in skirmishing order close up to the ditch, losing many men. Presently Walpole ordered up the 4th Panjab Rifles to reinforce them; these aligned themselves on the left of the 42nd, and with the 42nd presently threw themselves into the ditch to escape, if possible, the biting fire from the loopholed walls and ramparts. In the ditch, however, they found no shelter, and being without ladders, could effect nothing against the enemy. In this death-trap the 42nd Highlanders lost 2 officers and 7 men killed, and 2 officers and 31 men wounded;* and the 4th Panjabis 1 officer and 46 men killed and wounded, all shot down like dogs at 20 or 30 paces distance.

Our Brigadier, shortly after the advance of the 42nd and the Panjabis, became uneasy about their position, and probably

* Malleson, at p. 356, vol. iv., of his History, states that 'Lieutenants Douglas and Bramley and *fifty-five* of their followers *were killed*.' The italics are mine. This is a mistake.

also seriously doubted the wisdom of Walpole's proceedings; at any rate, he rode over to Walpole and had a long conversation with him. I myself, in command of No. 6 Company of the 93rd, was, with the headquarters of the regiment, the remainder of the 42nd and the 79th Highlanders, in line a little beyond the brow of a hill overlooking the fort, in the direction whence we had come. About half-past twelve we received orders to form in columns of battalions still further to the rear, pile arms, and let the men have their dinners. Accordingly the men's cooking utensils were unloaded, and the native cooks proceeded to cook the men's dinner, and serve it out to them about half-past one. All this time we knew nothing of the tragedy that was being enacted in that ditch, not a quarter of a mile off. When attempts were then made by the 42nd to send their two companies their dinners, however, it began to be whispered about that they and the 4th Panjabis were losing heavily, in fact, being shot down like rabbits. Just then, perhaps, about two o'clock, I was told off with my company as an escort to two howitzers, which were to move down opposite one of the gates of the fort on the southern face and batter it in. This setting us all down to cook dinners in the middle of a serious attack on a fort, had seemed to us all, officers and men, so totally incomprehensible, that I received my orders, as pointing to some sort of action, with delight, and as the fire from the fort was too hot to trust to the bullocks, my men, when called upon to help the artillerymen to drag the two howitzers, being equally pleased to do something, started off with them at a run over very rough ground and through thick brushwood, never stopping till the artillery officer directed us to do so on the spot where he intended to bring the guns into action. The gate was protected by a high earthwork, but when the guns opened fire, it seemed to me that the shells were beautifully pitched, and they certainly knocked about the archway over the gate. We had not, however, fired more than two or three rounds a

gun, when a staff officer arrived with orders to cease firing and join headquarters. I pointed out to him what the artillery had already effected, but he reiterated his orders for me to escort the artillery back at once, which elicited the remark from one of my men, 'The man' (meaning Walpole) 'doesna seem to ken his ain mind!' The bullocks for the guns having followed us, we reluctantly obeyed orders, but as leisurely as we could, giving no hand in hauling the guns back again.*

On rejoining headquarters, I found all in the bustle of reloading the cooks' camels, and at the same time learnt to my inexpressible grief and consternation that Adrian Hope had been killed. Hearing very bad accounts of the party in the ditch of the fort, which, in the interview I had witnessed between him and Walpole before I was sent off with the howitzers, he had evidently failed in persuading the General to withdraw, he had dismounted, and, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Archibald Butter,† 93rd Highlanders (younger of Fascally, Perthshire), had advanced over the brow of the hill on foot, with the intention of making himself personally acquainted, at every risk, with the situation. Archibald Butter, who had shared the same cabin with me on board the *Mauritius*, on our way out from England, was a particular friend of mine, an unimaginative, thoroughly truthful, quietly brave fellow. He told me when I saw him for a few minutes that fatal afternoon, and asked him how it had happened, that the Brigadier, himself, and the Brigade-Major, had not advanced far down the hill towards the ditch of the fort where the party of the 42nd Highlanders and 4th Panjabis were being butchered, owing to the gross incapacity

* I must emphatically contradict the statement made by Malleson at p. 355, vol. iv., that Walpole had caused heavy guns to open on the side *opposite* to that which we were attacking. Had he done so, the rebels would have bolted.

† Mentioned in Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny' as 'Butler,' at p. 355, vol. iv.

of the General in command, when Hope sank down on the ground, shot through the chest by a man on a tree inside the fort. Both the Brigade-Major, Cox, and Butter afterwards testified that there was no one else near them, and Butter, hurrying off for a doctor and a *dhuli*, left Cox in charge of Hope, who was, however, quite dead when he returned.

The following extracts from a letter written by Butter, as Brigadier Adrian Hope's orderly officer, to the Honourable Charles Hope, the Brigadier's brother, next day, will bear out my contention that the account of his death furnished to Colonel Malleson is incorrect: *

'CAMP RODHAMOW,
'*April* 16, 1858.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'. . . Yesterday about nine a.m. we all attacked a fort about a mile off the road, and about one or two o'clock the poor Colonel, with the Brigade-Major and myself, went out to the advanced line of skirmishers to see what was doing. He went up a bank to look over, and had hardly shown himself before he fell back. I thought he was not much hurt, as at first I only saw some blood on his trousers, and said to him, "I hope you are not much hurt?" but he said, "It is all over with me." I then got him some water, and was going away for a doctor, when he called me back, shook me by the hand, and said, "Good-bye, Archie; remember me to all friends;" and these were his last words. I waited a little to see if he had anything else to say, but he shut his eyes and sank rapidly. I then went for a doctor: it was no use; he died in about ten minutes after he was hit. I think he was sensible to the last, and I don't think he suffered much pain. He was shot from a

* Compare Malleson's account of Hope's death, etc., at pp. 354-356 of his fourth volume with mine above given and Lieutenant Butter's letter to Brigadier Hope's brother.

height, as the ball went in just above the collar-bone, on the left side, and went downwards. . . .

'(Signed) A. BUTTER,
'Lieutenant 93rd Highlanders.'

Of Adrian Hope Malleson writes:* 'Though there ought to have been no difficulties, Walpole, by his blundering and obstinacy, created them, and, worse than all, he, by a most unnecessary—I might justly say, by a wanton—display of those qualities, sacrificed the life of one of the noblest soldiers in the British army—sent to his last home, in the pride of his splendid manhood, in the enjoyment of the devotion of his men, of the love of his friends, of the admiration and well-placed confidence of the army serving in India, the noble, the chivalrous, the high-minded Adrian Hope.'

Sir William Howard Russell, the celebrated *Times* correspondent, wrote, April 18:† 'Sir Colin and Mansfield have arrived' (at Cawnpore), 'and evil news has come with them. I have just seen a telegram, from which it appears that Walpole has been repulsed in an injudicious attack on a body of rebels under Nirput Singh, posted in a mud fort called Royea or Rooea, near Rhadamow, and that Adrian Hope has been killed in the action. A gentler, braver spirit never breathed—a true soldier, a kind, courteous, noble gentleman in word and deed, devoted to his profession, beloved by his men, adored by his friends; this is indeed a loss to the British army! A sad fate for such a one as Adrian Hope, who would have shone in the grandest battlefields, or have done himself honour in the greatest of European campaigns by the exhibition of courage and of skill, to be shot down in a ditch by an ambushed ruffian in an obscure Oudh jungle fort. The Chief is greatly grieved—but who is not? Walpole seems to have made the attack

* Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. iv., p. 353.
† 'My Diary in India,' vol. i., pp. 381, 382.

in a very careless, unsoldierly way, as far as we know at present.'

The Governor-General, Viscount Canning, officially referred to Brigadier Adrian Hope's death in these terms: 'No more mournful duty has fallen upon the Governor-General in the course of the present contest than that of recording the premature death of this gallant young commander.' Sir Colin Campbell recorded his opinion of Hope in these words: 'The death of this most distinguished and gallant officer causes the deepest grief to the Commander-in-Chief. Still young in years, he had risen to high command, and by his undaunted courage, combined as it was with extreme kindness and charm of manner, had secured the confidence of the brigade in no ordinary degree.'

When I rejoined regimental headquarters, as above related, and found the companies employed in reloading their kitchen utensils on the cooks' camels, it became necessary to hurry my men of No. 6 Company up a bit, as our pots and pans were still on the ground; but my men developed a persistent incapacity to balance the loads properly, and as soon as the camel rose, off would go the load, being unevenly balanced on one side or the other. Eventually it appeared that the next move of the division seemed to await the satisfactory loading of the cooking utensils of No. 6 Company 93rd Highlanders, for the General himself rode up, and angrily asked for the officer commanding the company. When I presented myself, saluting, he 'wigged' me for the delay, and asked how long I purposed keeping the whole force waiting. Growling, but very audible, replies were heard from the off-sides of the camels standing near us, where the men seemed to be struggling to adjust the balances of the loads—but were, in reality, upsetting them—the keynote of these replies seeming to be, 'Tull ye tak' Ruiya.' General Walpole then addressed himself to the men direct, and scolded them for their clumsiness, when (always from the off-side of the

camels) a voice I recognised as that of the 'funny man' of the company answered him, 'Ye're a deevil amang the pots and pans, but ye canna tak' Ruiya!' General Walpole pretended not to hear it, and rode away, when I begged the men to put the loads right and send our camels off to the rear as quickly as possible, which they then promptly did. This reads like insubordination, 'but the loss of Adrian Hope was a cause of national sorrow. His death was mourned on the spot by every man in camp. Loud and deep were the invectives against the obstinate stupidity which had caused it.'*

When the cooking utensils of my company were finally loaded, and the camels despatched to join those of the other cooks, the regiment fell in, and we were deployed into line facing the fort, finding ourselves in line with the eight companies of the 42nd and the 79th Highlanders. At first we all believed that we were to advance and storm the fort, but whilst standing at ease it began to be whispered about that we were merely there to cover the withdrawal of the two companies of the 42nd Highlanders and the 4th Panjabis, and were then to retire altogether. I cannot, of course, answer for the feelings of the other officers of the force at the time, but I know that personally I felt beside myself with rage, mortification, and contempt for our leader, and gave audible vent to these feelings, which were entirely shared by the men. Presently Colonel Haggart, commanding the cavalry, rode up to General Walpole, who was seated on horseback a little in advance of the 93rd colour-party, as we were the centre regiment of the infantry line, and, in a clear, distinct voice, asked the General's permission, before we retired, to lead the cavalry across the causeway—which he had just reconnoitred, and found to be under only 2 or 3 feet of water—*and ride into the fort.* Walpole angrily ordered him, 'Rejoin your brigade, sir!' and then turned round to our line and directed us to move by fours to the

* Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. iv., p. 357.

left, as the remnants of the two companies of the 42nd and the 4th Panjabis appeared, mounting the hill in our front, retiring steadily and slowly under a tremendous fire from the fort. The two companies 42nd had lost two officers killed, the 4th Panjabis one, and the artillery one officer. Archibald Forbes says* of this day's work, with perfect truth: 'The feeling against Walpole throughout the column was so strong as almost to endanger discipline, and to this day his name is execrated by the survivors of that time.'

Just as Walpole gave the order to Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, 93rd Highlanders, who had succeeded to the command of the infantry brigade on the death of Adrian Hope, for the brigade to retire, a tremendous dust-storm burst upon us from the direction of the fort, and the excuse of the roaring of the wind was instantly seized upon by company commanders, myself included, to misunderstand the order. Nobody gave the word 'fours left,' as required, but some gave 'fours right,' and others simply 'quick march,' which would have taken us into the fort itself. In the blinding dust and roaring wind, the whole brigade tied itself into knots—42nd, 79th, and 93rd were all mixed up to the front and right, *but none of us had understood the order to retire to our left.* The storm did not last more than a quarter of an hour, I fancy, and during that time, with the exception of the native cooks and their camels with the cooking utensils, none of the division had moved towards the camping-ground which had been selected for us about a mile to the south of the fort. The storm having passed, unaccompanied by rain, it must have been about five o'clock when the division—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—were at last marshalled in orderly column of route, and withdrew to a mile from the fort. As if to emphasize the contemptible nature of the enemy before whom General Walpole had thus disgracefully re-

† Archibald Forbes's 'Colin Campbell,' in 'English Men of Action' Series.

treated, our regimental rum-camels were very nearly captured by some of the garrison who had made a sortie from the fort, *armed only with bows and arrows*. Our regimental Quarter-master, 'Jy Jy, the Avenger,' with his party, in charge of our rum, not finding the division in front of the fort, of course concluded that we were inside it, and, proceeding leisurely towards it, were assailed with a flight of arrows, to their intense astonishment and 'Jy Jy's' disgust; but as the guard of our men promptly replied with their rifles, the bowmen hung back, and our rum eventually reached camp in safety.

The 93rd had seven men wounded that day, some severely, and Adrian Hope killed. Adrian Hope killed! The Highland Brigade ordered to retire! The Highland Brigade, composed of the same regiments that had climbed the heights of Alma together; one of them my own regiment, 'the thin red line' of Balaclava fame! We looked at each other when we reached our camping-ground, where the tents and baggage had arrived before us, and could not realize the situation. I myself was told off for outlying picket with my own company, a troop of native cavalry, and two field-guns whose commanders were subalterns junior to myself, and was posted by a staff officer in a grove of trees within half a mile of Nirpat Singh's stronghold, with the usual orders, including that to report at once any unusual movement in my front. Of course the night was an anxious one for me, for it never occurred to anyone that a British General in command of such a force as ours could possibly have retired before only 300 men, some of whom were armed with bows and arrows. We had an idea that there were at least twice as many men as we had in the fort of Ruiya, and that Walpole was only blundering—as Mansfield had done at Cawnpore, and had advised Sir Colin to blunder at Lucknow—by again trying to save a loss of life where its immediate expenditure might save a greater loss afterwards—that fatal mistake of feeble commanders, who

forget that omelets cannot be made without breaking eggs. Had I quite realized the situation, I should certainly have marched into the fort that evening myself, with my picket of some sixty 93rd men, two guns, and those splendid Sikh horsemen. But I was possessed with the idea that, even if the enemy were sending away their heavy baggage, of which I had no doubt, yet they might possibly attack the picket in force in the early morning, believing them to be some 4,000 or 5,000 strong. The first time I was visiting my outlying sentries after dark, who must have been only some 600 yards from the fort, I could hear the distant rumble of native carts, and occasionally a gun, evidently leaving the fort; and when I put my ear to the ground, could hear the sound of horses' hoofs also. In accordance with my orders, I immediately sent a verbal message by one of my sergeants to the Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Division, that the garrison were evidently evacuating the fort. As the night went on the noises became louder, and before sunrise I had sent four written messages to that effect, to none of which was any reply vouchsafed me, the two last I sent at midnight and again at two a.m. eliciting the remark from the sergeants who carried them that 'they didn't seem to like being wakened up in the General's camp.' About eight o'clock on the morning of the 16th, General Walpole *officially* discovered that the fort had been evacuated during the night, but even then no orders were given to the cavalry to pursue. In his official despatch, dated April 16, General Walpole reported to the Commander-in-Chief: 'This morning, at daylight, Major Brind, Bengal Artillery, and Captain Lennox, Royal Engineers, proceeded again to reconnoitre the place thoroughly, before recommencing operations, and found that the enemy had evacuated it, leaving their guns behind them, five in number, ammunition, a large quantity of attah (flour), and some tents.'

He ignored the messages I sent to that effect during the

night. When the ditch was examined in which the Panjabis and the two companies of the 42nd Highlanders had been placed as rats in a pit, it was found that the bodies of two of the 42nd and several of the 4th Panjab Rifles who had been killed there, and, owing to the dust-storm blowing at the time, had been left behind, were stripped and horribly and insultingly mutilated. The bodies of Lieutenants Bramley and Douglas, of the 42nd, had only been preserved from similar indignities by the splendid bravery of Quartermaster-Sergeant John Simpson and Private Davis, both of the 42nd, who, after their comrades had been withdrawn, returned to the ditch, and, under a withering fire from the walls, rescued both bodies and that of a private also. Both were recommended for, and most deservedly received, the Victoria Cross.

It is seldom that a British General, even when beaten, will leave his dead to the horrible mutilations always perpetrated by Asiatic or African foes. General Walpole did so. The funeral of the victims took place rather late on the evening of the 16th, the heat of the sun being very great now during the day, and Brigadier Adrian Hope, Lieutenants Bramley and Douglas, 42nd Highlanders, Lieutenant Willoughby, 4th Panjab Rifles, and Lieutenant Harrington, Bengal Artillery, were laid, with the seven men of the 42nd, in a double row of graves in the grove of mango-trees near the fort, where I had been on picket since the previous evening. I have seen and assisted at many military funerals, but I never saw one more impressive than this. Brigadier Hope was accorded the funeral of a General Officer, the whole division being present on foot—Engineers, artillery, cavalry and infantry—and even the sick and wounded who could walk stole away from the field hospitals to be present. The massed bands of the three Highland regiments played the Dead March, being relieved by the whole of the pipers of the three regiments, playing 'Lochaber no more,' and 'The

Flowers of the Forest.' Viewed from my grove of trees, whence the camp could be seen half a mile off, the procession was very imposing, and the wail of the bagpipes, alternating with the solemn strains of the Dead March, was most impressive. Each Highland regiment having its own Presbyterian Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Ross, Presbyterian Chaplain of the 42nd Highlanders, read the 90th Psalm, and the Rev. Mr. Cowie,* Episcopalian Chaplain to the division, the Church of England Service. There was hardly a dry eye in that large assemblage.

I would here introduce the graceful lines on Hope's death written by Mr. Gilbert Maxwell Gibson, as illustrating the feeling in Scotland when the news reached Edinburgh. For weeks afterwards it was difficult to restrain the men of the Highland Brigade from giving audible vent to their feelings against the author of our grief whenever he came within earshot, whether we were marching at ease or standing at ease, when men are allowed to converse.

'A DIRGE FOR ADRIAN HOPE.'

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THE HONOURABLE ADRIAN HOPE, 93RD HIGHLANDERS, BY GILBERT MAXWELL GIBSON, ESQ., BELMONT, LISCARD, CHESHIRE, JUNE 15, 1858.

'Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra esse sinent.'—VIRGIL.

1.

SOUTH from the Solway and the Forth,
To distant Thule in the North;
From Cheviot border to the seas
That revel round the Hebrides;
All Scotland is dissolved in woe,
At tidings of the fatal blow:
Her bravest son, in manly prime,
Lies slaughtered in far foreign clime.

* Afterwards Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand.

2.

Lament, Linlithgow,* and deplore,
Your gallant hero is no more—
Mirror of soldiership and worth,
Foremost in valour as in birth;
Your coranoch, ye Highlands, wail,
Hope was the darling of the Gael;
Och hon a rie! shed the salt tear,
Hope was to kilted warriors dear.

3.

The towering eagle, bird of Jove,
Ne'er generates the timid dove;†
But, ardent with paternal fire,
Bold eaglet emulates his sire;
The house of Hope is brave of kind;
Honour an heirloom of their mind;
The virtues, ADRIAN, of the line
Were all pre-eminently thine!

4.

Oh, drear is Hopetoun's stately hall,
Death's dismal scutcheon darks the wall;
No more shall Adrian's form and face
The pleasant bowers of Pinkie grace,
Loretto's links and classic grove,
Where he in youth so loved to rove:
These scenes are desolate and lorn,
Their brightest ornament they mourn.

5.

Scotland, for crown and commonweal,
Will aye uplift her trusty steel;
No sacrifice of life will grudge;
Never from mortal conflict budge;
Tho' war may deal its fiercest blows,
Tho' noble blood like water flows;
But for that raid of Rhodamow‡
HER BURNING TEARS INDIGNANT FLOW!

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* Linlithgowshire may be styled the *natale solum* of the Hopes.

† 'Nec imbellam feroces
Progignerant aquilæ columbam.'—HORACE.

‡ Another name for Ruiya, where Hope was killed.

Writing on April 17, 1858, to Lord Canning, and reviewing the situation in Oudh at that date, Sir Colin Campbell remarked, with regard to the Ruiya tragedy, 'General Walpole, I am sorry to say, received a check in his attack on the fort of Rooyah on the 14th instant,* losing many valuable officers and men, amongst the former, to my great grief, the gallant and distinguished Brigadier the Honourable A. Hope. He was an officer eminently fitted for a separate command, and as such his loss is irreparable. A check is always serious, but at this particular juncture, unless General Walpole has been able to carry the fort since handsomely, the consequences may be very serious—not as regards his column, but the general feeling in Oudh, and the increased boldness of the insurgent chiefs.'

General Walpole did not avail himself of the chance of carrying the fort 'handsomely' by falling on the enemy, even when they were retreating during the night, but allowed them to escape, bag and baggage, quietly and comfortably; so Nirpat Singh may be said to have joined his brother rebels with flying colours. In reply to Sir Colin's letter of April 17, the Governor-General wrote on the 18th: 'This check at Rhoodamow is very unfortunate, and the loss most deplorable. I deeply lament the death of Brigadier Adrian Hope, who, I know, deserved all that you say of him.' Yet, after all these exchanges of opinion between the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor-General of India, Walpole was recommended for, and received from the home authorities, a K.C.B., and from the local authorities the command of the Bareli division!

A halt was necessary on the 17th, to organize the carriage for our now numerous sick and wounded, and to dismantle the fort of Ruiya, which the men of the brigade called in derision 'Walpole's Castle.' We marched on April 18, and

* This is a mistake—it was April 15.—W. G. A.

in five marches reached, on the 22nd, the village of Sirsa, after a march of 8 miles from our last camp. Sirsa was a strong village on the right bank of Ramganga river, about seven miles from Aliganj, where the cavalry of our advance-guard came in contact with the retiring pickets of the enemy. It was reported in camp that evening that it was only on the urgent representations of Brigadier Haggart, 9th Lancers, commanding the cavalry, that our pig-headed General allowed him to follow the retreating foe up, with the result that the Horse Artillery and cavalry captured the village before we of the infantry could overtake them. Some of the cavalry were detached by Haggart to turn the enemy's flank by a ford higher up, and, being supported by two companies of the 93rd Highlanders, their retreat across their bridge of boats on the Ramganga was converted into a rout so complete that they did not pause to destroy the bridge which spanned it. Thus the cavalry and Horse Artillery were able to keep close at their heels, and put over 200 of them to the sword. It was satisfactory to find afterwards that in this pursuit a good many of Nirpat Singh's men were killed who had possessed themselves of the rifles and articles of clothing of the men of the 42nd Highlanders and 4th Panjab Rifles whose dead bodies had been abandoned in the ditch of the fort of Ruiya.

This was altogether a very trying day for the infantry, for we had been about to pitch camp at Sirsa, when the order was countermanded, on the cavalry getting touch of the enemy, and we were ordered to follow in support. The infantry was formed up accordingly, with the 79th Highlanders leading in line, supported by the 4th Panjabis, the 42nd and 93rd Highlanders following in line of contiguous columns in reserve. Walpole's bad generalship showed itself again by allowing the infantry brigade to be hurried across the ploughed fields for nearly four miles at a run, in a foolish endeavour to keep up with the cavalry, under that awful sun! When opposite that point on the Ramganga where

Walpole had been posted with a brigade for the purpose of leading the enemy to believe that we were at that time going to attack Bareli—when the 93rd with the main body of the army under Sir Colin were at Fathgarh in January—we brought our left shoulders forward, and, leaving the Horse Artillery and cavalry to deal, as I have already described, with one portion of the rebel force, we pursued their other wing, which had retreated towards Bareli, following them up, still almost at a run, for three miles more, thus making our march from our camp of the night before some fifteen miles. We had seen four guns which the cavalry had captured as we passed Sirsa, and our spirits were kept up by overtaking, every few yards, native carts of all descriptions, heavily laden with baggage, stores, and clothing. But the terrible Indian sun was mounting higher and higher in the heavens, and the daily hot wind, charged with dust, commencing to blow, which, coupled with the clouds of dust we ourselves raised, gave us an unquenchable thirst, and rendered a halt absolutely necessary; for the thermometer now stood at about 145° in the sun, and we were, besides, encumbered with a long train of sick and wounded. We encamped, therefore, about one mile on the Bareli side of Aliganj, on Thursday, April 22. We halted at this spot till 1.30 a.m. on the morning of the 27th—principally for the purpose of giving Walpole's infantry a rest after that seven miles run on the 22nd —when we made a short night march of five miles to Camp Inigri, where we were joined that morning by the Commander-in-Chief and the Headquarter Staff.*

* Under the date April 27, Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*, writes from the Commander-in-Chief's camp: 'I found the officers of the 42nd and 93rd in a state of furious wrath and discontent with their General. They told me they were afraid of mutiny, or worse, when poor Hope was buried!' Referring to Walpole, Mr. Russell goes on to say: 'His manners are unpleasant, and he has managed to make himself unpopular. It would be impossible to give an idea of the violent way in which some officers spoke of him to-day.' (Extracts from 'My Diary in India,' by William Howard Russell, LL.D., vol. i., chap. xxiv.)

As was Sir Colin's wont, especially since he had been gazetted to the Colonelcy of the 93rd Highlanders, he visited our lines in the evening, commencing with a stroll amongst the men's tents, addressing men he knew by name, and asking how they were; but he received short and rather surly answers, such as, 'Nane the better for being awa frae you, Sir Colin;' or, 'As weel as maun be wi' a chiel like Walpole,' till, the news spreading that Sir Colin was among the tents, all the men turned out and fairly shouted at him, 'Hoo about Walpole?'—meaning, what was he going to do with Walpole after that terrible Ruiya business. Sir Colin was evidently much disconcerted (for the commotion in camp brought me to my tent-door, and I myself saw and heard what I have above described), and, instead of going on to the mess tent, went straight back to his own camp, and until after the battle of Bareli not only did not come near our lines again, but took no notice of the regiment when riding past us with his staff on the line of march.

CHAPTER XIX.

ADVANCE INTO ROHILKHAND AND BATTLE OF BARELI.

When the 93rd left Lucknow on April 7, the security of the powerful garrison left there by Sir Colin had been provided for by Brigadier Napier and his Engineers, and Hope Grant was left in command of a force which comprised a siege-train, field-batteries, a due proportion of Horse Artillery and cavalry, and eleven regiments of infantry—in fact, a *corps d'armée* equal not only to holding the city against all comers, but capable of detaching a field force to scour the neighbourhood for fifty miles round. Sir Edward Lugard, with three regiments of infantry, 700 Panjabi cavalry, and eighteen guns, had been despatched on March 29 to Azamgarh, to disperse the formidable force, computed to be 13,000 strong, which had collected under the banners of Kunwar Singh, the rebel Rajput Chief of Jagdispur, and one of the three capable rebel leaders, Tantia Topi, the Nana's follower, and the Maulavi, Ahmad Shah, being the other two—a task which was not finally accomplished, under other leaders, till the month of November following. So much for the Oudh and Azamgarh districts.

For the subjugation of Rohilkhand, Sir Colin had arranged that a strong force, under Colonel John Jones, of the 60th Rifles, with the rank of Brigadier-General, and composed of a troop of the 9th Lancers, Cureton's Multani Horse, the 60th Rifles, the 1st Sikhs, and the 1st and 17th Panjab Infantry, two 18-pounders, and Austin's Field Battery, should

cross the Ganges into Rohilkhand at Hardwar, which it did on April 17. Colonel John Jones brilliantly defeated the enemy on the 18th, and, having been reinforced by a squadron of the Carabineers and four heavy guns, again defeated them on the 21st, arriving in the vicinity of Muradabad on April 26, and a few days later continued his march, to take part in the operations against Bareli.

A siege-train of twenty-eight guns and mortars, and the Commander-in-Chief's camp, escorted by the 78th Highlanders, a wing of the 80th Foot, and two squadrons of Native Cavalry, had left Cawnpore on April 15, and on the 25th crossed the Ganges by the bridge of boats commanded by the fort of Fathgarh, and eventually reached the camp at Inigri on the 27th, some little time after we of Walpole's division had pitched our tents there, the 82nd Foot, however, having relieved the wing of the 80th Foot before it crossed the river. It was on the 27th that the army heard of the death from small-pox of Captain Sir William Peel, of the *Shannon*, who had lived just long enough to learn of his appointment as a Naval Aide-de-camp to the Queen and to receive his K.C.B. He had won the admiration, respect, and confidence of all ranks in the army, and angry feelings were engendered by the circumstantial reports received in camp that he had contracted the disease in consequence of having been carelessly placed in a *dhuli* which had been previously occupied by a small-pox patient.

The advance on Bareli began on the morning of the 28th; our route lay by a road which crossed the Ramganga at Bajpuria Ghat; passing through the town of Jalalabad, we reached Shahjahanpur on April 30, having got in touch with the enemy the day before, his pickets, however, retiring as we advanced. We halted at Shahjahanpur on May 1, when a detachment was detailed to garrison the gaol there, as the most defensible position in the great, straggling, ruined cantonment. This detachment consisted of two 9-pounder

field guns drawn by bullocks, and two 24-pounders, De Kantzow's Irregular Horse, and 500 of the 82nd Foot, the whole under Lieutenant-Colonel Hale of that regiment. The army resumed its march on May 2, under the Commander-in-Chief. On May 3 we were joined at Miranpur Katra by Penny's force, under the command of Brigadier Richmond Jones of the Carabineers, and consisting of a light and a heavy field battery, two squadrons of the Carabineers, Lind's Multani Horse, the Headquarters of the 64th Foot, the 22nd Panjab Infantry, and a wing of the Baluch battalion. In accordance with Sir Colin's instructions, these troops, which formed part of the Meerut division, had crossed the Ganges at Nadauli, and, advancing through the Budaun district under Brigadier Penny's command, had met the Chief at Fathgarh on April 24, then crossed the Ganges, pushed on to Usehat, which Penny found deserted. Trusting, most unwisely, to the information brought him by the political officer attached to the column, that the enemy had all fled into Oudh, and that he would meet with no opposition in his march to Budaun, he started to make a night march of upwards of twenty miles to that place on April 30, and, at the head of his column, rode straight into an ambush and was killed. The Carabineers charged and took a gun, but, in the dark, got into a trench full of Ghazis, with whom they had a desperate fight, many officers being wounded. Colonel Richmond Jones of the Carabineers then assumed the command, and joined us without further mishap on May 3.

On the 4th we arrived at Faridpur, only one day's march from Bareli. The place was still held by Khan Bahadur Khan, heir of the Rohillas, and a pensioner, as such, of the British Government, who had had himself proclaimed Viceroy (under the King of Delhi) of Rohilkhand on May 31, 1857, and had caused all the British whom he could capture to be butchered. Spies had rated the numbers of Khan Bahadur Khan's forces on May 5, at Bareli, at 30,000 infantry, 6,000

mounted men—for they could not all be called cavalry—and forty guns; but one may safely deduct one-third of these figures and be nearer the numbers which were drawn up to oppose us that day.

The town itself was hardly defensible. Outside the town and its suburbs, however, there were wide plains intersected by nullahs capable of obstructing the advance of an enemy. The Natia Nadi, which covered the town on the south side, was, in the month of May, a tiny rivulet flowing at the bottom of a sort of gorge, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, a deep fissure in the plain—a rivulet which became a torrent in the rainy season. Consequently it had been bridged by the British long before the Mutiny, and the bridges had not been broken. On the evening of May 4 the rebel leader pluckily took up his position to oppose our advance on our side of the Natia nullah, having learnt that the British army, under the Commander-in-Chief, had reached Faridpur, one day's march from Bareli. He placed his guns on some sand-hills, commanding the line of our advance, with his infantry covering them, and his cavalry protecting both his flanks, and held a force of infantry in reserve on the Bareli side of the nullah near the bridge.

The Commander-in-Chief's army was a formidable one. It consisted of two brigades of cavalry. The first cavalry brigade, commanded by Brigadier Richmond Jones of the Carabineers, was composed of two squadrons 6th Dragoon Guards (the Carabineers), and Lind's Multani Horse. The second cavalry brigade, commanded by Brigadier Haggart, 7th Hussars, was composed of the 9th Lancers and 2nd Panjab Cavalry, with detachments of the Lahore Light Horse, 1st Panjab Cavalry, 5th Panjab Cavalry, and 17th Irregular Cavalry. Of artillery, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Brind, he had Tombs's and Remmington's troops of Horse Artillery, Hammond's light field-battery; two heavy field-batteries under Francis, and the siege-train with Le Mesurier's company and Cookworthy's

detachment. The infantry consisted of the brigade under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay of the 93rd Highlanders, composed of the 42nd, 79th and 93rd Highlanders, the 4th Panjab Rifles, and the Baluch battalion; the brigade under Lieutenant-Colonel Stisted, 78th Highlanders, consisting of seven companies and Headquarters of the 64th Foot, the 78th Highlanders, four companies 82nd Foot, the 2nd Panjab Infantry, and 22nd Panjab Infantry.

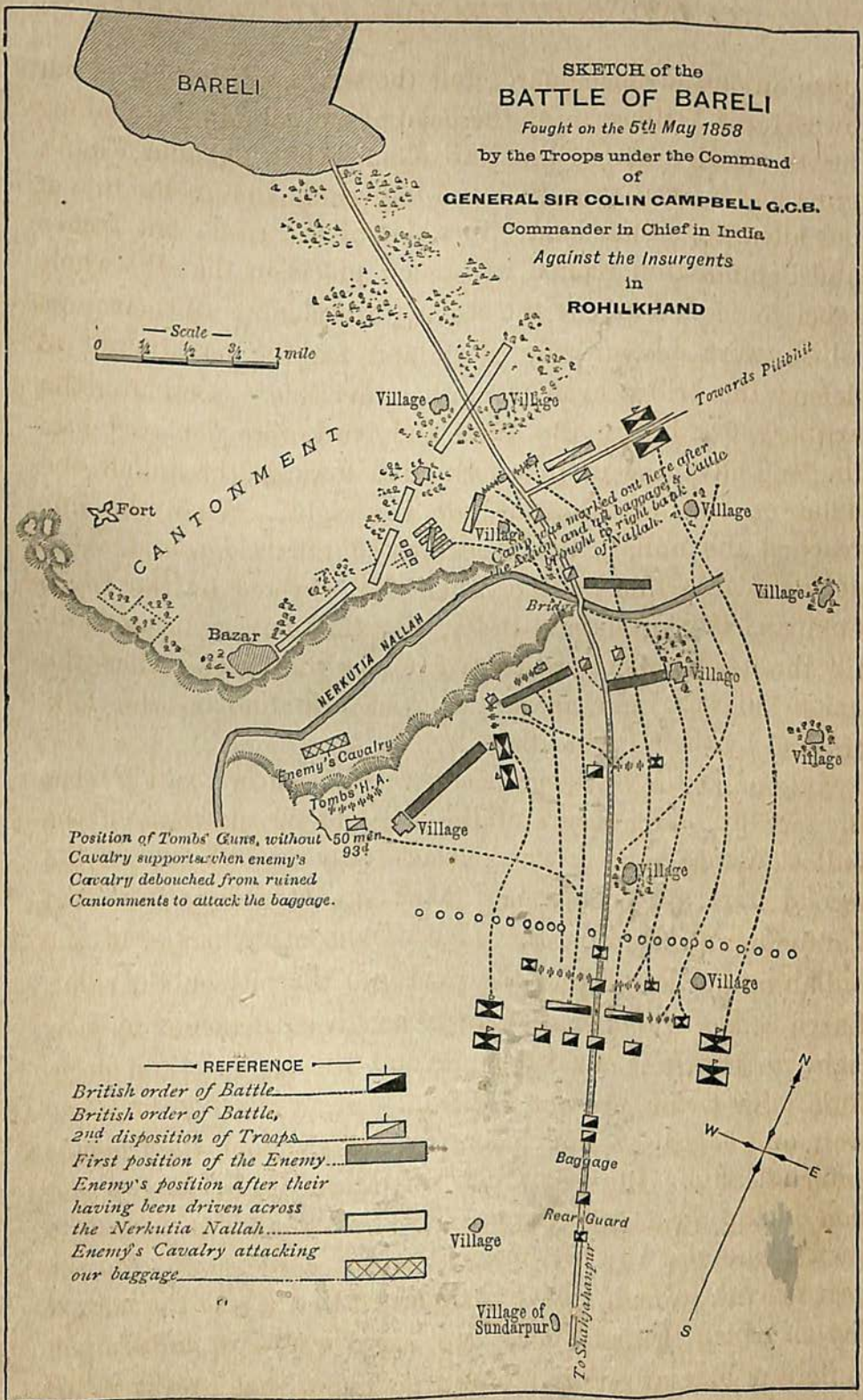
On the night of May 3, at Camp Fathganj, two marches from Bareli, I went on outlying picket with the left wing of the 93rd, a squadron of the 9th Lancers, and two guns of Tombs's troop of Horse Artillery. During the night the fires of the enemy's outposts were plainly visible; but our outlying sentries and vedettes were not molested. When I marched in next morning to the camp at Faridpur, I found myself again detailed for the onerous duty, as it proved, of guarding with my company the artillery park and siege-train. I have not alluded for some time to the terrible heat of the sun and hot wind combined from which we suffered daily, the thermometers in our tents being seldom under 112°, and in the sun from 140° to 148° during the day, the only comparatively cool hours being from three a.m. to five a.m.

The army was astir at two a.m. on the morning of May 5, 1858, which turned out to be the hottest day I was ever out in during my twelve odd years' service in India. To make the men independent of all contingencies, Sir Colin, according to his wont, served out three days' rations to the whole force, to be carried in their haversacks. The weather being too hot, in my estimation, to attempt to carry even a fowl, I provided myself with hard-boiled eggs, and hard commissariat biscuit, and the largest water-bottle I ever burdened myself with. The advance-guard moved off about four a.m., and the whole force had left the ground about 4.30 a.m., when I started with my company—some sixty men—in charge of the artillery park and siege-train, the baggage of the army,

principally carried on camels and elephants, following us with its separate guard, consisting of two companies of the 82nd Foot, one of the 2nd and one of the 22nd Panjab Infantry, the rear being brought up by half of Remmington's troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, a squadron of the 5th Panjab and another of the 17th Irregular Cavalry.

The main body halted at the sixth milestone from Bareli to allow the siege-train and baggage to close up. By six a.m. this had been accomplished, and the advance then began in order of battle. (*See plan over-leaf.*) Right and left of the road the advance was covered by a line of cavalry skirmishers, the 2nd Panjab Cavalry on the left, the Lahore Light Horse on the right. The 78th Highlanders followed in support along the road itself, flanked by a squadron of the 9th Lancers on either side, and by Tombs's troop, and half of Remmington's troop of Bengal Horse Artillery. The 42nd and 93rd Highlanders followed in columns, marching on either side of the road with the heavy batteries drawn by bullocks on the road between them, flanked by Lind's Multani Horse, the 1st Panjab Cavalry, the two squadrons of the Carabineers, and one squadron of the 9th Lancers, and supported by the 79th Highlanders and 4th Panjab Rifles, with the seven companies and Headquarters of the 64th Foot, and a wing of the Baluch battalion. Without counting the siege-train, the total strength of the British forces that morning amounted to 7,637 men and nineteen guns.

Being warned by staff officers to keep my charge—the siege-train—as closely locked up as possible, by dint of much shouting, and galloping backwards and forwards up and down the line of waggons, etc.—for I was now mounted, having come to the conclusion that every infantry officer should be mounted on the line of march—I had managed to get the train, which was entirely drawn by bullocks, two waggons abreast on the road, and closed up to the rear of the main column. About seven a.m. I heard the enemy's guns


BARELI
SKETCH of the
BATTLE OF BARELI
Fought on the 5th May 1858
by the Troops under the Command
of
GENERAL SIR COLIN CAMPBELL G.C.B.
Commander in Chief in India
Against the Insurgents
in
ROHILKHAND
Scale
0 1/2 1 1 1/2 2 1/2 3 1/2 1 mile
Towards Pilibhit
Village
Village
CANTONMENT
Fort
Bazar
NERKUTIA NALLAH
Brick
Village
Village
Village

open on our advance-guard, and the sharp, quick reply of our own Horse Artillery. As the head of our column was making for the bridge across the Natia Nadi, Khan Bahadur Khan's guns had opened from the sand-hills commanding the line of our advance, situated on either side of the road; but Tombs and Remmington replied with such precision that the whole rebel force fled across the stream, abandoning all their guns which were on our side of it, and making no attempt to defend the bridge even from the other side. Soon after the artillery fire began, the 42nd and 93rd were deployed into line and advanced in that formation towards the nullah, the 42nd on the left, the 93rd on the right. When the line reached the nullah, the 93rd crossed the bridge and again deployed into line on the other side, covered by the Light Company in skirmishing order, the 42nd halting on its bank till the heavy guns were passed across the bridge, when the 42nd followed, and again deployed into line on the left, covered by their Light Company.

As soon as the heavy guns could be placed in position—but the terribly sandy nature of the soil and the slowness of the bullock teams caused some delay—they opened fire on the second line the enemy had taken up, extending from the Cantonment Bazar on the edge of the steep banks of the nullah on our left, across the road into the city on our right. Large bodies of the rebel cavalry had been detached to their right, to threaten our left flank and the baggage and siege-train. Sir Colin once more called a halt, to allow of the siege-train and baggage again closing up, for although the baggage animals could easily make their way across the fields on either side of the road, my charge, the siege-train, was bound to keep to the highway. It was now about eleven a.m., and the heat fearful, in fact, I have since heard that it was the hottest day on which British European soldiers were ever called upon to fight a general action. This I do know, that Brevet-Major Dawson of my regiment, who carried a thermometer in his

holsters, showed it to me after I had joined the regiment in the afternoon, marking 151° where we were then standing in the sun. Yet the 93rd only lost one man killed by the sun, whilst the wing of the 82nd Foot lost eight men so killed, the whole of the European portion of the force losing only eighteen men altogether, of whom eleven died from heat-apoplexy. We—wearing feather bonnets—had, too, fewer men disabled by heat-apoplexy than any of the other regiments, although by the evening the hospitals were all crowded with cases. Curiously, the native troops suffered almost as much as the Europeans, and I saw a driver of Native Horse Artillery, the only troop in the Bengal army that had not mutinied, drop off his horse that afternoon, close to Major Dawson and myself, and die in a few minutes of heat-apoplexy. We all suffered terribly from thirst, and I remember, as recorded in my diary, sucking up through the length of my pocket-handkerchief, as a filter, the water of a dirty puddle near the road, when with the siege-train that afternoon, after I had exhausted the contents of my water-bottle. The device, under such circumstances, is not a bad one, and the handkerchief marks how little sediment really reaches your mouth, for, while it was dark brown next the puddle, it was almost colourless at the corner held between my teeth.

A little after eleven a.m., when I had directed all the men of my guard to seek the shelter of the trees on either side of the road near their waggons, I rode off to the left to see how things were going on in front. The ground was slightly elevated here, about half a mile from the nullah. Joining Tombs's Horse Artillery troop, where he had planted it on the left of my siege-train (*see plan*), I looked down on the Highland Brigade extended in line on the other side of the nullah on my extreme right, with the 4th Panjabis on their left much nearer us. Whilst I was thus watching them, a considerable body, perhaps 2,000, of the enemy's white-clothed cavalry emerged from the ruined cantonments in front of Tombs's guns

on the other side of the nullah, and proceeded to descend its steep sides, with the evident intention of attacking our baggage, the greater part of which, on camels and elephants, was between Tombs's position and the highroad where my siege-train was standing. Through some mistake, there was at that moment no cavalry support for Tombs's guns, and no men except a few of the 82nd Foot, part of the baggage guard near us. Tombs asked me how many men I had with me, and on learning that I had over fifty on guard over the siege-train, gave me an order to bring them up at once. Although they were somewhat scattered along the road, I got them together by sound of bugle within five minutes, and then led them through that surging mass of baggage animals at the double to Tombs's guns. His guns were all loaded with round-shot, which he fired off and then reloaded with grape, and when my party reached his battery, dodging sometimes under the legs of the camels, his men, who were all standing by their guns, gave us a cheer. We lay down on our faces in sections between the guns, with fixed bayonets, I having warned my men not to commence firing, however near the enemy might approach, until I gave the signal by bugle. Some of my men had been almost in a fainting state owing to the heat, but now forgot all about that terrible sun, and were intensely eager to try conclusions with our adversaries.

When the enemy's cavalry descended into the nullah, we lost sight of them for some time, until they emerged on the top of the steep bank on our side, where they formed up in capital order, squadron by squadron in line. They had then to ride some 900 yards, perhaps, uphill to our position, seeing, I verily believe, nothing but the surging mass of baggage animals at our back, until Tombs's guns began to speak to them. Charged with grape, each gun seemed to sweep a gap in their ranks, as they continued to advance, quite steadily, up the hill, till, when they were within some 500 yards, having then broken into a gallop, Tombs gave me

permission to open fire, too, with my rifles. A leader, with a standard-bearer behind him, were both killed within 100 yards of the muzzles of the guns, just after the main body of these adventurous Rohilla horsemen had turned in sudden and headlong flight downhill, plied with grape by Tombs and the rifle-bullets of my party.

Malleson refers to this episode thus: 'A few rounds from Tombs's guns, *and a threatened counter-attack from the Carabineers and Multani Horse*, succeeded, indeed, in soon dispersing the enemy.'* (The italics are mine.) Lieutenant-General Shadwell says: 'The fire of Tombs's guns told with immediate effect on the enemy's horsemen, *whose rout was soon completed by the cavalry.*'† Both Colonel Malleson and General Shadwell have been misinformed in crediting the cavalry with any participation in the repulse of the attack on the baggage. Nor did either the Multani Horse or the Carabineers 'complete the rout,' for they were in some other part of the field, with the rear-guard I believe, about a mile in rear. Very few of the enemy's cavalry got amongst the baggage, and they were, I understood, all waylaid and killed. Certainly none of the Rohillas who emerged from the old native cavalry lines and charged Tombs's guns managed to get near it. When these horsemen had all ridden back towards Bareli, I rode out with Major Tombs to look at the plucky leader and standard-bearer, who had fallen so close to the guns, and we also had the satisfaction of seeing the whole ground between us and the nullah strewn with their dead and wounded, riderless horses galloping about in all directions.

This little brush with the enemy did my men a great deal of good, especially as Major Tombs managed to procure some water for us, and with a parting cheer from his troop, we

* Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. iv., p. 370.

† 'Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde,' by Lieutenant-General Shadwell, C.B.

scrambled back to the siege-train, through and under the legs of the baggage animals as before, finding, on our return to the highroad, that the train had crawled about a quarter of a mile nearer Bareli. Whilst this attack on the baggage was going on, the main body of the army, under Sir Colin, crossed the nullah at the bridge, and re-forming line on the other side, advanced upon the ruined cantonments. The 93rd Highlanders were in line on the right, the 42nd Highlanders in the centre, and the 4th Panjabis on the left. The Panjabis, in somewhat broken order, had just entered the ruined lines of the Irregular Cavalry, when they were charged by about 130 Ghazis —Muhammadan fanatics, who believe that the slaughter of an infidel opens to them the gate of Paradise, and of course look upon the Sikhs as being equally infidels with the Christians. They drove the Panjabis back upon the 42nd, to whom Sir Colin called out: 'Keep steady, men; bayonet them!' and they were bayoneted. But a few of them had swept round the left flank of the 42nd, and these managed to reach Colonel Alexander Cameron, commanding, who was quietly seated on his horse a little in rear of the centre, and pulled him out of his saddle on to the ground. He was saved by Colour-Sergeant Gardiner, of his own regiment, who bayoneted two of them, while a private shot the third dead. Gardiner afterwards received the Victoria Cross. Brigadier-General Walpole was also attacked, but saved by some other men of the 42nd. Of course every one of the Ghazis was killed, having only wounded some twenty men of the 42nd and killed no one.

This attack being disposed of, the 42nd, supported by the 4th Panjabis and a wing of the 79th Highlanders, pushed forward for a mile and a half through the old cantonment, a detachment of the 42nd being detailed to occupy the fort, which was deserted; the other wing of the 79th Highlanders and the 93rd being directed to seize the villages and mango-groves in the direction of the old civil lines and to the right front. A halt was then called for the day, the troops having

been under arms since two a.m. As it was now about three o'clock in the afternoon, Sir Colin deemed it necessary to place us under such shade as was to be obtained on the ground we occupied. As I have previously stated, the thermometer stood at over 150° in the sun, and the hot wind intensifying the heat, officers and men of all arms suffered severely from both thirst and fatigue. The total losses on the side of the British amounted to only eighteen killed (of whom eleven were killed by the sun), and forty wounded. Seven guns had been captured from the enemy during the action, and several more were found in the town when we occupied it on the 7th. Ground for the camp having been marked out on the Bareli side of the nullah, the baggage and siege-train were got across; but the hospital tents only were pitched, the troops bivouacking wherever they happened to be stationed when evening closed in. Very few of us, however, had any remains of the three days' rations we had started with in the morning. My experience of all such issues of rations in bulk, always was that the three days' supply was eaten the first day; and if there was not another issue till the morning of the fourth day, each company foraged for itself in the meantime, and always succeeded in finding either a calf, a bullock, fowls, or pigeons.

On the morning of the 6th our artillery opened fire on the city, but met with no reply, for Khan Bahadur Khan had, shortly after dusk on the previous evening, evacuated Bareli with all his Sepoy regiments and other trained soldiers, and fled to Pilibhit, 33 miles to the north-east, leaving only an armed rabble, including a few more Ghazis, to make a show of defending the town. It was on the morning of the 6th that we heard the sound of Brigadier-General John Jones's guns from the opposite side of the town. I have recorded his arrival at Muradabad on April 26, and from that place to Bareli his force had been engaged in daily skirmishes with bodies of the enemy. At Nurganj, 26 miles from Bareli, his

Native Cavalry defeated the rebels, and captured several guns. On the morning of May 6, when his division was approaching the city, an advanced detachment of his Pathan Cavalry was fired into and one sowar killed; but in ten minutes after he had opened fire with his heavy guns those of the enemy were silenced, and four of their guns captured. His Panjab regiments then entered the city, which they found deserted by the inhabitants, and occupied the great mosque in the heart of it. At the same time Jones sent his troop of the 9th Lancers and Cureton's Horse to open communication with our force under the Commander-in-Chief, and to cut off, if possible, the rebels' line of retreat to the north, towards Pilibhit. Khan Bahadur Khan had escaped with his best men the evening before, but the 9th and the Multanis caught up a large body of the armed rabble he had left to keep Sir Colin in play, and cut down between 200 and 300 of them in a long pursuit.

On May 7 the town was entirely occupied by General Jones and troops from Sir Colin's army, including the left wing of the 93rd Highlanders, under the command of Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Lockhart Ross, of which Lieutenant R. Cooper's company formed part. Colonel Ross was specially detailed to prevent the escape of some Ghazis who had established themselves in a house on the outskirts of the town, and were firing at all passers-by. Brind, with his battery of Bengal Artillery, was directed to shell the rebels out, and speedily set the house on fire, compelling the Ghazis to sally out sword in hand, four of them making for Cooper. He had the good fortune to disable three with his revolver, and one of his men shot the fourth, whilst the rest, only eleven men in all, were disposed of by our party, three of whom, however, were severely wounded. This was the last flicker of resistance in the town of Bareli. On the morning of the 8th I went on outlying picket. On the evening of that day, about six o'clock, a most terrific storm, first of dust

and then of thunder and lightning, followed by torrents of rain, burst over Bareli and its neighbourhood. The grove of mango-trees where I was posted was converted into a small lake, and of course we were all drenched to the skin. In camp the tents had nearly all been blown down, my own among the number, and all the belongings of both officers and men which were not packed in bullock-trunks, etc., saturated with water. The hailstones were of considerable size, and driven by the wind with such force as to cut my knees and the knees of the men of my picket. My native servants were rendered so stupidly helpless by the storm that it was past eleven o'clock that night before they brought me from camp a dry suit and something to eat.

An incident which deserves to be recorded occurred on this picket. Just as a trooper of the 9th Lancers had, when on picket near the Alambagh in the previous November, thrust his lance into a hornets' nest, and so brought about the headlong flight of the whole picket into the camp there, so a man of my picket brought about our temporary dispersal from the same cause. My picket was posted about a mile from camp, in a grove of mango-trees, and as the whole of the inhabitants of the district were more or less hostile, and might be spies, we used to arrest all who strayed within our line of outlying sentries, and, after ascertaining that they had no arms concealed about their persons, placed them, unbound, under a special sentry, near the pile of arms. When the picket marched back to camp, on relief, each picket took its own prisoners with it, and handed them over to the divisional authorities. When visiting my outlying sentries early in the afternoon, having with me a corporal, three men, and a bugler, we were startled by a tremendous hubbub amongst the picket, some 400 or 500 yards from where we were standing, and astonished to see the men running about in all directions; but we quickly attributed it to its true cause—viz., an attack by hornets, such as we had

witnessed at the Alambagh. I ordered the bugler to sound the 'disperse,' which was quickly taken advantage of by the main body of the picket to scatter themselves, pursued by the hornets, in all directions. One of the men had thrown a stone at a nest in one of the trees. I noticed, however, that the sentry over the prisoners, of whom there were five or six, had not moved, and seemed to be surrounded by little groups of hornets, which were apparently making vicious darts at him. I shouted to him to leave the prisoners, and again sounded the 'dispérse,' but he took no notice. Eventually, when the hornets had dispersed, and I returned to our bivouac, and felt justified in sounding the 'assembly,' I found the sentry still standing at ease at the head of the line of prisoners, who, far from making any effort to escape, had each covered himself up from top to toe in his loin-cloth, under his head at one extremity, and under his heels at the other, to protect himself from the hornets, whilst the sentry, with bare knees, hands, and face, had ordered his arms, stood at ease, and, closing his eyes, had quietly endured their most painful stings. When we returned to him, his bare knees, head, neck, and face were swollen beyond recognition, and, although he was still standing, he did not understand us when we spoke to him, and fell down as soon as we took his rifle out of his hands. I sent him in a *dhuli* immediately to the regimental hospital in camp, where for some days his life was in great danger. On my return to camp next morning, I recommended him for some special reward for this display of Roman fortitude, first verbally, and then in writing, to the officer commanding the regiment. He might, I think, at least have been complimented before his comrades on a full-dress parade of the regiment when he recovered. Eventually he was commended in a perfunctory manner by the officer commanding the regiment at the time, in the orderly-room tent, where I paraded him of my own initiative, after his discharge from hospital.

By an army general order of the 8th, the Highland Brigade was broken up, and, within a few days, a force consisting of Remmington's troop of Horse Artillery, a heavy field-battery, the 2nd Panjab Cavalry, a wing of the 42nd, with the 78th and 93rd Highlanders, under Brigadier Stisted, 78th, and the 17th Panjab Infantry, were detailed to garrison Bareli. To the indignant surprise and disappointment of all ranks, General Walpole was nominated to command the division!

Sir Colin, learning on the 7th that the Maulavi was besieging the small force left by him at Shahjahanpur under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hale, 82nd Foot, despatched a force, under Brigadier John Jones, to its succour. This force marched on the 8th, the troops composing the brigade being a light field-battery and a detachment of heavy guns and sappers, a squadron of the Carabineers, Cureton's Multani Horse, the 60th Rifles, a wing of the 82nd Foot, the 79th Highlanders, and the 22nd Panjab Infantry.

On the 10th, Sir Colin, although really still in great need of every available man, with that kindly consideration for the well-being of all under his command of which we had frequent proofs, sent back to their own country two Panjab infantry regiments, the 2nd and the 4th, which had performed such splendid service during the last twelve months, the Headquarters of the Carabineers accompanying them as far as Mirath.

On the 11th, Brigadier John Coke, taking with him Hammond's light field-battery, a heavy field-battery, 100 pioneers, a squadron of the Carabineers, a squadron of the 17th Irregular Cavalry, a wing of the 42nd Highlanders, the 1st Panjab Infantry, and the 1st Sikh Infantry, marched, with three weeks' supplies for the Europeans and four weeks' for the native troops, towards Pilibhit, to follow up Khan Bahadur Khan, the self-constituted Viceroy of Rohilkhand, who had escaped from Bareli with all the trained soldiery of the rebel army there.

CHAPTER XX.

EXPULSION OF THE MAULAVI AND KHAN BAHADUR KHAN FROM ROHILKHAND—WRETCHED QUARTERS OF 42ND, 78TH AND 93RD HIGHLANDERS AT BARELI FROM MAY TILL OCTOBER, 1858.

On May 15, Sir Colin, with the Headquarters Staff, started for Fathgarh, as being a station on the great line of communication whence he could more easily direct that hot-weather campaign which had now commenced in earnest. He took with him Tombs's troop of Horse and Le Mesurier's battery of Field Artillery, a squadron of the 9th Lancers, the 64th Foot, and the Baluch battalion. On reaching Faridpur, however, next day, he received a message dated the 11th, asking for reinforcements from Brigadier John Jones. Jones, as I have previously recorded, had been despatched with a brigade on May 8, from Bareli, to the rescue of Lieutenant-Colonel Hale at Shahjahanpur, and was seriously pressed by the Maulavi, now reinforced by the followers of the Begam of Oudh and the Delhi Prince Firuzshah, under these leaders in person, and a body of the Nana Sahib's followers without the Nana.

Sending an order for the remainder of the 9th Lancers to join him forthwith, Sir Colin moved on, on the 17th, to Tilhar, 14 miles to the west of Shahjahanpur, and effected a junction with Brigadier-General Jones on the 18th. He successfully engaged the enemy that day, but owing to his weakness in

cavalry, in the face of the masses of that arm on the side of the Maulavi, he had to content himself with the repulse of his opponents, deferring a decisive engagement till he should receive further reinforcements, especially of cavalry. He accordingly despatched an urgent order to Brigadier Coke, then *en route* for Pilibhit, to join him at once, which Coke managed to do on the 22nd. After giving Coke's men a day to rest, the whole force, under the command of Brigadier J. Jones, marched to attack the enemy on the 24th, at Muhamdi, whither the Maulavi had retired with the bulk of his army, leaving his light cavalry to hinder the British advance as much as possible. As Jones advanced, the Maulavi and his allies evacuated Muhamdi, after destroying its defences, and crossed the Gumti into Oudh with all their guns. Sir Colin himself, with his staff and a small escort, proceeded by double marches to Fathgarh, which he reached on May 25, and remained there until June 5, in constant communication with Lord Canning at Allahabad, and exercising an active supervision over the different columns operating in Oudh, Bihar, and Bandelkhand. On the expulsion of the Maulavi from Rohilkhand, the army was broken up, and of the old comrades-in-arms of the 93rd Highlanders, the 9th Lancers, the beau-idéal of all that British cavalry ought to be in Oriental countries, were sent for a hard-earned rest to Ambala, and the 79th Highlanders to Fathgarh.

Our formidable enemy the Maulavi of Faizabad met his death at the hands of his quondam friends and allies. After his retreat from Muhamdi, he attempted, in the hour of the British triumph over their enemies in every direction, to induce the Rajah of Powani, a state 18 miles north-east of Shahjahanpur, to continue to oppose us. He started on June 5 to interview the Rajah, who had consented to grant him a conference; but on his arrival at the capital of the tiny State, he found the gates closed against him, and the Rajah on the ramparts overlooking the gateway, whence, with

his armed retainers at his back, he was prepared to argue the matter. But the Rajah was anxious to make his peace with the British, and when the Maulavi, seated on an elephant, directed its driver to urge the animal forward and burst the gate open with its head, the Rajah's brother, who was standing beside him on the wall, seized a rifle and shot the Maulavi dead. His adherents immediately retired in headlong flight, and the Rajah and his brother, cutting off the arch-rebel's head on the spot, drove off with it at once to Shahjahanpur, a distance of only 13 miles, and deposited it at the British magistrate's feet.

Lieutenant-General Shadwell, in his life of Sir Colin, tells a story of how, during the march of the Headquarter Staff from Bareli to Fathgarh, Sir Colin was watching the troops marching into their camp one morning, with Surgeon Mackinnon,* his personal medical attendant, by his side, when the 79th Cameron Highlanders swung past. Mackinnon, who had served throughout the Crimean campaign with the 42nd Highlanders, and was a Highlander himself, being the son of a Presbyterian clergyman of Strath, in the Isle of Skye, dearly loved the whole Highland Brigade, and remarked to Sir Colin, as the 79th passed, on the smart appearance of all the Highland regiments, and what a fine body of men they were. Sir Colin replied, 'Yes, they are;' adding significantly, 'I can always trust them.' I can personally confirm General Shadwell's commentary on that remark of Sir Colin's, that '*The feeling was quite reciprocal.*'

On May 15, the day that the Commander-in-Chief had marched from Bareli, the 93rd Highlanders shifted camp to a burning plain covered with sand-hills, in the vicinity of the old gaol of Bareli—a position selected by General Walpole and his staff as being close to the work the men had then to

* The late Surgeon-Major-General Sir William Alexander Mackinnon, K.C.B., Honorary Surgeon to the Queen, and late Director-General Army Medical Department, who died in London, October 28, 1897.

undertake, of assisting to rebuild the gaol as a barrack for the use of officers and men during the hot and rainy seasons. But, owing to the depth of the sand, it was most difficult to get the tent-pegs to hold, and the least wind blew the tents down; the sand, too, retained the heat of the sun all night, and altogether a more unsuitable place for a camp in the hot weather in India could not well have been found out of the deserts of Sindh. From ten a.m. till six p.m. even an officer's tent, with a khas-khas tattie going, was hardly bearable. Here, however, the whole regiment remained until May 27, giving fatigue parties of 350 men daily, from 4.30 a.m. to 7.30 a.m., and again from 4.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m., to assist the native workmen in making the gaol habitable. Part of the regiment moved into the gaol on May 27, and the remainder on June 1. My room in the gaol buildings, and those of two or three other junior officers, not being then fit for occupation, we had to remain in our tents in the hottest month of the year for another sixteen days, when we moved into our still unfinished quarters, only ten days before the rains commenced that year, so that I can truthfully record that I passed the whole of my first hot weather in India under canvas.

During the time the regiment was in camp, and indeed up to the date of the commencement of the rains on June 27, the men suffered from heat-apoplexy (often called sunstroke), and afterwards, up to the month of October, from fevers and painful boils. The 42nd Highlanders suffered even more severely than we did, but the acclimatized 78th Highlanders remained much more healthy. Both these regiments had to assist, as we did, in preparing quarters for themselves out of ruined buildings. Immediately the rains commenced, on June 27, I find records in my diary of how little good I derived from having a roof instead of a tent over my head, for, until August 7 following, I, with the other officers occupying quarters in the central building of the gaol clustered round the great central hall of the old building, was being

flooded out of my room into the veranda almost daily, until, in the first week in August, it was agreed that the roof of the whole building should be thatched at an expense of £40 (in British money) from the Mess Fund (for of course our 'grateful country' could not be expected to do it for us). In the central hall, which was used as a mess-room, we had constantly to sit at dinner with our native servants holding umbrellas over our heads! The men's quarters were fairly water-tight, yet they suffered from low fevers even more than the officers did, but I do not think any of the officers ever wore perfectly dry clothes after the rains began, until the roof was thatched.

On August 29 and 30, a small force of our native troops, of which the 2nd Punjab Cavalry, under Captain Sam Browne,* formed part, had a little affair with the enemy at a village called Nuriah, 10 miles from Pilibhit, which Sir Colin described as 'very brilliant.' Two rebel landowners, named Ali Khan Mewati and the Nizam Ali Khan, advanced so close to Pilibhit as to menace Nuriah. Both Captain Larkins, commanding our native forces at Pilibhit, and the chief civil officer, Mr. Malcolm Low, deemed it necessary to prevent the rebels occupying Nuriah at all costs. Malcolm Low was one of that stamp of East Indian civil officials ever ready, when the State required it, to exchange his pen for a sword, and to wield that sword most effectually; just as in times of peace the wise administration of his district showed that he could wield his pen to equally good purpose.

I would here record my humble opinion, after a residence of twelve years in India and some knowledge of the manners, customs and languages of different parts of the country, that all warlike races whom we have conquered with the sword should be ruled over by soldier-civilians—soldiers performing the duties of civil government, who, in a crisis, can don their military uniform and speak to the enemy at the gate in the

* Now Lieutenant-General Sir Samuel Browne, V.C., K.C.B.

only language an Oriental warlike race understands. For Bengal and other parts of India, inhabited by effeminate races, the civilian without military knowledge or military leanings may suffice; but even in such districts men of Malcolm Low's stamp would unquestionably earn greater respect for their Government than the over-learned 'competition-wallah,' who neither rides, nor shoots, nor hunts.

One hundred Native Infantry and 100 Irregular Cavalry were despatched to hold Nuriah, Malcolm Low accompanying the party. They reached it on August 28. Next morning, the rebels, numbering 300 infantry and 100 cavalry, with four guns, attacked the place, but they were repulsed with loss, and fell back on another village three miles off, called Sirpurah. That evening, July 29, Larkins reinforced the small party with 150 more of the 2nd Panjab Cavalry and 100 Kumaun levies—hill-men resembling the Gurkhas of Nipal—the whole under the orders of Captain Sam Browne of the 2nd Panjab Cavalry. Marching with a part of the force at midnight on the 29th, Browne had reached a position on the left rear of the enemy by daybreak, and after a fierce fight the rebels were completely routed. In this fight Browne himself charged and captured a gun, aided by a single orderly only, for which he afterwards received the Victoria Cross, being severely wounded in one knee, and having his left arm severed at the shoulder by a sword-stroke. The rebels lost 300 men killed, their four guns, and their ammunition and stores. With regard to the end of that murdering villain Khan Bahadur Khan, Malleson is silent; and another authority only states that he held out in the Tarai* until the close of 1859, and that then, hemmed in by the Gurkhas on one side and the British forces on the other, he was captured by Jung Bahadur; but it is distinctly disappointing that we have no authentic record of his death.

* Tarai—literally, low ground flooded with water—consists, in Rohilkhand, of a narrow strip of land, ninety miles long by twelve broad, lying at the foot of the hills, forming a district with an area of 938 square miles.

CHAPTER XXI.

COLD WEATHER CAMPAIGN IN OUDH, 1858-59, UNDER BRIGADIER COLIN TROUP.

On October 11, 1858, the 93rd Highlanders moved out of their quarters in the gaol at Bareli, and encamped on the garrison parade ground, and next morning, the 12th, commenced our march to Shahjahanpur, accompanied by Brigadier Colin Troup and his staff. On the 13th, the 42nd Highlanders left Bareli for Pilibhit, leaving the 78th Highlanders as the only European regiment in garrison there. We reached Shahjahanpur in four marches on the 15th, and halting there two days to give the Brigadier time to organize the force, crossed into Oudh on the morning of the 18th, in accordance with Sir Colin Campbell's instructions. Brigadier Troup's column was composed of a troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, a battery of Field Artillery, two heavy guns, Engineers and sappers, the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers), Cureton's regiment of Multani Horse, a battalion of the 60th Rifles, the 93rd Highlanders, and the 66th Gurkhas. No limit was placed to the baggage-train an officer might take with him,* for

* I would here explain, for the information of the 'general public,' that, except on board a troopship or man-of-war, officers in the army must always pay for the carriage of any baggage they are permitted to take with them, out of their own pockets. When travelling by rail, so many pounds, according to rank, are carried at the public expense, the officer paying for the over-weight; but when campaigning they must always pay for the daily hire of their camels, mules, bullocks, or country carts in

carriage was abundant, and I know that I myself took two of the largest and best built four-bullock country carts, one small two-bullock cart for my servants, six camels and my pony. We all looked forward with pleasure to this little campaign in the cold weather, for the country through which we were to march and counter-march, in driving out the rebels, destroying their feudal forts, and disarming the whole population, teemed with game, and the weather could be depended upon to be delightful. So after our miserable experiences under canvas, and afterwards in our wretched quarters in the gaol at Bareli, during the last four months, the business before us was viewed in the light of a gigantic picnic. In consequence of unlimited carriage being allowed us, the operations of our column were nicknamed 'the Hackery (native cart) campaign,' and our pleasant anticipations were pretty well realized, officers and men quickly recovering both health and strength in the clear cool air of the Oudh jungles, during our wanderings about that province for the next four months.

When any serious work had to be done, our baggage was stored in some native fort under a sufficient guard, and we would scour the country for a week or fourteen days in the lightest of marching-order, and without tents, bivouacking under the shelter of the great mango groves or pipul-trees, which screened us from the sun by day, and the crisp frosty air by night, Brigadier Troup holding the opinion that the health and comfort of his men were of more consequence than adherence to strict rules of castrametation, such as we had suffered from when under General Walpole's red-tape orders.

That the Commander-in-Chief had excellent information through the spies of the civil department on the subject of the

full themselves; as they must also pay, under all circumstances and on all occasions, for all they eat or drink. The manner in which these liberal regulations sometimes work out is distinctly comic—for lookers-on at the game! For instance, in the Crimea the officers had to pay higher prices for the necessaries of life—food and drink, to keep body and soul together—in proportion to the blundering of the Commissariat Department.

work that was before us is proved by a letter he wrote to the Duke of Cambridge, dated October 2.

'Your Royal Highness will observe,' he writes, 'that it is intended to operate in three quarters about the same time, it being necessary, if it can be done, to shut out the possibility of the more powerful rebels transporting themselves from one part of the province to another, after they shall have been compelled to abandon their estates. We are informed by the civil authorities of almost countless guns* being still in possession of the insurgents. For example, Mr. Carnegy, Deputy Commissioner, now at Pertabghai, has reported officially that there are in Southern Oudh 60,000 men in arms, exclusive of the disbanded Sepoys, and 300 guns scattered about in the numerous forts. I confess to being sceptical about the number of the guns, considering the vast numbers which have fallen into our hands during the last six months. However, it is a fact that all the more considerable forts are more or less armed with ordnance, and the whole country is always ready to turn out and fight after a fashion in favour of the feudal holders. The most difficult part of the job of reduction is the fact that the larger forts are in the midst of a very dense bamboo jungle, which must be regularly cut down in many places before a sight even can be obtained of the stronghold it conceals. These powerful jungles have been always grown and preserved with much care by the talookdars, or great feudal landholders, as a special means of defence.'

Brigadier Troup, in common with the other officers commanding columns, was instructed to give notice in each district we entered that 'every village which resisted or fired a single shot would be burned and plundered, whereas villages where no resistance was made would be protected from even the slightest damage.'

* By 'guns,' Sir Colin, being a soldier, meant of course *cannon*—not rifles, muskets, matchlocks, or jazails, which one sometimes sees described in the daily papers, when we have any little Indian war on, as 'guns'!

Lord Clyde's* plan of campaign in Oudh was divided into two parts. His first object was to sweep the Baiswara district situated between the Ganges and the Gumti, and to drive the rebels beyond the Ghaghra; the second to draw tighter the cordon by which they were being hemmed in, and force them back across the Rapti upon the frontier of Nipal. The task for our column, under Brigadier Troup, to accomplish, was to drive all rebels who would not lay down their arms in the districts east of Shahjahanpur across the northern affluents of the Ghaghra into the clutches of the Commander-in-Chief's own column.

Brigadier Troup's column marched out of Shahjahanpur on the morning of the 18th. Next day, October 19, we marched again, and found the enemy entrenched at a village called Pasgawn, 15 miles from Shahjahanpur. But after an interchange of a few rounds between their artillery and ours, they evacuated the position, their cavalry making a long detour and attacking the baggage at a point where it was unprotected. They managed to cut up a number of unarmed native camp followers and native women, fiendishly mutilating the latter, before Lieutenant Fullarton of the 93rd, who had been appointed baggage-master of the column, swooped down on them with a native officer and twenty men of the Multani Cavalry and drove them off, the dozen sick men of the 93rd turning out of their *dhulis* at the same time and opening fire with their rifles, with which, at Surgeon Munro's request, they had been all armed the night before. One man of the 93rd, in charge of an officer's baggage camels, had his head cut clean off, having mistaken the enemy's sowars for those of Cureton's Multani Horse, who at that time wore white garments exactly like the rebels, and had drawn our artillery fire upon themselves more than once. Another of the rebel troopers, having thrust his lance into the head,

* The title of Baron Clyde of Clydesdale had been bestowed upon our Chief in the preceding month of July.

attempted to carry it off, but was so hard pressed by Fullarton that he had to drop it, and the head of the poor fellow was recovered, with the lance-head and part of the bamboo shaft attached sticking in it. There was a good deal of artillery fire from our side, but out of the fourteen guns the rebels were reported to have with them we only captured one, and saw no traces of our having killed or wounded anybody. Brigadier Adrian Hope, had he been spared to us, would have done better work than this.

I find a funny entry in my diary under the date October 20: 'Halt to-day; a strong patrol of all arms goes out, and brings in shot *and shell* fired yesterday.' We halted at Pasgawn till the morning of the 25th (the third anniversary of the Battle of Balaclava). I had been on outlying picket since the morning of the 24th, and rejoining the regiment at 1.30 a.m., I found all the tents struck, and shortly afterwards the column marched off by the light of a brilliant moon to within 1,000 yards of a fresh position taken up by the enemy at a place called Rasulpur, which we reached, after a short march of only four miles, about five a.m., before daylight. The position was flanked on one side by a large village, on the other by some rising ground, and protected along its entire front by a deep and muddy nullah. Our heavy guns opened a tremendous cannonade on the enemy's left, and the Horse Artillery, supported by the 60th Rifles, advanced on their front and opened fire. The cavalry were echeloned on the left, and the 93rd Highlanders and Gurkhas formed the reserve. The enemy opened fire with 9 and 6-pounders *over our heads*, and after threatening in a half-hearted way our left with a large body of cavalry, began to fall back, when our Horse Artillery and cavalry crossed the nullah, immediately followed by the infantry, and occupied the position. A feeble attempt at pursuit was made on our part, which was only kept up for a mile or two, and altogether we did not kill more than 100 of the enemy, took one gun, and found another one burst, while

one which the Carabineers had charged and taken they afterwards lost sight of. The force encamped shortly after twelve o'clock noon at Rasulpur, after crossing the nullah, and next day, the 26th, made a short march of between three and four miles only, to a village called Barur, on the banks of the Gumti, where our staff ascertained that had we continued the pursuit we should have captured eighteen more of the enemy's guns, which they had abandoned at Barur the previous afternoon, but, finding there was no pursuit, had returned and carried off.

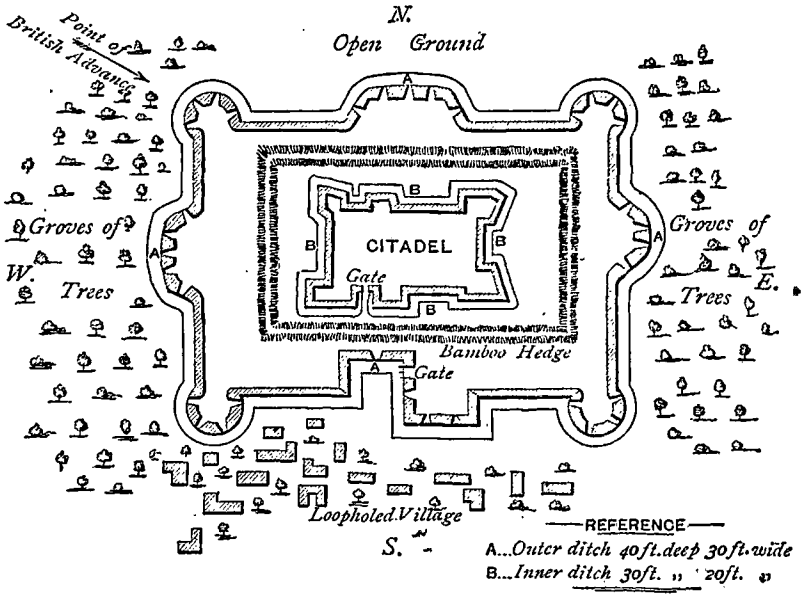
On the 27th we crossed the river Gumti and encamped close to the town of Naorungabad. As the result of inquiries made in this neighbourhood, where we halted until November 8, eleven native cannon were found buried in various places, brought into camp and burst. It was here that, on November 1, the Royal Proclamation was read to the troops in English and Hindústani, transferring the government of India from the East India Company to Her Majesty the Queen. Parading in full dress, in line of contiguous columns, the Proclamation was read at the head of each regiment; the whole force then deployed into line, and advancing in review order, halted at the saluting-point and presented arms, when the 18-pounders in camp commenced a Royal salute of 21 guns, whilst we marched back to our private parades. After the Proclamation was read, it did not seem to occur to anyone to call for three cheers for the Queen, or, indeed, that the occasion was historical. Few of us said anything; several of us pondered much.

On November 5 two companies of the 93rd Highlanders, under my command, with a squadron of the Carabineers and a squadron of Irregular Cavalry, were ordered to escort all the tents of the force, which had been struck and packed early in the morning, also all regimental and private baggage, except the men's blankets, and what each officer could carry on a single camel, and all public stores, except 300 rounds per cannon and mortar, the necessary rifle ammunition, and

three days' provisions, carried by the men in their haversacks, to Mohamdi, a civil and military station in the Khairabad division of Oudh. A terrible massacre of Europeans had been perpetrated here on the outbreak of the Mutiny, but the fort was now garrisoned by the 82nd Foot and other troops. We started at noon, but the crossing of the river Gumti, only two miles from camp, occupied us till four p.m. before the last cart of that huge convoy was safely over. Marching then almost straight across a jungle country, we reached the fort at Mohamdi about half-past nine o'clock that night, and handed over our charge to the 82nd Foot there. After receiving from the commissariat a 'tot' of rum and some hard biscuit, we bivouacked in a grove of mango-trees till four o'clock on the morning of the 6th, when we of the escort commenced our return march to our headquarters' bivouac near Naoringabad, which we reached at noon on the 6th, very hungry, thirsty, and dusty, having accomplished 15 miles, including the fording of the river Gumti, escorting an enormous baggage-train of wheeled vehicles across a roadless country, and 15 miles back, 30 odd miles in all, since noon on the previous day.

We found our column under orders to parade at midnight, and march upon the strong fort of Mithauli. The Rajah of Mithauli had sheltered some English fugitives at the outbreak of the Mutiny and rebellion, and fed them, when concealed in the jungles surrounding his fort, up to the month of October, 1857; but now, when summoned by Brigadier Troup to surrender, under the terms of the Queen's Proclamation, sent no reply. We were under arms about half-past eleven on the night of the 6th, and marched at midnight. It was the intention of the Brigadier to attack the front of the fort; but after we had commenced our march, information was received by our usually very badly served Intelligence Department that the enemy had strongly barricaded the direct road to the fort, especially where it crossed a small but deep

stream by a ford, the passage of which the rebels were prepared to dispute. At this juncture a villager was picked up, who agreed, for a large bribe—I believe £100—to guide the column to a place higher up the stream, where it was spanned by a good stone bridge. The man marched between two troopers, with the money tied in a bag round his neck, being given to understand that on any appearance of treachery he would be shot. After a march of quite 18 miles, we arrived at the bridge, and crossed unopposed, bivouacking



PLAN OF FORT MITHAULI, OUDH.

in a large grove of mango-trees close by, where we spent the night of the 7th. At daylight next morning, November 8, the brigade moved on the fort, through a densely wooded country, of which our staff possessed no map, nor had they secured the services of a guide. Our advance was headed by the native cavalry and the Horse Artillery, supported by the 60th Rifles, in skirmishing order. Fire was opened on each village which lay in our line of advance, in case it might be the fort itself, and we did not discover our proximity to the

fort until about one o'clock p.m., when its guns opened upon us. From that hour until eight o'clock that night all our guns, light and heavy, pounded away at it—or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, in its direction—and were replied to by the enemy with spirit, their fire wounding some of the Carabineers severely, and Colonel Jones, of the 60th Rifles, slightly. We afterwards discovered that we might have pounded its mud walls with our cannon for twelve months without producing any appreciable result, had not the vertical fire from our mortars during all these hours decided its defenders to take advantage of our attack being made on the side of the fort furthest away from its only entrance to make use of that means of exit whilst they could.

The general nature of the forts in Oudh and their surroundings is well described in Lieutenant-General Shadwell's 'Life of Lord Clyde,' vol. ii., p. 333 *et seq.*

The fort of Mithauli was stronger than the generality of these feudal strongholds. The rough plan I made of it during the time we were halted there is given on the opposite page. It was found to be nearly 1 mile square, enclosed by a high mud parapet about 40 feet broad, flanked on the north, the east, and the west by one centre and the two corner bastions, and on the south by a larger centre bastion, which also flanked the entrance, the gateway being placed in a deep recess, with embrasures for cannon and loopholes for musketry commanding every foot of the approach to it. The outer ditch was 40 feet deep and 30 feet wide. Next came a living bamboo fence of great height, 40 feet broad, with only narrow entrances, but with an intermediate space or avenue in the heart of this hedge, whence a killing musketry and matchlock fire could be maintained by the garrison on any attacking force, secure from any chance of being got at with the bayonet; for even our round-shot had made no impression upon this bamboo hedge, and it was practically indestructible until there was leisure to cut it down. Within the bamboo fence

there was the citadel, containing the Rajah's darbar or public reception-room, and his zenana and other private apartments, which was enclosed with a similar series of defences, on a smaller scale, to the outer defences, the ditch being 30 feet instead of 40 feet deep, and 20 feet instead of 30 feet wide, but its gateway placed in a similar recess to that of the outer defences. Storming-parties, consisting of the 93rd Highlanders leading, accompanied by sappers, and supported by the 66th Gurkhas, were told off during the night of the 8th—one party to attack the north-west corner bastion, after passing in and out of the ditch on scaling ladders, at the point where we had approached the fort, and the other, headed by the sappers, with 75 lb. bags of gunpowder, to make for the gateway on the south side. It was, however, discovered before daylight on the 9th that the enemy had very sensibly, for themselves, and fortunately for us, perhaps, evacuated the fort, bag and baggage, by the entrance which our leader had left so obligingly open for them. They left behind them only some four or five unburied dead, six small cannon 'of sorts,' and some 3,000 lbs. of gunpowder, with great stores of native grain and oil—the grain and oil being a most acceptable find for our commissariat department, now rather hard pressed, in such a hostile district, to obtain supplies for the camp-followers.

On the 10th I was on fatigue duty all morning and until one p.m., with 200 men, cutting down the bamboo hedge—or, rather, making great gaps in it—for the bamboos of more than 100 years of growth were like iron, and broke our Sheffield hatchets as if they had been 'made in Germany,' while an attempt to dig them up utterly failed. After the men's dinner I was employed, with a fatigue-party of fifty men only, in cutting down the rebel Rajah's orange, lime, and other fruit-trees, an easy task, even with our damaged axes and billhooks. Of course it seemed a pity to have to do it, but *à la guerre, comme à la guerre;* and it was most im-

portant that the rebel district should be impressed by object-lessons as to the weight of the British Lion's paw, when it descended upon those who had refused the offers of mercy tendered to all rebels, not being murderers, by the terms of the Queen's Proclamation published on November 1, which the Rajah of Mithauli had rejected. No attempt was made to pursue the Rajah and his followers, although encumbered by a train of wheeled vehicles, and the brigade settled down for a stay of some duration, for the purpose of destroying as much of the defences of the place as was found possible, by blowing up the citadel, the outer and inner ramparts, filling up the ditches, and cutting great gaps in the bamboo hedge on every side.

At six p.m. on the evening of the 10th I found myself again *en route*, with an escort of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, for Mohamdi, to bring back the tents and baggage we had stored there on the night of the 5th. We halted at nine p.m., and bivouacked in a grove of mango-trees, as usual, for the night, an escort of the 82nd Foot bringing the head of the baggage-train thus far for us on the morning of the 11th. The long line of native carts continued to stream past us towards Mithauli during the whole day, and when the last cart had passed, late in the evening, we broke up our bivouac, and marched some three miles to the edge of the jungle, where they had been parked as they arrived, bivouacking under some trees, and at daylight on the 12th starting the carts off again, and seeing the last of them safely into camp about one p.m. that day. The tents, however, were, for some unknown reason, not pitched nor the baggage redistributed until November 17, when a force consisting of the Horse Artillery and light field-guns, Cureton's Multani Horse, with the exception of one troop, two more regiments of Native Irregular Cavalry, which had joined the column on the 16th, the 60th Rifles, the right wing of the 93rd Highlanders, and the 66th Gurkhas, under the command of Brigadier Troup,

moved out of camp in light marching-order, without tents, to scour the country in a north-eastern direction towards the Ghaghra river, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay in command of the remainder of our force in camp at Mithauli, close to the now ruined fort. On the 19th we heard from Brigadier Troup that a portion of his detachment, under the command of Colonel Brind, of the Bengal Artillery, had managed to catch up a considerable force of the enemy near Aliganj, some 25 miles from Mithauli, on November 17, and inflict sharp punishment upon it. Colonel Brind, of the Bengal Artillery, a most dashing officer, took with him a troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, with as many men of the 60th Rifles as he could mount on his guns, a squadron of the Carabineers, and all the Irregular Cavalry. He overtook the enemy after a march of 20 miles, and within a little over two hours of catching them up, the rebels showing fight during that time, he captured eight guns from them, and in the subsequent pursuit from four p.m. till dark killed some hundreds of the fugitives. This was the only smart affair which occurred during the whole of 'the Hackery campaign.'

The small force under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay remained in camp at Mithauli until November 27, when at half-past six in the morning we marched to rejoin Brigadier Troup, reaching his camp on the morning of the 29th, at a place called Hargawn. Thence, on the morning of the 30th, the whole force, with the exception of the right wing of the 93rd on this occasion, and a troop of Multanis, under Leith Hay, escorting the heavy baggage, marched in a south-easterly direction towards Biswah, previous to doubling back almost due west to Kairabad and Sitapur, to which latter place the heaviest baggage and tents were despatched direct. Sitapur was the chief town of the district of that name, and the head-quarters of the north-west division of Oudh before the Mutiny, situated on the banks of a small stream called the Saraya,

and occupying a position about midway between Lucknow and Shahjahanpur.

On the morning of December 1 I found I was the senior officer detailed for the rear-guard of our column, consisting of two field-guns, one troop Carabineers, one squadron Irregular Cavalry, one company 93rd Highlanders, and two companies 66th Gurkhas. The country being perfectly flat and open, I managed, by keeping the carts two and sometimes three abreast, and hurrying the elephants and camels well up, to be within half a mile of our main body when Brigadier Troup's guns opened fire in front. Although our column was officially described in brigade orders as a 'flying' one, several score of bullock hackeries had been allowed to accompany it. A rebel force, having six or eight guns, some 2,000 infantry and a body of horsemen reported to number over 10,000 sabres, the whole under the leadership of our old opponent Nirpat Singh of Ruiya, was making a show of standing up for a fight. Of the horsemen, some 2,000 detached themselves from their main body, and making a wide detour round Brigadier Troup's right flank, advanced in column of squadrons along the British right rear upon the baggage, not expecting to find it defended, probably, by more than a straggling baggage guard. We of the rearguard were delighted at this prospect of a little fight all to ourselves, and deploying my little force into line with the cavalry on the flanks, we were eagerly waiting till the rebel cavalry were within rifle-range before opening fire with the guns, when, to my intense disappointment and the disgust of everybody, we saw Cureton's Multanis detach from the Brigadier's right, and commence slowly to bear down on the body of rebel cavalry which confronted my rearguard. This was cruel hard luck for us. I have said before that these Multanis were dressed so like the enemy, that they had drawn the fire of our guns more than once, so it occurred to me that perhaps if I opened fire with my two guns, the Multanis would hold back till the

enemy were within striking distance of us. I therefore directed the artillery officer to give the rebels one round from each gun, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the two round-shot ricochet across the plain into the midst of them, but without stopping Cureton's men, who in another five minutes charged down on their right flank and rolled them up, thus depriving us of any chance of cutting in. The Multanis quickly put their opponents to flight, but only cut up some twenty of them, losing three killed and one of their British officers and twelve men wounded. I think that if these 2,000 horsemen had been left to my rearguard with its two guns, about 150 rifles, and over 120 Carabineers and native cavalry, we could have rendered a much better account of them than Cureton's handful of Native Cavalry did. Nirpat Singh and his following made but a feeble resistance to our main column, and as he was not seriously pursued, although we had now three regiments of native Irregular Cavalry and the Carabineers, and Colonel Brind had shown what could be accomplished by a smart pursuit, he retired with all his guns and his 10,000 horsemen, after sustaining but little loss at our hands.

We encamped that afternoon to the south of Biswah, the majority of whose inhabitants were Hindus, and, like all the natives we had seen since we left Hargawn, very sleek and well-to-do. The whole district we were now marching through was in a high state of cultivation, but the inhabitants evidently had some very expert thieves amongst them, for although the camp was surrounded at night by a cordon of sentries from our outlying pickets, and each corps had, besides, its own sentries throughout the camp amongst the tents, and the Brigadier, of course, a special sentry at his tent-door, yet during the first night we were there both he and his Brigade-Major lost their watches, trinkets and money, stolen from their portmanteaus, which were found in the morning broken open at some distance from their tents. On

the 3rd, Brigadier Barker's force encamped close to us; his headquarters had been at Sandela, on which he had marched from Lucknow on October 3., He had completely defeated the rebel leader Harichand, on October 8, after a desperate battle, and on the 10th, after another hard day's fight, had stormed the fort at Birwah. He had then moved upon the fort of Ruiya, which Nirpat Singh had again rendered defensible after we had been supposed, under Brigadier-General Walpole, to have entirely dismantled it in the previous month of April (1858). This he reoccupied without resistance on October 28, returning then to Sandela, from which he had marched to join hands with us at Biswah. The Engineers of the two brigades commenced on the 4th to throw up an earthwork, in which all our heavy baggage and tents were to be stowed, whilst both columns, subdivided, scoured the country in every direction.

Throughout the operations of Brigadier Troup's force, we had continually been discovering buried cannon, upon 'information received,' as the police in Great Britain phrase it, and receiving at our different camping-grounds the surrender of large quantities of arms, as well as the personal submission, under the terms of the Queen's Proclamation, of numbers of rebel chiefs and their immediate followers. These gentlemen, I am bound to say, invariably testified by their half-starved and hunted personal appearance to the admirable dispositions of our old Chief, Lord Clyde, and to the way in which they had been hunted from pillar to post by Brigadiers such as Barker, even when they were permitted to make leisurely retreats in the face of such commanders as Colin Troup. Among those who surrendered was a leader called Ismail Khan, who, with his principal followers, gave himself up to us on the afternoon of December 4 at Biswah, and similar surrenders were of almost daily occurrence now, all mounted men being compelled to sell their horses and return to their villages on foot.

On December 6, the heavy baggage of the two brigades was

placed under the charge of the left wing 93rd, under Colonel Leith Hay; Brigadier Troup marching with all the rest of our brigade due north, and Brigadier Barker with his force south-east. On the 8th, Brigadier Troup himself returned to Colonel Leith Hay's camp with Lord Clyde's orders to despatch Colonel Brind with the Horse Artillery, one regiment Native Cavalry, and the Carabineers, in pursuit of the Delhi Prince, Firuzshah, who had doubled back upon us and was making for the Ganges. This, however, he had succeeded in crossing on December 7, and after giving a great deal of trouble in Central India, and successfully eluding capture, eventually escaped disguised as a pilgrim to Kurbehla, where, according to Colonel Malleson, he was alive in 1880.*

On December 14, I was despatched in command of two companies of the 93rd to join the Brigadier, eight miles off; Colonel Leith Hay, with the remainder of his force and the baggage, being ordered to Sitapur, there to entrench himself.

On December 17 Brigadier Troup received orders from Lord Clyde to patrol the right bank of the Chauka river—a tributary of the Ghaghra, which divided the Sitapur division, where we were operating, from that of the Bahraich division of Oudh, where the Commander-in-Chief himself had been operating since November 25—for 50 miles to our left, till we were in touch with the column on our left, but on no account to cross, the brigade on our right patrolling up to us. Marching now some ten or eleven miles daily, the column halted on the banks of the Chauka river—which was full of alligators, rendering bathing impossible—from December 24 to 27. On the 29th Brigadier Troup pitched camp alongside of Colonel Leith Hay's force, and we all received back our tents, which we had been without since November 29, officers

* Malleson's 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' vol. v., p. 258.

and men having constructed shelter-tents holding one, two, or three persons, side by side, during that time.

On December 23, by orders received from Lord Clyde, the 60th Rifles, a squadron of the Multanis, and two Horse Artillery guns had crossed to the left bank of the Chauka river, into Bahraich; and on December 30 Colonel Leith Hay's small force, which I had rejoined on the 29th, also crossed. We were now in the wildest jungle we had yet visited; the grass was so high that one could not see over it on the top of a tall elephant, and villages and cultivated ground were few and far between. Describing the possibilities of the soil here, a native of this part of the country, a non-commissioned officer of sappers, said to me, 'If a man buries a rupee here, he will find ten,' but he added that the Oudh landholders ground their tenants so hard that they preferred to let the land lie waste. The jungle teemed with game of every description, wolves, hyænas, leopards and tigers, and the feathered game included several species of wild ducks.

When on standing picket-duty from January 5 to 7, 1859, with 100 men of the 93rd and a troop of native cavalry, protecting the Engineers who were constructing a bridge across a branch of the Chauka called the Chagi, separating Colonel Leith Hay's force from those of Brigadier Troup and Colonel Dennis, I had the satisfaction of passing the Mithauli Rajah, with about 100 disarmed ragamuffin followers, across the bridge on his way to give himself up to the Civil Commissioner of Sitapur. He was tried in a civil court, and transported for life to the Andaman Islands in the following March. On January 9, Colonel Leith Hay's force marched 12 miles further north, within the duab formed by the Chauka, and another tributary of the Ghaghra, named, I think, the Daur, to a place called Tillia. Here we found the country much more open than at our last camp, and well cultivated, but owing to its being under water during the rains, and then deserted by the inhabitants, the villages were merely collections

of straw huts. Groves of mango, pipul and banyan trees abounded; and to the list of game, great and small, which I have given as having been found on the banks of the Chauka river, I must add florican, black partridge, and quail, with wild pig, rhinoceros, and brown bears. Tigers were numerous round us, and one was seen by a 93rd picket on the night of January 12. From the time we reached the banks of the Chauka, we had had a magnificent panorama of the Nipal Hills, the highest clothed in eternal snows, constantly before us.

Colonel Leith Hay's force remained at this camp, Tillia, from January 9 till February 11, 1859, when we returned to our former camping-ground near the bridge of boats across the Chagi river, 12 miles further south, on being relieved by the right wing of the 93rd and other troops of Brigadier Troup's column. Here we remained until February 20, when the route for the 93rd to proceed to the hill-station of Subatu, near Simla, was received. The command of the whole column had devolved upon Colonel Leith Hay from January 22, when Brigadier Troup was ordered to proceed to Multan and assume command there. All serious fighting was now over. Lord Clyde's dispositions for entirely clearing both Oudh and Rohilkhand of all armed bands having proved completely successful, the newly raised armed police, under British officers, were quite capable of dealing with any stray robber bands which had succeeded hitherto in eluding the regular troops. A line of Irregular Cavalry posts, however, was left to guard the whole frontier of Nipal, whither the Nana Sahib, the Begam of Oudh, and a few other less important leaders of the rebellion had been finally driven by Lord Clyde in December. There seems little doubt that the whole of them perished miserably in the jungles of Nipal, whence they could not escape to British territories, owing to the vigilant watch kept up for years, while they dared not appeal to Jung Bahadur, who would have seized and delivered them up to

the British Government. The 93rd Highlanders commenced their march from the jungles of Oudh on February 20, reached Subatu in the middle of April, and were not called upon again to take the field until, in November, 1863, we marched from Sialkot, in the Panjab, to take part in the Ambelah campaign on the North-West Frontier.

APPENDIX.

In the second volume of 'My Diary in India' (1858-59), by William Howard Russell, LL.D., now Sir William Russell, special correspondent of the *Times* at the headquarters of the army under Sir Colin Campbell from February 12, 1858, to February 26, 1859, I find the following at pp. 42 and 43, penned by him in a bungalow of the cantonment of Fathgarh, under date May 29, 1858: 'As we had nothing else to do, Bruce,* Alison,† and myself formed ourselves into a public meeting, and passed resolutions declaring it was expedient we should dine with Mylne in the adjoining compartment of the bungalow. The Captain approved of the resolutions, and we dined with him accordingly, and sat up till near midnight telling and listening to old-world stories. We sat in the very room where some of our ill-fated countrywomen were massacred by the Sepoys. Mylne told me that he had no doubt two women were blown from guns, and that some children had been placed against the targets on the practice-ground as marks by the men of the 10th and 41st Bengal Native Infantry. These were acts of barbarous savages. But were our acts those of civilized Christians, *when in this very place we hung a relative of the Nawab of Furrackabad under circumstances of most disgusting indignity, whilst a chaplain stood by among the spectators?*' (The italics are mine.) Now, as I was in charge of the whole arrangements for the hanging of the only relative of the Nawab of Farrukhabad who was executed there, together with the Nawab's Wazir, and have described in a preceding page how I saw the execution of both these scoundrels carried out 'decently and in order,' Sir William Russell's informant manifestly knew nothing about it.

I can also assert most positively that no Europeans, except the men of the 93rd Highlanders forming the escort, were present at the execution, therefore the story about a chaplain looking on is equally untrue. Mr. Russell goes on to say: 'It is actually true that the miserable man entertained one or two officers of a British regiment in his palace the day before his death, *and that he believed his statements with respect to his*

* Captain Legeyt Bruce, then acting as superintendent of the gun-carriage department at Fathgarh.

† Captain F. Alison, an aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief.

innocence were received; but, in a few hours after he had acted as host to a Colonel in our army, he was pounced upon by the civil power, and hanged in a way which excited the displeasure of everyone who saw it, and particularly of Sir William Peel.' I again am in a position to give a flat contradiction to all of the above statements which are printed in italics, but the mistakes are so bewilderingly intermixed that I scarcely know which to tackle first.

As I have recorded in the text, I was the senior subaltern, with Lieutenant E. S. Wood as the junior, of a guard of the 93rd Highlanders detailed on the night of Sunday, January 24, 1858, to proceed early on the morning of Monday, the 25th, under Captain C. W. Macdonald, to relieve the guard of some other regiment quartered in the palace and fort of Farrukhabad. On arrival there, we found that, in addition to acting as a garrison for the dilapidated place, we had to take charge of two State prisoners, a cousin of the rebel Nawab and the Nawab's prime minister—the latter a low-caste, very truculent-looking villain. Captain Macdonald was officially informed that both of these rebels had been tried by the civil magistrate, Mr. Power, a few days after the entry of the British troops into the town on January 4; that, as they were leaders of the rebellion and massacres, their sentences, which were not published, had been forwarded to the Governor-General for confirmation and approval; and that in the meantime they were allowed to eat and live as usual, with a British sentry, however, posted over each of them by day and night. It appeared that the Nawab's cousin had asked permission from Mr. Power, when first placed under guard, to send some native dishes from his own table to the Captain and two subalterns of the guard daily, and as no officers' mess had been opened at the time, as the camp was nearly three miles off, and the officers had difficulty in obtaining food, Mr. Power accepted the offer; consequently, every day a number of what we would call side-dishes were sent from the palace to the officers of the guard, who sometimes could, and sometimes could not, eat them. As far as I remember, these dishes arrived at luncheon time on January 25, and it was not till late in the afternoon of that day that Mr. Power received a despatch from Lord Canning confirming the sentence of death he had passed on both prisoners. As none of the officers of the various guards which had been mounted over the prisoners had held any intercourse with either of them even through an interpreter, they could have done nothing to induce either of the prisoners to imagine that they, the officers, could influence in the remotest degree the judgment of the civil court, as appears to be insinuated by Dr. Russell's narrative. Colonels in the army do not mount guard, therefore no Colonel tasted any of the dishes sent to the officers of the guard, either on the day before or the day of the prisoners' death. Both prisoners having been legally tried by the civil power, and a summary of the evidence against them having been forwarded to the Governor-General more than fourteen days before January 25, together

with their sentences for approval and confirmation, it can scarcely be maintained that they were 'pounced upon by the civil power' on the 25th, and the only ray of light shining through the above quoted haze of slanderous accusations against British officers—which I am astonished Dr. Russell did not endeavour to have corroborated before he published them—the only ray of light which affords a clue to the possible origin of these stories appears at the end of my quotation, where the name of Captain Sir William Peel, R.N., is mentioned.

A rebel chief called Najir Khan attempted to make a stand at Farrukhabad against the Commander-in-Chief's army, and when we reached Fathgarh on January 3 had actually persuaded the inhabitants of Farrukhabad to close their gates against us; but Sir Colin sent a peremptory intimation on the morning of the 4th that, unless the gates were thrown open and Najir Khan given up, he would storm the town, and deliver it over to pillage. Najir Khan was accordingly surrendered on the morning of the 4th with a number of guns he had seized, and having been guilty of great atrocities, was hastily tried by Mr. Power, and ordered to instant execution. Now, the punishment of death in itself has no terrors for either Muhammadan or Hindu, once it seems inevitable, and when inflicted by those of a different faith is regarded rather as a passport to their respective 'heavens.' That the punishment might be a deterrent, therefore, a Muhammedan before execution was forced to eat pig's flesh, a piece of which would also be hung round his neck, while a Hindu had his caste broken in the same way with beef, thus depriving the culprits of either creed of all hopes of future bliss, not only in their own eyes, but in those of their co-religionists. Mr. Power, the magistrate who tried and condemned Najir Khan, had sentenced him to a flogging, as well as to the pig's flesh defilement, before being hung on the branch of a large tree at the entrance to the town of Farrukhabad. The ruffian had been a ringleader in the perpetration of all sorts of unspeakable atrocities upon the ladies and children who fell into the hands of the Nawab at the outbreak of the rebellion, and Mr. Power justly deemed it necessary that his punishment should be exemplary, as Colonel James Nejll had deemed it necessary to punish similar murderers for the massacres at Cawnpore who fell into his hands in July, 1857. Captain Peel of the *Shannon* was passing when the sentence on this Najir Khan was being carried out, and expressed his disapproval of it; and not only that expression of disapproval, but the whole circumstances attending the execution of Najir Khan, have evidently in Dr. Russell's story been mixed up with the execution of the cousin of the Nawab of Farrukhabad, which I myself carried out in the most orthodox fashion on a properly constructed gallows, with its platform and drop complete, as related in my text. The Chaplain of the Church of England who looked on approvingly, and the Colonel in the army who dined with the victim just before his execution, were doubtless thrown into the story (quoted by Dr. Russell *as perfectly true!*) to heighten the effect.

In the foregoing narrative I think I have demonstrated that a relative of the Nawab of Farrukhabad was not hung 'under circumstances of most disgusting indignity'; that no 'Chaplain stood by among the spectators'; that neither a Colonel nor any other officer of the British army dined with him either the day before his execution or any other day; that he was not 'pounced upon by the civil power,' nor 'hanged in a way which excited the displeasure of everyone who saw it, and particularly of Sir William Peel.'

With regard to the execution of the rebel leader Najir Khan on January 4, it is a matter of opinion whether forcing a Hindu to swallow beef, and a Muhammedan pig's flesh, as part of their punishment, *was* a disgusting indignity at all, and not rather a just and necessary addition to the punishment of death, which in itself had no terrors for such ruffians. Pious and eminent soldiers like Brigadier James Neill, and eminent and Christian civil magistrates like Mr. Power, deemed that such extra punishments for the traitorous murders of 1857 *were both just and necessary*.

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